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A TOUR ROUND ENGLAND.

VOL. II.

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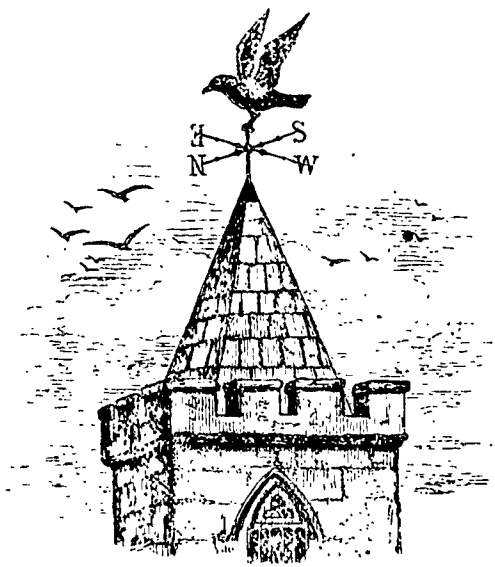
ALNWICK CASTLE.

A TOUR ROUND ENGLAND.

BY

WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF 'HAUNTED LONDON,' ETC.



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ac.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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SECOND FLIGHT—CONTINUED.

DUE EAST.

A TOUR ROUND ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(SUFFOLK.) FRAMLINGHAM TO LOWESTOFT.

A TALENTED modern writer, who has made Suffolk the background of some of his best novels, has taken up arms gallantly in defence of the scenery of East Anglia. He contends that the county that fostered the genius of Gainsborough and Constable, and nurtured that contemplative and mournful poet, "nature's sternest painter yet the best," is neither flat, dull, nor monotonous. From the brow of its hillocks, the crow may, he thinks, obtain gratifying glimpses of verdant and thickly-wooded landscape, of umbrageous park, of rivers glancing from dark recesses of shade, of peaceful church towers, grey sentinels of leafy hamlets. "For," he says, in "Crew Rise," "as the traveller gets away from the heaths on the sea coast on the one side, or the broad open fields of the light lands on the other side of the county, and works his way into what is called by the

aborigines 'the garden of Suffolk,' he unceasingly comes to breaks in the high fences which border the lanes he passes along and through. These openings rejoice us with the sight of some snatch of scenery which refreshes the eye." And truly the crow, cutting his swift path from Aldborough to Framlingham, does get many pleasant glimpses of abbey ruins, of farm-houses built out of half demolished mansions, of snug cottages at the corners of woods, of old halls almost hidden by broad-armed oaks, and of high roads cool and umbrageous as park avenues.

A continued series of quiet Gainsborough landscapes surround Framlingham, the old town of the pleasant hilly ground near the sources of the river Ore, which falls into the sea at Oreford. Britons, Romans, Saxons, and Danes alternately chased each other in and out of this fortified place, till at last a sort of sensible compromise was effected, and shaking down altogether in a clubbable way, the Danes gave the good-natured place the Saxon name of Friemdlingham (stranger's home). The town of the mere and the river soon became a stronghold, and Redwald, one of the earliest of the East Anglian kings, is said to have occupied the castle with his spearmen. More certain it is that King Edmund was enthroned here, and in this town enjoyed some happy days of a troublous reign. After the battles of Thetford and Dunwich, the king was besieged at

Framlingham by the ravenous sea robbers. The monarch fled, but was pursued, shot to death with arrows, and then beheaded. His head was found under a bush at Hoxne, a small village on the Waveney, and there the martyr's body lay till it was removed to Beodrics-worthe, which then became a much frequented shrine of special sanctity, and soon acquired its present name of Bury St. Edmunds.

The Norman Conqueror in due time laid his strong hand on Framlingham Castle, but the present building, with its thirteen square massy towers fifty-eight feet high, and its long battlemented lines of walls forty-four feet high and eight feet thick, are only of the early part of the fifteenth century, and were built by Thomas de Brotherton in the unhappy reign of Edward the Second. A grand gate still fronts the broad causeway of the approach. On the west side a mere guarded the walls; on the east there was a double ditch. Altogether it is a royal ruin. Every place of this kind has had its culminating time of greatness to which it rose, and after which it fell. The culmination came to Framlingham in 1553. Young King Edward died at Greenwich in July of that year. The moment he appeared to be dying, the crafty and ambitious Northumberland, who is supposed to have poisoned him, attempted to get the two princesses into his power. Mary was already within half a day's journey of the wolf's den when the Earl of Arundel sent her

secret intelligence of the conspiracy. She instantly hurried to Framlingham, and gathered an army of thirteen thousand men under its walls. The Tudor blood burned within her, and her father's lion spirit asserted itself. She wrote to the chief nobles and gentlemen of England, calling on them to defend her crown and person, and to the council desiring them to proclaim her accession in London. Worst come to the worst she could easily, on a defeat, hurry to Yarmouth, and from there embark to Flanders. But nobles and yeomen flocked to her daily, and faster still came the billmen and bowmen when they knew that she had promised not to alter the laws of good King Edward. The Earls of Bath and Sussex, the eldest sons of Lord Wharton and Lord Mordaunt, Sir William Drury, Sir Henry Bedingfield, and Henry Jerningham, great Suffolk landowners, rode in to Framlingham at the head of their retainers. Sir Edward Hastings brought over a small army. Northumberland's fleet, driven into Yarmouth by a storm, declared for Mary. In the meantime poor Lady Jane Grey reigned unwillingly in the Tower. The duke (the real monarch) as he left London to join his army, said forebodingly to Lord Grey, his attendant:

"Many come out to look at us, but I find not one who cries, 'God speed us.'"

The moment the Duke left London, the council

quitted the Tower, and going to Baynard's Castle, near St. Paul's, proclaimed Mary Queen. Suffolk surrounded the Tower, and the poor queen of ten days then returned to her quiet country life, and those books which had been the dear companions of her studious youth. Northumberland, finding his army of six thousand men rapidly disbanding, laid down his arms at Bury St. Edmunds. Mary soon after entered London in triumph, and was welcomed by her brave sister Elizabeth at the head of a thousand horse which she had levied. On the 22nd of August, Northumberland deservedly lost his mischievous head on Tower Hill, and two of his special abettors were also executed with him. Sentence was pronounced against Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford; but they were so young, neither of them being seventeen, that it seemed murder to carry severity further than imprisonment. But in February of the next year Wyatt's unsuccessful march on London, with four thousand Kentish men, proved fatal to Lady Jane and her husband, who were soon after executed privately on Tower Green.

In the old flint church of St. Michael at Framlingham—a fine decorated building, with a perpendicular clerestory, a very rich timber roof, and a grand tower ninety feet high—there are some interesting monuments of the Norfolk family. On the south side of the chancel is the very effigies of that Thomas, third

Duke of Norfolk, who led our knights and archers at Flodden to the slaughter of ten thousand Scotchmen and their chivalrous hot-blooded King James. That heavy blow stopped the inroads of our warlike neighbours for many a day; yet, after all, the dogs of war were "*scotched*, not killed;" and in Charles's time the Lowlanders and Highlanders were down on us again, till Cromwell beat them small as dust at Dunbar, and scattered them like chaff before the wind. On the north side of Framlingham chancel (for, as Bob Acres observed, "there is snug lying in the abbey") rests the counterfeit of the poet, Earl of Surrey—he and his Countess, the successful rival of the fair Geraldine, who was born here, clasp hands unchangeably on a tomb erected here 1617 (James the First). This ill-starred young noble, who was cup-bearer to King Henry the Eighth, and accompanied him to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1535 married Lady Francis Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. In 1542 he fought with his father against the Scotch, and helped to burn Kelso. He next distinguished himself in France; but his army, being overpowered near St. Etienne in 1545-6, he was recalled and disgraced. The king, jealous of him, and irritated by Surrey's enemies, sent the young general to the Tower, and finally had him brought to trial for having the arms of Edward the Confessor, although it was well known that Richard the Second had granted these heraldic

bearings to the Howard family. He was beheaded in 1547. His poems were not published till ten years after his death. It has never been discovered who the Geraldine was to whom he addressed his sonnets. Horace Walpole tried to prove it to be Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald; but she was only a child (twelve or thirteen) when these verses were written. Surrey, though not a genius, was certainly undoubtedly useful to succeeding English poets, for he transplanted the Italian sonnets, and he introduced blank verse. That great authority, Mr. Hallam, praises his taste, his correctness of style, and purity of expression. His "means to attain a happy life," are characteristic of his classical tendencies:

> "Mortal, the things that do attain
> The happy life by these I find
> The riches left, not got with pain,
> The fruitful ground, the quiet mind."

Near the Earl of Surrey rests the friend with whom he was brought up, and to whom he alludes in his poem, "The Prisoner at Windsor"—Henry, Duke of Richmond, that bastard son of Henry the Eighth, who married Mary, a sister of the Earl. There are also here effigies of Mary (Fitzalan and Margaret Audley) first and second wives of Thomas, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in 1572 (Elizabeth), for a long course of guilty plotting and foolish dangerous intrigue with that evil woman, Mary Queen of Scots.

On to Southwold, centre of a later history and of old sea legends of the great wars with the Dutch that ensanguined the North Sea and the east coast all through the reckless reign of Charles the Second. Southwold is the wreck of a larger town destroyed by fire in April, 1659 (the month and year Richard Cromwell resigned). The whole region was once a forest (South-wood), and is called in Domesday Book "Bovens." The coast here since then is supposed to have receded nearly a mile. The hill on which the one long street of the town is built is steep to the sea, but slopes inland to the marshes formed by the river Blythe. Southwold is almost insulated, for on the north is Buss Creek (Buss is the old Dutch word for a herring boat), and on the east the German Ocean. Southwold was once the rival of Dunwich, which was the abode of East Anglian kings and of prelates too, till the see became part of the diocese of Norwich. Dunwich boasted eight churches, besides convents, hospitals, and a chantry. It was so wealthy a place indeed, that when Richard Cœur-de-Lion fined the East Anglian forts for supplying his enemies with corn, Ipswich and Yarmouth only paid two hundred marks each, while Dunwich was taxed one thousand and sixty marks. An inundation of the sea destroyed the town, which is now a mere cluster of sloping cornfields round grey monastic ruins. The King's Holm, tradition says, was buried under a flood of

shingle, while the Cock-and-Hen hills were washed away with all the chief buildings of the town.

The coast between Dunwich and Southwold is flat, and terraced with shingle. "The low coast (line) with level pastures and dykes behind" is broken only by the tall tower of Walberswick and the rounded height that terminates Solebay. At the mouth of the Blythe long timber piles stretch out to form a port. A broad tongue of shingle spreads across the entrance, and through the narrowed neck the tide runs in furiously. The inland scenery is quite Dutch in character. The meadows are surrounded by high banks, along which run the paths, and the common lands are under the charge of "fen reeves." The town once depended on its trade with Iceland for ling, but the Southwold fishermen (one hundred boats or so) now depend on the catching of soles and shrimps, and on the trapping of visitors, who are attracted by the breezy crags and the dry healthy gravel on which the houses stand. The fishermen congregate on the outer side of the bluff, round their two shelter sheds, watching the boat-builders, or are found smoking against the capstans, and on clear nights trying to make out Orford light. There are two government batteries (twelve eighteen-pounders) at Eyecliff, where the Danes once had a fort, and at Gunhill is an old battery of six old-fashioned guns taken at Preston by the Pretender, and re-captured at Culloden. The

Duke of Cumberland gave them to the town. Southwold church (St. Edmund the Martyr), built in 1460 (Henry the Sixth), is one hundred and forty-four feet long, and, with its eighteen clerestory windows, appears like a huge casket of glass. The temperature of Southwold is so mild that it is always honoured by the earliest arrival and latest departure of our distinguished visitor—the swallow. Amber and jet are dredged up here, and cornelians and agates hide themselves among the vulgar pebbles of the beach.

Beyond Southwold the crow discerns new features of the Suffolk coast scenery in the Broads (as at Easton and Covehithe), where large sheets of water collect near the shore, and after heavy rains are allowed to escape by sluices into the sea. Rough paths, through scrub, rushes, and sea holly, over a rugged beach strewn with lumps of shelly red crag, shingle, and sand hills, low cliffs covered with fern and heath, hollows of loose sand, and bluffs honeycombed by sand martins, guide the crow to Solebay. On these calm blue waters, under the silent cliffs, took place on June 1st, 1672 (Charles the Second), that tremendous naval battle between sixty-five English sail commanded by the Duke of York, and thirty-five French men-of-war under the Count d'Etrées, and ninety-one Dutch vessels led by the famous De Ruyter. He and Tromp had tormented and insulted us long enough, and we

owed him and Van Ghent one for having in 1667 taken Sheerness, sailed up the Medway, and burned six men-of-war. The Dutch, too, had had their wrongs; for they were savage with us for having just before tried hard to swoop down on their Smyrna fleet and its two million of treasure. The Dutch were stolid dogged old enemies, who had learned to disregard our self-assumed sovereignty of the seas, and they took a good deal of pounding. De Ruyter was eager to give us a final crippling blow at sea and leave him free to pour the musketeers of Utrecht and Guelderland on the French, who, under Turenne and Condé, were then taking and subduing Holland town by town, and preparing for the famous passage of the Rhine. Pepys's friend, the Earl of Sandwich, had warned the Duke of the danger of being netted in Southwold Bay, where the Dutch fire-ships could have burnt us like so many chips in a grate. But the Duke (never very sweet-tempered) had only replied to the Earl's cautions by a sneer at his timidity. The taunts rankled in the Earl's soul, and he resolved to conquer or perish. The moment the Dutch appeared, closing their nets in upon us, he bore out of the bay to give the Duke and the French admiral time to debouch. Then he went at the enemy like a mad lion. He killed our old foe Van Ghent, and beat off his ship after a furious fight. He then sank a Dutch man-of-war and three fire ships that grappled with him. His

own vessel was now shattered and pierced, two-thirds of his nine hundred men were killed or wounded, yet he still continued to blaze at the enemy, till a third Dutch fire-ship closed with him, and refusing to escape, he perished, fighting to the last. Nor was the Duke all this time idle. He bore down on De Ruyter and hammered at him for two hours, till night came. Two and thirty battles the grey old Dutch veteran had fought, but never, he declared, so hard a one as this. In the morning the Duke of York (certainly not a Nelson) thought it prudent to retire. The Dutch, though disabled, began to harass his retreat, till he turned on them, and, bull-dog like, renewed the fight, while Sir Joseph Jordan, who led our van, got the weather gauge of De Ruyter, who then fairly fled, pursued by the Duke to the coast of Holland. We were close at the Dutchman's rear, and only a timely Dutch fog saved fifteen of his leaky and lagging vessels. The French took little part in the fray, for their captains had been told by Louis the Fourteenth to leave the English and the Dutch to fight it out between them. The French, however, lost two ships and their rear-admiral; we six ships (one taken, two burned, and three sunk) and two thousand men. The Dutch confessed to three large vessels, but the States General forbade the publication of their casualties. It was not much of a victory, that must be confessed,

and far unlike the tremendous overthrow of the Dutch by Monk in 1653, when Van Tromp perished. It is a curious fact about this battle of Solebay that the sound of the cannonading was heard thirty miles. The Earl of Ossory, then at Euston, eight miles north of Bury St. Edmunds, heard the firing and instantly took horse and galloped thirty miles to join the fleet.

But this story is quite surpassed by a Cambridge tradition of Newton. In June, 1666—those three days that the English and Dutch fleets were wrangling and fighting between the Naze and the North Foreland, distant at least seventy miles from Cambridge—Newton, then a Bachelor of Arts at Trinity, and just commencing his optical discoveries, came one day into the college hall and told the fellows that a battle was being fought between the Dutch and the English, and that the latter were having the worst of it. He had been studying, he said, in the observatory over the gateway, and had there heard the vibration of cannon. It seemed to grow louder as it came nearer; he therefore concluded that we had had the worst of it. Mr. White quotes a fine old naval ballad:

"I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
Their number or their tonnage;
But this I say, the noble host
Right gallantly did take its post,
And covered all the hollow coast
From Walderswyck to Dunwich.

Well might you hear their guns I guess
From Sizewell Gap to Euston ness.
The show was rare and sightly:
They batter'd without let or stay
Until the evening of that day—
'Twas then the Dutchmen ran away,
The Duke had beat them tightly.

Of all the battles gained at sea,
This was the rarest victory
Since Philip's grand armada.
I will not name the rebel Blake;
He fought for Roundhead Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take
To quell the Dutch bravado.

So now we've seen them take to flight—
This way and that, where'er they might,
To windward or to leeward.
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
And here's the house of Stuart."

Up the Waveney now for the crow, "the waving water" of the Saxons, the stream that winds through broad green tranquil meadows, spotted red with cattle, past rushy flats and draining mills, and rows of poplars, and heathy slopes, and patches of fir, and golden swaying oceans of corn, with towers and spires for landmarks. Bungay "le bon Eye" (the beautiful island) we strike for, a sleepy old East Anglian town, with a round-towered church, and the old flint walls of Hugh Bigod's Castle, now lurking embowered in the "King's Head" gardens. Hugh Bigod was one of those proud barons who rebelled

against Henry the Second, that prince who recovered his dominions at the death of the usurper Stephen, and who, after expiating the murder of Beckett, subduing Ireland, defeating by turns the Scotch and the French, died at last almost broken-hearted at the ingratitude of his rebellious children, who, in their turn, were tormented by their offspring. It was in 1174 that the King sent for Hugh Bigod, and the story still lives in the ballad. The very old ballad (so old indeed it can hardly walk alone) says:

"The king has sent for Bigod bold,
In Essex whereat he lay;
But Lord Bigod laughed at his poursuivant,
And stoutly thus did say,
'Were I in my castle of Bungay
Upon the river of Wavenay,
I would not care for the King of Cokenay
Nor all his bravery.'

The Baily he rode, and the Baily he ran,
To catch the gallant Lord Hugh,
But for every mile the Baily rode,
The Earl he rode more than two.
When the Baily had ridden to Bramfield oak,
Sir Hugh was at Ilksale bower,
When the Baily had ridden to Halesworth cross,
He was singing in Bungay tower."

We regret, however, to state that the bold Bigod, in spite of his bragging and his five hundred soldiers from Framlingham, proved dunghill after all, and instead of replying to the king with arrows and crossbow bolts, craftily capitulated in the follow-

ing unworthy manner. The king arrived, and thereupon

> "Sir Hugh took threescore sacks of gold
> And flung them over the wall,
> Says, 'Go your way in the devil's name,
> Yourself and your merry men all;
> But leave me my castle of Bungay
> Upon the river of Wavenay,
> And I'll pay my shot to the King of Cokénay."

The Bramfield oak referred to in the above ballad of 1174 did not fall till June 15, 1843. This Bigod of the loud words became a crusader, and died in 1177, when his castle was destroyed. A Roger Bigod restored it in 1281 (Edward the First). It is hard to efface the results of man's thought and labour, and great remains still exist here both of Roman and of Norman toil. The keep and inner bailey of the castle, which is octangular in ground plan, stands on a high mound above the moats, and a vast earthen rampart (probably Roman) stretches down to the Waveney, and is continued along the edge of the hill above Bridge Street, then, in a crescent form, on the north and west again to the river. Two round gate towers without loop or window stand at thirty feet distance from the keep, which is fifty-four feet square; the curtain walls are one hundred and eighteen feet high, and ten or twelve feet through. King Stephen took this castle at Whitsuntide in 1140. In the reign of Henry the Eighth the Duke

of Norfolk deserted Bungay Castle for Kenning Hall, a more cheerful place.

St. Mary's church at Bungay once formed part of a Benedictine nunnery, founded by Roger de Glanville and his Countess Gundreda, in the reign of Henry the Second—that very reign, indeed, in which Bigod was besieged by the King of Cockayne. In Edward the First's time this nunnery contained a prioress and fifteen religious sisters, but at the Dissolution there were only seven nuns remaining, living on a yearly income of sixty-two pounds two shillings and fourpence. Henry the Eighth gave the foundation to the Duke of Norfolk. It was upon this same St. Mary's church that a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning broke, August 4, 1577 (Elizabeth). Several persons were struck. In this same awful storm—which broke out between nine and ten A.M., during divine service, which was earlier in those days than now—forty persons were felled by lightning at the church in the adjoining village of Blythburg. The superstition of the Bungay people was roused to the utmost by this falling of the fire from heaven, and some excited imaginations declared they saw during the flashes a huge black dog, of Satanic origin, rush down the aisle and gripe one person in the back, and wring the necks of two others. The Waveney, at Bungay, is the Boundary of Norfolk and Suffolk, and the small barges upon its waters

bring from and carry into Suffolk stores of corn, malt, flour, coal, and lime. Bungay, quiet and even sleepy as it is now, has had its deep sorrows and its stormy troubles. In March, 1688 (James the Second), an irresistible fire destroyed, in four hours only, a church, the market cross, and four hundred houses, leaving only one small street and a few cottages standing. Horace Walpole once said of a London earthquake that it was so quiet you might have stroked it. One of these gentle earthquakes was felt here and at Yarmouth, January 15, 1757.

On to Lowestoft, which first

> "Of all old England's busy towns, uplifts
> Its orisons and greets the rising morn."

According to Mr. Walcott, the name of the town in Domesday was Lothu-Wistoft, that is, the toft or cluster of houses by the Loth (slow) river, and he supposes that Lothen and Irling, Danes, after the conquest of Essex, in 1047 (Edward the Confessor), established a station here to receive Danish colonists. The old Danish fishing town, on which a modern watering place has engrafted itself, stands on an eminence backed by hills with a broad beach at its feet. Below the houses on the brow of the ridge, hanging gardens slope to the alluvial land lying between Lake Lothing and the sea. Beyond this flat land "the ground rises at Kirkley into another line of cliffs, which stretch along the Suffolk coast," cut

through here and there by rivers. The beach along this shore is a mere strip of shingle, from which runs the great shoal called the Pakefield Flats, probably submerged land; but the sands of the Denes, in front of Lowestoft, are never overflowed. The flood stream and the ebb tide have each scooped out bays, and formed shoals of the displaced material.

The legends of Lowestoft are of a naval and piscatorial kind. In the Civil War times the Cavaliers of Lowestoft were always privateering against Yarmouth, and the cliffs between the rival towns were constantly vibrating to the sound of their cannons. There has, indeed, long been a jealousy between the two places, and it existed even in the times of old Potter (1789-1804), the worthy and learned vicar of Lowestoft, gratefully known to us in our school days for those flowery translations of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, fluent "cribs" much resorted to by "first form" boys. Old Potter was jealous for the honour of Lowestoft, and when the primate of those days once wrote to him, and addressed the letter "Lowestoft, near Yarmouth," the vicar expostulated in his grand and rhetorical manner: "The next time your grace will be pleased to write simply Lowestoft. Lowestoft does not want Yarmouth for a direction post, for Lowestoft was ere Yarmouth rose out of the azure main."

The Swan Inn on the east side of High Street is

still pointed out as the head-quarters of Cromwell when here, looking keenly after the east coast in 1644. Short as that visit was, his bronze face, his plain steel corselet, and his simple, soldierly dress, will always haunt the memory of Lowestoft. The fishing people here were always proud of their sea trophies; formerly at weddings rows of ship flags used to be hung across the streets, and some of these had been captured by Arnold, a Lowestoft man, from the "Royal Philip," a Spanish man-of-war. Close by, at Barsham Rectory house, Catherine, Lord Nelson's mother, was born 1725. Admiral Sir Thomas Allin, who, in the time of the Commonwealth, snapped up a rich Smyrna fleet, was a Lowestoft man; and from the same part of the coast came also those two brave seamen, Sir John Ashby and Sir Andrew Leake; the latter, "the handsome captain," admired by Queen Anne, who assisted Rooke in the taking of Gibraltar from the Spaniards (1704). He was desperately wounded in an action off Malaga, but he would not go below, and sat erect and grand in his cocked hat and gold laced coat, and kept his post in an arm-chair on his quarter-deck till he saw the shattered sails of the enemy fade back into the smoke. Then he arose, smiled, and fell dead. There is a monument to this staunch old warrior in the chequered flint-work church of Saint Margaret. The same church contains monuments of old "crib" Pot-

ter (bless him!), of John Tanner, who edited the Monasticon of his learned and ponderous brother, the Bishop of St. Asaph; of Lord Chief Justice Holt, that sound constitutional lawyer of the great Revolution of 1686; and of poor heretical Whiston, the heterodox Holborn rector and the suspected professor of mathematics at Cambridge. Will Whiston was vicar here from 1698 to 1702. Swift wrote terrible verses upon him, and held him up to the most scathing ridicule, but he really seems to have been only a clever, eccentric, wrong-headed enthusiast, always doing odd and mistaken things.

But the greatest event of which Lowestoft ever was a witness was the great pounding match between the English and Dutch fleets in June, 1665. The Duke of York, Rupert, the Earl of Sandwich, Penn, Ayscough, and Lawson led our grand fleet of one hundred and fourteen ships of war, not including fire-ships and ketches. The Dutch had only one hundred sail; but then they were led by Opdam and Van Tromp, and their example was worth twenty frigates. We lost only one vessel. The Dutch, bleeding and beaten, hauled off eventually to the Texel, with a loss of eighteen ships taken and fourteen burnt or sunk. It was a glorious victory. Pepys, proud of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, says "the Dutch neglected the opportunity of the wind, and so lost the benefit of their fire-ships. It was hot work in the Duke's ship,

the 'Royal Charles,' where one shot killed the Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Sir Richard Boyle (the Earl of Burlington's second son). It was reported that Mr. Boyle's head struck down the Duke, and he was covered with his blood and brains. We lost about seven hundred men, the Dutch eight thousand." At this very time the Plague had just broken out in London, and only the day before his entry of the victory, Pepys says:

"The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there, in which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw."

The Lowestoft two-masted luggers are famous in the North Sea. The town boasts some twenty-five, besides fifty half-and-half boats. In 1802 they caught thirty thousand mackerel; in 1853, 30,750,000 in ten weeks. They were valued at ten thousand pounds. It is calculated that the nets of the Lowestoft and Yarmouth fishermen, if placed in a straight line, would reach two hundred miles. The herring fishery commences on this east coast a fortnight before Michaelmas and lasts to Martinmas.

The prosperity of Lowestoft commenced in 1827, when Mr. Cubitt began operations to form Lake Lothing, with its one hundred and sixty acres to the

south-west, into an inner harbour and part of a ship canal to Norwich. Before that a rampart of sand had formed between Lake Lothing and the sea, and at times the lowlands used to be flooded, and the bridge at Mutford, two miles from the coast, to be carried away by the spring tides. In 1831 the works were completed, and, at a cost of eighty-seven thousand pounds, the river Waveney re-wedded to the sea. Government took possession of the harbour in 1842, in default of the liquidation of advances made for the works, and in 1844 it was sold to Mr. Peto.

The inner harbour, two miles long with three thousand feet of wharfage, will accommodate vessels of four hundred tons, and those which draw fifteen feet at any time of the tide. The railway was opened in 1847. The south pier is one thousand three hundred feet long. The north pier, devoted chiefly to the Danish cattle trade, has often sheltered five hundred sail. The dry dock cost ten thousand pounds. In 1845 there were only four hundred and ten vessels frequenting Lowestoft; in 1851 one thousand six hundred and thirty-six vessels of one hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and fourteen tons entered the harbour. The town now boasts one thousand six hundred houses, and a population of more than six thousand seven hundred and eighty-one persons. The herring curing-houses are on the Denes, sands that spread at the foot of the cliffs. In the north and

south roads seven hundred sail are sometimes seen at anchor, sheltered by the Corton and Newcome sand banks. The lighthouse for the chief channel is movable. A gong sounds on the Stanford sand floating light during fogs.

CHAPTER XIX.

NORFOLK AND YARMOUTH.

THE crow, as he glances along the Norfolk coast to Yarmouth, is informed that centuries ago, when Carausius, the Roman admiral of the Saxon shore, was building forts to keep out the Jutes and Angles, and later, when the vexatious Danes were perpetually landing at Cromer, or Caistor, or Weybourne Hope, the coast of Norfolk was a mere group of low islets, Norwich was a seaport, the walls of Bungay castle faced the sea, and the site of Yarmouth was the basin of an estuary. The Yare, the Waveney, and the Bure still flow through marshy flats, studded by insulated holmes and by small lakes; but in the early centuries half Norfolk must have been a mere reedy refuge for snipes and plovers, herons and curlews.

Yarmouth, with its population of thirty thousand herring catchers and herring eaters, stands at the confluence of the Yar (Celtic, dark) water, the Waveney and the Bure, in the centre of a low sandy pen-

insula, surrounded by these rivers and the German ocean. It is mentioned by Ptolemy (70), and close by, at Caistor, Roman cavalry were quartered, as the learned Spelman thinks. The scenery on the Bure, as the crow approaches Yarmouth, struck that restless bird as peculiarly Dutch. Towards the sea, the pumps driven by wind are superseded by scoop wheels driven by more resolute and active steam. There are cattle swimming across the river at Runham Swim and Mautby Swim, and where the banks are protected with flints the water becomes gay with flashing wherries; presently there appear houses with quaint gables and dormer windows, then lines of trees, and masts of ships rising among roofs; soon sand-hills glisten against the sun, and the curious crow's nest look-out at Caistor shows conspicuously against the sky. More gardens, orchards, and boats, an old round tower with a conical roof, on the left bank, and the crow has Yarmouth all before him where to choose.

The sea has not encroached upon the Yarmouth sands since the reign of Elizabeth. They are supposed by an eminent topographical authority to have become firm, consistent, and habitable about the year 1008. Gradually the old estuary was blocked, the river only keeping open a narrow washed-out channel, which within five centuries has been deflected four miles to the south. The flood tide from the north is the cause of this southward deflection of the

Yare, and the other rivers of the eastern coast. That great artificer, Nature, has so directed the sands here that thousands of acres of land have been reclaimed from the greedy sea, and about sixty fresh-water lakes formed, which threaten at times to drain away the Yare and sister streams. About Cromer way the earth is yielding to the sea in all directions; here at Yarmouth the sea is conquering. The theory is this, and it gives a curious notion of the vast agencies at work in re-shaping the outer surface of the earth. Only a portion of the great tidal waves of the Atlantic passes up the channel through the Straits of Dover, the great mass moving more swiftly up the west sweeps round the Orkneys, and pours down southward between Norway and Scotland. Wherever, therefore, a river stream breaks a passage through this southward beating pulsation of the great ocean's heart, there sand banks are deposited at the angle where the two forces meet.

Yarmouth, first mentioned in 1081, was originally a mere cluster of tarry fishermen's huts on a sand bank at the mouth of the Yare. The chief eminence in the neighbourhood is still called Fuller's Hill, from the name of one of the first settlers. Gradually the sand-bank increased its deposits, gave up its sinking fund, and became a resort of French, Norwegian, and Dutch fishermen. The first charter, establishing Yarmouth as a sort of herring kingdom,

was granted in 1108, and confirmed by successive sovereigns until 1702, the year before Queen Anne came to the throne. In 1696 the north channel of the Yare became choked by a sort of sand apoplexy. Gradually the mere obstruction grew into an island, and the inhabitants here about then moved southward to the Cerdic or Cedric sands, so called, according to tradition, from some early Saxon invader. There was always a creeping fear on this side of Norfolk that the sea eventually meant them some mischief, for even that audacious and confident old witch, Mother Shipton, prophesied that Yarmouth would become a nettle bush, the bridges be pulled up, and small vessels be seen sailing to Irstead and Barton Broads. When Henry the Third gave a charter to Yarmouth in 1260, he allowed a wall to be built, enclosing the houses on the land side. This was commenced thirteenth Edward the First, and completed eleventh Edward the Second. A castle with four watch-towers was also erected in the centre of the town, and the date of its erection marks the period when the home of the Norfolk fishermen was first thought worth defending. The serviceable old rampart is still to be tracked through the quaint narrow streets of Yarmouth. First there is an old conical roofed north tower by the Bure some twenty-five feet in diameter, strongly built of flint, with thin red brick for the upper story. Close by stands

a solid buttress, and a portion of the wall running eastward, flint below, brick above, with an even outer face. At Ramp Row the wall is supported within by arched recesses seven feet deep. The poor people, who live here in tumble-down tenements, use the recesses as pantries or bedrooms, according to Mr. White. "A Ramp Row goose" is the Yarmouth metonym for a herring. Close by the Priory national schools there is more of the wall, while a ruined tower is to be seen in an adjoining nursery garden. Southward rises a third tower, now used as a dwelling-house. The wall appears again in solid, unimpaired flint-work facing the North Denes. Cut in two by a street, it re-emerges in the rear of a yard where anchors are stored; and presently the versatile rampart forms one side of a rope-walk. It turns up again often behind hovels, sheds, stables, and smoke houses. Eight of the round towers can still be traced, and also the ancient south gate; and from the last tower on the banks of the Yare, there is a fine view of red roofs to the Denes, and across the Yare crowded with ships of Suffolk, and the steep banks of Gorleston.

In 1588 (Elizabeth) at the universal fear of the Spaniards, a fire beacon was erected on Yarmouth Castle, to flame alarm along the Norfolk coast, and a south mound was also thrown up and mounted with heavy ordnance. In 1621 the castle which

stood near St. George's Church was demolished, and a fort with ramps erected two and a half miles in circuit, with platforms facing the sea. In old times the fishermen of Yarmouth and the Cinque Ports were always in jealous rivalry, trying to cut each other's nets and anticipate each other's profits. The Reeves of Kent and Sussex came annually to Yarmouth for forty days, from Michaelmas to Martinmas, to superintend the herring fishery, and maintain peace. This burning hatred came to a climax on August 27th, 1297, when the two rival squadrons accompanied King Edward the First to Sluys. The quarrel began, and soon assumed the dignity of homicide. Eventually the Kent men and the Norfolk men went at it tooth and nail. The Kentish lads proved staunchest and quickest in the rigging and in the turrets, on the poops, and along the gunwales. The Yarmouth men lost twenty-five ships of the value of fifteen thousand pounds, and only three of their vessels returned to tell the tale. But there were good men and true still left on the Denes. In 1294 the Yarmouth fleet bore in and burned Cherbourg, spite of French arrows and French mangonels. By the reign of Edward the Third Yarmouth had recovered, for it contributed to the Calais expedition no fewer than forty-three ships and one thousand and seventy-five men. Later—in Edward the Third's puissant reign—the Yarmouth fleet numbered one

hundred and twenty sail. In 1340 a burgher of the city, John Perenbaume, being one of King Edward's admirals, fell upon the French at Sluys, and with drifts of Greek fire destroyed two hundred and thirty ships and killed thirty thousand Frenchmen. Dartmouth, mentioned by Chaucer, was the only town then superior to Yarmouth in its naval force.

In the reign of Richard the Second, Wat Tyler made a demonstration before Yarmouth, hoping to rouse all East Anglia, but the treacherous blow in Smithfield before long stopped that daring reformer, and dispersed his archers. In 1549 (Edward the Sixth) Kett, the tanner of Wymondham, who had headed the rising at Aldborough, planted his standard on the summit of Moushold Hill, near Norwich, and established courts of justice under the Oak of Reformation. Marching with twenty thousand men into Yarmouth, he proclaimed his intention to release the commons from the oppression of the rich, to restore the ancient services, and to remove all greedy and tyrannical counsellors from the side of the young king. Being repulsed at Yarmouth he attacked Norwich, which was held by the Marquis of Northampton with one thousand English horse and a body of Italian mercenaries, set the city on fire, killed Lord Sheffield and one hundred of his followers, and chased the rest out of Norfolk. The Earl of Warwick soon drove the rebel tanner to bay near Norwich, and

hemmed him in with six thousand men and two thousand German horse. Kett's men forced their way into the town and repeatedly drove the gunners from their batteries. The Earl, in despair, made his soldiers swear on their swords never to desert the place. Starved out, Kett was at last driven from his unassailable hill. At Dussingdale the Earl's cavalry broke in upon his men and slew two thousand. The remainder surrounded themselves with a rampart of waggons and a trench protected by stakes, and declared their determination to die rather by the sword than the halter. The Earl, promising them pardon, they surrendered. Kett was however hung at Norwich Castle, his brother on the steeple of Windham, and nine other leaders on the nine branches of the Oak of Reformation; so burnt out the last great Catholic insurrection in Norfolk.

French and Flemish Protestant refugees, escaping from the Guises and from Philip, established themselves at Yarmouth during the reigns of James and Charles, and gave to the chapels in the lanes of this Norfolk period a republican and anti-state church tone. Bradshaw, the Puritan sergeant, who presided at King Charles's trial, and who declared with his dying breath that if the deed were to do again he would do it, resided for some time at the Star Inn, Yarmouth. When his mouldering corpse was dug up in Westminster and hung on a gibbet beside the bodies of

Cromwell and Ireton, the Yarmouth Puritans declared that the real Bradshaw was safe in Jamaica.

On July 9, 1642, Yarmouth declared openly for the Parliament, and was henceforward harassed by the Lowestoft Cavaliers' cruisers. The consequence was that when the tide turned Yarmouth had to turn also, and within a few days of its rival presented enthusiastic addresses to Richard Cromwell and Charles the Second. The swarthy "mutton eating" king came to the town for some reason or other in 1671, and having received a present of three golden herrings, dubbed three of the richest herring sellers knights.

At various periods all sorts of great men embarked and disembarked at Yarmouth. In 1687 came there Prince George of Denmark, Queen Anne's foolish husband, "Est-il Possible," as the father-in-law he deserted nicknamed him from his favourite exclamation. In 1652, William of Orange, with his reticent face and dry asthmatic cough, landed here with lingering looks of regret at Holland. In 1810 the King of Sweden arrived, calling himself Count Gottorp, and in 1807 Louis the Eighteenth *alias* Count de Lille.

But the most honoured name at Yarmouth is that of Nelson. He landed on this Norfolk coast close to his own birthplace, November 6, 1800, after the great victory of the Nile, when he took all the French fleet except four ships, and blew up the "L'Orient" in spite

of all the batteries of Aboukir. The memory of the great admiral is for ever treasured at the Star Hotel, once the residence of the Howards, then of Bradshaw. "The Nelson Room" is still the palladium of the building. In this oak-panelled chamber, with its arched fillets and diaper work, its quaint female figures with animals' heads, and its scroll-bordered ceiling with pendants, Nelson once dined, and his portrait painted by Keymer, a quaker admirer, still hangs on the wall. The lower banqueting room, which has a handsome ceiling, has been converted into a bar or kitchen.

Yarmouth has been often compared to Genoa, and a writer, by no means unknown to the public, has named the many-alleyed town "the Norfolk Gridiron," the five principal streets being crossed at right angles by one hundred and fifty-six rows or narrow lanes, which are, on an average, about eight feet wide. The reason of this minute subdivision of street way is that in the old time the teeming city was pressed in on the north, south, and east sides by a wall two hundred and forty yards long, and on the west by a rampart two thousand and thirty yards long. Within this boxing the population lay, to use a simile not inappropriate, like herrings in a barrel. These little lanes, that must have made the street fighting in Kett's time very deadly, are so narrow that you can touch either wall by stretching out your hands while passing. Till Re-

gent-street was built in 1813, at a cost of three thousand pounds, in the centre of the quay leading to the market, and the north end of King-street, the rows were the only cross cuts between the five chief streets. These narrow rows created a necessity for a special low long narrow vehicle, first introduced in Henry the Seventh's time, and hence popularly known as "Harry-carries." These Dutch-looking trolly carts are sledges twelve feet long by three feet six inches broad; they are mounted on wheels, two feet nine inches high, and are drawn by one horse, the driver standing on the cross staves. A topographical writer of 1777 shows how simple Norfolk society was at that era when many of these Harry-carries, painted red, green, and blue, plied for hire, and were let out to visitors wishing to drive to the Fort, the quay, or the Denes. The writer inveighs against the hard-trotting horses that thundered and rumbled down the narrow rows which the uncouth carts exactly fitted.

Yarmouth quay, with its commingled trees, masts, and houses, has been compared to the Boomtjes at Rotterdam. The Dutch Clock is the quaintest spot on the banks of the Yare. It is an old sixteenth century building, now used as a public library and an office for toll receivers and haven commissioners; it was formerly a place where the Dutch and Flemish refugees celebrated in quiet and pastoral gratitude

their morning prayers; and here Brinsley, the non-conformist, when driven from St. Nicholas church, preached the tenets of toleration. In olden times the town waits assembled on the roof on summer Sunday evenings and "did resound forth upon several consorts of musical instruments most melodious and delightful harmony." The old clock, that has seen out so many generations, still counts the hours; and the original carved stone mariner's compass, three feet in diameter, stands now in front of the old building.

The houses in the market-place are old, and have a character of their own; and the fish-market displays on its shields the half fishes, half lions, which are the heraldic glory of Yarmouth. The Fisherman's Hospital, a low, quadrangular building, with curious gables and dormers with finials, dates back to the last year of William of Orange, who, no doubt, liked the semi-Dutch city. A carved ship, tossed ceaselessly on stormy waves, is placed over an inner doorway; while a large statue of Charity (all promises and no deeds) guards a contribution-box in the middle of the court. No ancient mariner is admitted within this tranquil precinct till he has battled the storms and waves of this troublesome world three score years—then, and not till then, he can leave the see-sawing quarter-deck for the quiet court and the shady porches of this sanctuary.

The four rustling avenues of lime trees—delicious

when in blossom—bring us to the old priory church of St. Nicholas, the great saint of the Norfolk fishermen. It was founded in 1101-14 by Bishop Lozinga, and till 1716 Yarmouth had no other church. The enormous building, which will hold six thousand persons if tightly and professionally packed, is a great composite of many pious ages. The aisles, high and broad, and containing chantry chapels, are early English, but the windows are perpendicular. The transept arches are of immense span, but the windows of the choir are early decorated. The rich roofs, all panelled and waggon-headed, are in nave, aisles, and transept enriched with foliage, bosses, and groups of figures. The chief restorations and additions were in 1251 and 1286. The spire, one hundred and eighty-six feet high, rebuilt in 1806, is copper tinned, and rises from a battlemented tower as a landmark to the endangered seaman. One of the memorial windows records the benevolence of the celebrated Sarah Martin. In the south aisle there is a recess for a monument to one of those brave Falstolfes of Caistor, the greatest of whom, the hero of Henry the Fifth's wars, Shakespeare has transformed into the most inimitable of butts. In 1338 the bachelors of Yarmouth began to build an aisle in this church, but were stayed by a plague. The edifice boasted of seventeen chapels and the right of sanctuary, a mischievous way of rescuing homicides, swelling priests' fees, and defeating

justice. This noble conglomerate of the piety of many generations has known endless desecrations. For more than three hundred years the ignoble corporation picked up the brasses and melted them into weights. Still worse, a little later, all the grave-stones were drawn, like so many teeth, and shamefully sent into Newcastle to be shaped into grindstones. During the Puritan epoch three congregations met at the same time in this enormous church. The partitions dividing the three enclosures were only finally removed about twenty years ago. The organ (by Muller) has one thousand one hundred and thirty-three pipes, and is thought to be not far inferior to the great Thunderer at Haarlem.

After "The Ballast Keel," with its fourteenth century arch and Jacobean ceiling, the ruins of the Franciscan friary in the road leading to Gaol Street, and the old building with herring-bone masonry in George and Dragon Row, the most remarkable bit of antiquity in Yarmouth is Mr. Palmer's house on the quay, built 1596 (Elizabeth); the date appears on a chimney-piece carving. The drawing-room is richly panelled with oak. Mr. Palmer boasts a curious picture of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, by Tintoretto, and a very valuable Teniers "Rural Festivities," with seventy-eight figures of Dutch revellers. This house once belonged to John Carter, a bailiff of Yarmouth in the Parliamentary times.

Cromwell often visited him, and Carter's son married Mary Ireton, the daughter of the stern and somewhat savage general. Tradition says in this mansion was held that final consultation of the Parliamentary leaders, at which they decided upon the death of the faithless and hopeless king. The principal Puritan officers met in the oak-panelled drawing-room upstairs for privacy. It was strictly commanded that no person should come near the room except a man appointed to attend. The dinner which was ordered at four o'clock was put off from time to time till past eleven at night. The caballers then came down to a very short repast, and immediately all set off post, many for London, and some for the quarters of the army. The die was cast. Among other lesser traditions Yarmouth men like to remember that Praed, that refined and graceful poet of the drawing-room and boudoir, sat for Yarmouth in 1834. It was at this port that in June, 1797, the year of the mutiny at the Nore, the North Sea fleet revolted, the seamen justly demanding higher wages and better provisions. In 1807, Lord Gambier's fleet, numbering sixty-nine pendants, gathered at this Norfolk port before sailing to bombard Copenhagen.

Neptune, the "Rex" of the sea, has indeed earned his terrrible title off these shallow Norfolk sands. Whatever is blowing blows here, and the friendly lights of Caistor and Gorleston are too often power-

less to save the tempest-driven vessel. On drifts the fatal ship to its doom and death, and the gluttonous sands soon engulf the screaming men. In 1692 (William and Mary), out of a fleet of two hundred sail of light colliers, who always make Yarmouth their favourite roadstead on their perilous way from Newcastle, one hundred and forty were battered to pieces on the Yare shoals. In the furious storms of May, 1860, upwards of two hundred Norfolk fishermen were lost. How many widows and orphans has the pitiless sea, England's great ally, England's ceaseless enemy, made! Nor in mentioning real Yarmouth wrecks must we forget the novelist and the poet's wrecks. It was off this place that Robinson Crusoe came into trouble; in his boat he "passed the lighthouse at Winterton," where the shore falls off to the westward towards Cromer, and so the land broke off a little the violence of the wind, and at Yarmouth he and his tired comrades were kindly treated and sheltered; and here, too, a certain person named Steerforth, not unknown to some of our readers, was overtaken by his fate amid a storm such as one might expect to precede the Day of Doom. Indeed, the harbour planned by Joas Johnson, a Dutchman, in 1567 (Elizabeth), the south pier (two thousand feet long, and built on oak trunks), the leafy commercial quay, or the south quay, improved by Sir John Rennie, and still more than all these, the Britannia jetty

(which cost five thousand pounds in 1808), recalls to the crow (who feeds on book-worms among other diet, and is therefore in some respects literary) several passages of ingenuous David Copperfield's Yarmouth career, as, for example, his finished photographic Dutch picture of the fisherman's quarter.

"I smelt," says the young gentleman alluded to, "I smelt the fish, and pitch, and tar, and oakum, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stony lanes, bestrewn with bits of chip, and little hillocks of sand; past gasworks, ropewalks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, shipbreakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon a dull waste and a desolate flat." In this quarter tarry palings are hung with blackish brown nets, and tan-coloured sails are everywhere being dried or patched, rolled up, or unfolded. Here are the herring yawls, and the mackerel boats, and those sturdy cobles that come from Whitby and Scarborough, bringing periwinkles and pickled mushrooms, and those decked boats also that brave the most wolfish gales of the North Sea, and that in old times used to thread the crushing ice-floes of Greenland in search of that heaving mountain of sensitive fat, the whale, a fish whose interests have been so cruelly injured by the introduction of gas.

Herrings, which derive their Saxon name from their

gregarious habit of moving, not alone, but in an army (Heer), are not only the arms, they are the very legs of Yarmouth. The town lives on them, and stands by them. In 1798 Yarmouth had only sixteen fishing-boats, Lowestoft twenty-four, and the Yorkshire men only forty. But in 1833 there were one hundred Norfolk boats (chiefly Yarmouth) to the mere forty or fifty of Yorkshire, the whole employing a capital of two hundred andfifty thousand pounds. At the present day, a recent able writer says, there are two hundred Yarmouth boats, and forty Yorkshire and Sussex cobles, catching every season *six or seven score million herrings*, of the value of at least two hundred thousand pounds. (The herring is certainly not a Malthusian, whatever the opinions of the dog-fish and the guillemot may be). The Yarmouth mackerel fishing employs one hundred boats and fourteen hundred men and women. Every mackerel lugger costs seven hundred or eight hundred pounds, and carries eighty or a hundred nets each, twenty yards long, by eight and a half broad, and every herring boat costs from six hundred to a thousand pounds. It is calculated that half a million in one way and another is invested at Yarmouth in reaping the fish market. The mackerel fishing in 1852 produced twenty thousand pounds. The herring harvest commences at the end of September, "when the stormy winds do blow," and the glittering millions

of over population with which the North Sea then teems are dragged out for ten consecutive weeks. A recent topographical traveller has collected, with patient care and skill, some curious, close-pressed facts on the subject of Yarmouth's ceaseless industry. On those rough October nights, when the sands froth and boil crimson in the slant light of the beacon, the green Norfolk seas are literally coagulated with the not incurable bloater; the nets drag them up in tumbling, frightened heaps of loose and spangled silver; while by lantern light and moonlight the grim rugged faces of their rough and unsympathising fellow-creatures haul them in with sturdy song and a laughing welcome. Ever since those great formative epochs when the "All Father" said on the fifth day, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life," and when he created great whales and every living creature that moveth in the water, and blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas," these great hordes of fish have, at their periodical season of migration, duly darkened this wild northern sea. Only imagine: a single Yarmouth boat has been known to bring in twelve to sixteen lasts, each last being ten barrels, or ten thousand herrings! When cured, every last is worth twenty-two pounds. In 1859, however, the last went up as high as thirty-two pounds. What a haul to think of, after a day's failure at trout—one

hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of herrings!

Herring nets cost a shilling the twenty yards. These nets, woven at Bridport out of grey twine spun at Yarmouth, are dipped in cutch to turn them a warm brown before using. Each net has four breadths, and the oldest breadth of the four is replaced every season. The poor women who mend the nets, says one who has written pleasantly on this subject of the bloater, get a shilling a net whether the holes take two days to mend or only half a day. There are one hundred thousand barrels used every year at busy Yarmouth. The smoke-houses have separate floors for the cooper, the net-mender, the curer, and the drier, who all work in friendly and chatty co-operation without jealousy, and inspired by an unrequited love for the bloater. Oak lop, the crow is informed, is used to smoke the best herrings, but the Birmingham bloater, being of a lower caste, is seasoned with hazel wood and fir loppings. A smoke house, half malt kiln, half "oast" house, is a large oblong tower, forty or fifty feet high, without floors. High up run transverse compartments, divided by partitions of horizontal rails. In these open racks or "loves" lie the lathes or "speets." The herring, arriving in carts from the beach to fulfil his destiny for the good of a higher species, is first thrown with his fellows into a brick recess, sprinkled

with salt, and there left for several days. The duration of this vaporous purgatory depends on the destination of the fish, whose second migration is compulsory and often by land. If he is a Belgravian bloater, "a bloated aristocrat," as Radicals would call him, he merely hangs twenty-four hours, till he begins to swell with self-importance and to prepare for packing; if a Straits man for the Mediterranean ports, he lingers longer; if a mere black herring, for the blackguard, or for the alley, the chandlers, or the tally shop, he serves his full ten days, and emerges hard, dark, and salt as ham. On emerging from their bath the herrings are run through the gills by gangs of skilful women, called "ryvers," who "speet" them on long sticks; eight women completing eight lasts of herrings (thirteen thousand two hundred herrings to a last) in the day. For each last the women get three shillings and ninepence. The speets are then placed by climbing men on the loves, tier by tier, till the smoke house is full. The oak fire is then lit, the oil begins to distil, and the herrings slowly turn yellow, dusky orange, dingy red, then black, according to the duration of the smokings. "Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history," comes the packer, who removes the speets, and strips the fish off the lathes into the barrels in the radiating order in which they are to lie till the barrel has its regulated seven hundred and

fifty (thirteen dozen to the hundred). Then the barrel is placed in â press to softly but firmly force down the mutinous fish, and prepare it for "heading up." The Scotch fishermen at Yarmouth are known by their honourable refusal to do any work on Sunday.

The scenes on the old jetty are picturesque, especially when the mackerel boats are coming in, and the fish auctions are beginning. This moment there is nothing visible but a few bald flag-staves marking the auction stands, tangles of straw, piles of madder-coloured nets, heaps of baskets and empty oily tubs, some old mermaids in blue aprons, and a few old fishermen in oilskin dreadnaughts and long boots, chatting, loafing, and dozing. Presently a brown sail lops round and comes in sight. Instantly the jetty rouses to life. The ferry boats mounted on iron stakes are shoved down to the water and warped out, the tubs are rolled down and got ready. The boats presently return crowded with mackerel baskets. Nautical women gather round the auctioneer, who stands gravely—a red book in one hand, a bell in the other.. He rings the bell, and merely announces, with true Saxon brevity, that "Here he has so many hundred and so many quarters at so much a hundred." The baskets are instantly emptied into tubs half full of water, and the women at once wash and pack the perishable fish in layers (sixty mackerel

to a basket), six score to the hundred, the largest fish on the top; straw is spread over them, down go the lids, scaly hands tie the reddened strings, redder hands lift them into quick railway carts, and off they fly, borne by enchantment to expectant London and hungry Birmingham. A few hours more and the beautiful fish, shining like solid lumps of rainbow, tabbied with dark veins, barred with a rich enamel of mother-of-pearl, faintly flushed with rose and emerald, and almost exquisite enough, indeed, to stay the hand of even the most gluttonous of epicures, will smoke on the London board. In this way, the crow would mildly observe, are caught, dried, and packed, the one hundred and twenty thousand tons of fish that the brave Yarmouth fishermen, at that hourly risk of their lives, annually draw from the shallow, dangerous, and treacherous, but prolific sea that spreads between the red light ships, Knoll and Scroby sands, and the Brown Ridge near the opposite Dutch coast, to send to all-devouring and insatiable London.

But the crow must tear himself away from his last bloater, and strike off towards Cromer and the northern part of the North Sea. But first he has one grateful thought, that here on this dangerous shore man learnt to battle the cruel element, and brave Captain Manby here first, in 1808, tested his apparatus for saving the crews of stranded ships by throw-

ing them a line by a shot from a mortar. By night fireworks are used that burst at the height of three hundreds yards, and diffuse a clear light over every object, so that the aim can be properly directed. In twenty years the Manby system saved fifty-eight vessels and four hundred and ten human beings. Turner, never tiring of the sea, painted a fine grave picture of the Yarmouth sands at twilight, with the Manby mortar just discharging its shell.

Swift now on the wing over the Denes, broad green levels, with dull patches here and there of loose sand, and sprinkled with self-heal, stone-crop, and sandwort. Poising over the Nelson Column (two hundred and seventeen steps), our black friend catches at once with his intelligent eye the miles of flat level across Breyden water, along the Yare and from Gorleston heights to the Suffolk cliffs, stretching towards Lowestoft. Yarmouth-way lies the great sapphire pavement of the unstable sea, studded with flocks of brown fishing-boats, sworn chasers of the social fish. He sees, too, the red light ships marking the entrance, and the tossing line of froth where the shoals begin as you look straight across towards the Dutch coast.

CHAPTER XX.

NORFOLK.—CAISTOR TO CROMER.

FROM Caistor look out, that sentry-box sixty feet high, the itinerant bird watches the brown-winged herring-boats beating up against the wind, yonder are miles of grassy sand hills, and pale belts of sand, gleaming almost as white as the racing foam, and on the fore-shore, like stranded turtles, loll red-bottomed boats among the patches of coarse gorse. On the inner slopes of the sand hills, clear of the long loose drifts which here and there encroach on the marshes, rise the red roofs and black-tarred walls of fishermen's villages; the fishermen's gardens and hedgerows bordering the waste, gradually lead on to belts of trees and chequerings of fertile fields; and at the doors of the Caistor cottages the crow, having a pictorial eye, discerns rugged-faced fishwives sitting netting among lobster pots and heaps of fishing furniture. The church tower at

Caister has a legend of its own. Over the centre of its parapet a long low ridge marks the tomb of a Norfolk maiden, who, losing her lover by shipwreck on the adjacent coast, directed, before her heart quite broke, that her body should be buried there under a pyramid which should be high enough to serve as a sea mark. The pyramid is gone, even the sailor's name is forgotten, but the woman's true love is still remembered, and will be for ever.

About a mile from Caistor, over the fields, a long line of old brick wall—within a moat screened by tall trees—marks the ruins of the Falstolf's old fortified mansion, Caistor Castle, built in the reign of Henry the Fifth. It was three hundred feet square, and had a round tower at each corner. Only one of these towers now remains. Inside, the ruins are hidden by fruit trees, elder bushes, and ivy, but there are still traces of the ruffling days of the brave Sir John and the letter-writing Pastons who succeeded him. An old ogee arched gateway still stands, but instead of rooms hung with cloth of gold, it leads only to poultry sheds. The bay window of the hall exists, you can trace the gable mark of the roof, and there is still the tower near the chapel where the priest used to live, and to pray for those who nourished him. This tower is famous for its jackdaw's nest—a great pile of loose sticks, reaching from the winding stairs to the window, and express-

ing a vast and unwearied industry. On the ground floor is a small chamber with groined ceiling and two light foliated windows, but there is no roof above but the clear blue sky, and the old fireplaces, black against the walls above, will never again be warmed by friendly fires. The Sir John Falstolf who built this castle (one of the earliest fortified brick houses in the kingdom) was a great warrior in the French wars of Henry the Fifth and Sixth. It was this commander who, just before Joan of Arc appeared to scare us English, left Paris on a certain day in Lent with one thousand five hundred men to convey four hundred waggons of herrings and other provisions to the English besiegers of Orleans, just then disheartened by the death of the Earl of Salisbury, their commander. He was attacked at Roucroi by four thousand French and Scotch cavalry, but surrounding his men with a rampart of carriages, he and his archers repulsed two savage onslaughts, killed six hundred of the enemy, and reached triumphantly the English camp. When Orleans had been rescued by the maiden of Domremy, the English forts burned, and the Earl of Suffolk taken prisoner, Talbot and Falstolf retreated towards Paris. At Patay, Talbot, bull-dog as he was, would retreat no further, but stood at bay till he had lost twelve thousand men, and was struck from his horse and taken. Falstolf, refusing to fight with soldiers demoralised by the

recent loss of three fortresses, left Talbot alone to suffer for his obstinacy.

The English, in a rage at his desertion of Talbot, branded Falstolf as a coward, and condemned him to forfeit his garter. But the Norfolk worthy was no young braggart who needed to prove his courage; he calmly persisted, and proved, to the satisfaction of the Regent, that nothing but defeat was possible with soldiers that Jeanne d'Arc had so recently cowed. This brave old Sir John, who died in 1459, aged eighty, had a mansion also at Yarmouth, and traded there in corn and wool. Soon after the Pastons became lords of Caistor, William of Worcester, writing to one of the new family, says, "I am right glad that Caistor is, and shall be, at your commandment, and yours in especial. A rich jewel it is at need for all the country in time of war, and my master, Falstolf, would rather he had never builded it than it should be in the governance of any sovereign that will oppress the country."

But, indeed, if the crow, being of an ancient family, may be allowed to be for once biographical, it may not be amiss to here briefly sketch the career of a gentleman soldier in the reigns of Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, in order to show the life men led in those stormy ages. The aforesaid Sir John, born about 1378 (Edward the Third), was the son of a gentleman of Yarmouth, renowned for his

piety and charity. His father dying when he was young, John's person and estate were committed to the guardianship of that wise and able ruler, the Duke of Bedford, our Regent in France. It is supposed that when a youth, learning arms under Thomas of Lancaster, the second son of Henry the Fourth, the young Norfolk squire accompanied that noble (afterwards Duke of Clarence) to Ireland, where Thomas was lord-lieutenant. John flashed his maiden sword against the rough kernes and savage gallowglasses of Munster and Connaught, and married, in Ireland, a daughter of Lord Tibetot, binding himself, on the Feast of St. Hilary, which was their marriage day, in the sum of one thousand pounds, to pay her one hundred pounds a year for pin-money. Hardened to steel in the wars of Normandy, Anjou, Maine, and Guienne, countless spears having broken on his wide chest, countless arrows having splintered on his steel armour, Sir John, now a knight banneret, and, what is more, knight companion of the most noble Order of the Garter, grew famous abroad as a brave and wise general; at home as a charitable and hospitable man, a founder of religious buildings and stately edifices, moreover, an enlightened patron of worthy and learned men, and a benefactor to the pious and poor, especially those of Norfolk. In 1413, the first year of Henry the Fifth, he had the castle

and domain of Veires, in Gascony, given him to guard. When his chivalrous young king landed in France, Sir John quickly joined him at Harfleur with ten men-at-arms and thirty archers. The Earl of Derby then appointed Falstolf governor of the Norman port. At the great mêlée at Agincourt Sir John bore himself nobly, and soon after took prisoner the son of that brave Duke of Alençon whom Henry had struck down with his own hand in the press after the Duke had swept half the King's beaver off with a swingeing blow of his battle-axe. Next we meet Sir John pushing deep into Normandy, then driven slowly back to Harfleur, and there besieged. For taking Tonque, Caen, Courcy, Sees, and Falaise, he was granted the Manor of Fritense, near Harfleur, and in 1423 was made lieutenant for the king in Normandy. Many towns he then thundered down, at many barred-up gates he knocked for admittance.

The aging warrior reaped many laurels. He was an ambassador at the Council of Basil; he led our succours to the Duke of Brittany; he was our envoy at the final peace with bellicose France. When the Regent died, Sir John became one of his executors. In 1440, the old warrior returned to the moated house at Caistor, and there hung up his battered helmet and his cloven target. In 1450, the king ordered Thomas Danyell, Esq., to pay one hundred pounds for having seized a ship of Sir John's, called "The

George of Prussia." Falstolf died at last, worn out with old man's fever, after a lingering one hundred and forty-eight days of asthma, on the Festival of St. Leonard, in the last year of the reign of Henry the Sixth. The old scarred hulk was buried with great solemnity under an arch in the Chapel of our Lady, of his own building, at the Abbey of St. Bennet in the Holme, Norfolk; and so much was he venerated in his county, that in the fifteenth of Edward the Fourth, John Beaucham, Lord of Powyke, appointed a chantry there, more especially for the soul of Sir John Falstolf. The old knight left Caistor to John Paston, eldest son of Judge Paston, to found, with the manors and lands, a college of seven priests and seven poor men. The Duke of Norfolk, however, claimed Caistor, and in 1469 came before the old turreted brick mansion with three thousand men and guns and culverins, and besieged it doggedly for five weeks and three days. A wicked justice named Yelverton and other lawyers tried to get pickings out of the place; and at one time Lord Scales took actual possession of it in the name of King Edward the Fourth, who, however, eventually restored it to the Pastons, who soon afterwards nearly lost it by fire. Besides Caistor, Sir John had a house at Norwich in Pokethorp, opposite St. James's Church. This large-minded soldier was a great benefactor to Cambridge, helping to found philosophical

schools; nor did he forget the sister-seat of learning, for he gave broad lands to Magdalen College, Oxford, out of friendship to William Wainfleet, the founder (who, indeed, had the intention of founding a special college where Sir John's soul might be prayed for). It is a singular fact (considering that, following some vague old story, Shakespeare has traduced this excellent man) that among other property left by Falstolf to Magdalen College, was the Boar's Head in Southwark, where the poet might have found the old soldier's name still traditional.

There is a legend at Caistor that the house was erected by the young Duke of Alençon, according to the model of his château in France, and as the price of his ransom. Henry the Sixth gave Sir John leave to fortify it, and lent him nine ships to bring materials. The house formed a rectangled parallelogram, the stables being in front, the hall and best rooms on the right hand. Over one of the windows of the north-west tower there used to be visible the founder's arms, enclosed in a garter and supported by angels. The dining-room was fifty-nine feet long by twenty-eight broad. On the east stood the college in a square flanked by two round towers. The moat is said to have communicated with a navigable creek, and in a farm-house near the tower, called "the barge-house," used to be shown a large arch capable of receiving sailing boats. There is a wild legend

about Caistor (more worthy of some old German tower under the shadow of the Brocken) that on certain midnights a black coach drawn by headless horses, and driven by a skeleton, or some such appropriate coachman, rolls silently into the ruined and echoing courtyard, and carries off a freight of unearthly passengers; whether ghosts of sinful knights long dead, or a relieved demon guard, is not exactly known. But indeed Norfolk legends are often wild enough, for at Over-Strand the country people believe in a headless coal-black demon dog, with flaming hair, known to mortals as "Old Shock," and which on stormy nights chases along the desolate and dangerous shores between Over-Strand and Beeston, exulting at the frequent shipwrecks.

But the crow must by no means leave the old brick ruin without a word about those delightful "Paston Letters," many of which were here indited by anxious Yorkists. They present a perfect picture of social life during the bloodthirsty wars of the Roses. One almost wonders, when England was still streaming with human blood, how people could have the heart to propose marriage, or to write for figs and raisins, and "ij pots off oyle for saladys." Soon after the battle of Mortimer Cross, when Henry the Sixth was lying feebly in London in the iron grip of the King maker, one of the Pastons writes about the troubled state of Norfolk; traitors having

risen after the Battle of Wakefield to murder John Damme (whoever he might be); also that the people at Castle Rising were gathering and hiring armour; also that plunderers in Yarmouth had robbed a ship "under colour of my Lord of Warwick." In December, 1463, third, Edward the Fourth, John Paston, the youngest, writing home to the old Norfolk house from Northumberland, whither he had gone to besiege three castles taken by Queen Margaret, says naïvely:

"I pray you let my father have knowledge of this letter, and of the other letter that I sent to my mother by a Felbriggs man, and how that I pray both him and my mother lowly of their blessings . . . . I pray you that this bill may recommend me to my sister Margery (he had before sent remembrances to his grandam and cousin Clere), and to my mistress, Joan Gayne, and to all good masters and fellows within Caster." Then what a picture of Caxton's times is given in the letter dated Coventry, Tuesday after Corpus Christi Day (*circa* 1445). It is addressed by one John Northwood, to Viscount Beaumont, a nobleman slain by Jack Cade's men in 1450.

"On Corpus Christi even last passed between eight and nine of the clock at afternoon, Sir Humphrey Stafford had brought my master Sir James of Ormond towards his inn from my Lady of Shrewsbury, and returned from him towards his inn; he

met with Sir Robert Harcourt, coming from his mother towards his inn, and passed Sir Humphrey, and Richard his son came somewhere behind, and when they met together, they fell in hands together, and Sir Robert smote him a great stroke on the head with his sword, and Sir Richard with his dagger hastily went towards him, and as he stumbled, one of Harcourt's men smote him in the back with a knife; men wot not who it was readily; his father heard a noise, and rode towards them, and his men ran before him thitherward; and in the going down off his horse, one, he wot not who, behind him smote him on the head with an edged tool, men know not as yet with what weapon that he fell down, and his son fell down before him as good as dead, and all this was done as men say in a paternoster while—and forthwith Sir Humphrey Stafford's men followed after and slew two men of Harcourt's, and more be hurt, some be gone, and some be in prison, in the jail at Coventry, and Almighty Jesu preserve your high estate, my special lord, and send you long life and good health."

Such were the rough-and-ready times when the streets of English towns were crowded by the quarrelsome Montagues and Capulets of those gusty days.

And now swift through the Norfolk air to Filby-decoy, rousing other scenes and far different associa-

tions, going back to those days of bolster breeches and peasecod doublets, when King James spluttered out his alarm at Jesuit plots in clumsy Latin or uncouth Scotch. It was a clever amphibious Dutchman in those Jacobean days who introduced the decoy (*endekoy*—a duck cage—Dutch); Norfolk, with its reedy pools, approximating to the sea, being just suited for his ingenious lures. Ranworth-decoy, lucidly explained by a recent traveller in Norfolk, gives, however, a better notion of the Norfolk decoys than that at Filby. At Ranworth, where the marshes vein the flat pastures with a deep green, where the pools and dykes are marked in the ground plan by waving green patches and long sharp lines, where gnats darken the aguish air, and all day and night you hear the restless clank of the pump mills that are draining the levels that look so flat and so Dutch, you come to a wood on the margin of a lake. The first glimpse of the decoy is an arch of brown network among the trees, and glimpses of a pale fence of reeds. In the centre of a hundred acres of reedy and oozy water, thick with water-lilies and ranunculuses, spread eleven shallow creeks, pointing star fashion to various points of the compass. These rays are about six yards wide at their mouth, narrowing gradually as they recede, and craftily curved to the right. They run about seventy-five yards each, and terminate in a point. At about thirty feet from

the mouth of each there rises an iron rod arch some ten feet high, smaller arches follow the end one, sinking to less than two feet high and wide. These arches are covered with cord nets which, staked to the ground, form long cages, broad and open to the pool. These are what Norfolk men call "pipes." On each side of the airy traps are screens of greyish yellow reeds five feet high. The screen runs in zig-zag about a foot from the water's edge, walling along the edge of the pipe alternately high and low; wild fowl always fly against the wind, so that a pipe to be successful must have the wind blowing down it from the narrow end towards the mouth. In Norfolk the north-east pipe is a special favourite. There is no mystery in decoying, it needs only a man, some decoy ducks, and a trained dog. The ducks are to rise and come to the man for the bruised barley he sprinkles on the water at the signal of a very faint yet clear whistle. The "piper" dog may be a mongrel, only he must be of a grey colour, and of quiet, obedient, staid habits. The decoy season is almost exactly contemporaneous with the oyster season, when the weeds and rank grass have been cleared away outside the pipes. The time chosen is often noon on a bright day. The decoyman carries with him a piece of lighted peat to neutralise any scent of himself that might scare the fowl. Stealing along like a murderer, he slips

behind the screen, and looks through loopholes prepared in the reed walls. If there are any signs of emerald necks and brown backs he gives the whistle, fatal as Varney's to Amy Robsart. The moment the decoy ducks swim towards the mouth of the pipe the wild birds gain confidence, and enter more or less eagerly into the pipe allured by the floating barley; at the same moment the piper dog, running along the screen, leaps back through the first break in search of biscuit thrown him. This instantly allures the teal and widgeon, who then flock in with greater confidence. They are now safe in the toils, and the decoy-man having fitted a purse-net about as large as a corn-sack to the narrow end of the opening, an assistant, on a given signal, shows himself at one of the breaks in the screen in the rear of the ducks, and, without shouting, throws up his arms or waves his hat. The sensitive birds, always suspicious of man, who loves them only too well, instantly, with splash, flap, and screaming quack, flash up the pipe in utter panic, and making for the first opening, find themselves in the inhospitable purse-net. The decoy-man's cruel grinning face soon appears to the jostling captives, and in five minutes they are ready for Leadenhall Market. The decoy ducks, if well trained, have long before this painful *dénouement* pivoted round and gone back calmly to the pool to be the sirens of future mallards.

But the decoy-man has many vexations. There is one species of duck known as the Pochard, who is always fatal to his schemes. A demoniacal craft, as of metamorphosed attorneys, is possessed by these birds, who, the moment there is an alarm, turn, dive, and re-emerge beyond the pipes. Often do they form a vanguard and swim forward in line, taking precedence of other species, probably on the strength of superior subtlety, and so keep back their unsuspecting companions. Decoy-men have tried to capture these sagacious wretches by sunken bait, bristling with ambushed hooks, but a pochard's dying struggles are scarcely very alluring to the inquiring widgeon. A heron perching on the crown of the netted arch, often scares the suspicious birds, the sullen shark of a pike splashing in the shallows, or the sight of even the tip of the black nose of an otter is also fatal to sport. A gunshot in a distant field, the ring of a hammer, the rumbling of cart wheels, or the creaking of a passing barrow will frighten away ducks for weeks. Decoying, says a very sound authority, was more profitable formerly before steam-boats brought over such heaps of Dutch and Flemish mallards. Yet there are still times when wild ducks fetch eight shillings a couple in Leadenhall Market. Two thousand birds, all but thirty-seven, were captured at Ranworth decoy in 1858-59.

Swift now to Norwich steers the voyaging bird, for how can any crow of sagacity crow at all if he neglect the old cathedral city of Norfolk, with its seventy-five thousand people, its thirty-six churches, its narrow, crooked, steep streets, its busy factories, its crowd of low and even-thatched cottages, and lastly Bigod's Castle, now a prison, stately, on a central mound. The town lies in a deep basin, scooped out of the level table-land. St. Andrew's Hall, where concerts are given and corporation feasts held, was once a church of the Benedictine Friars, but it takes more than past sanctity to make a musician of Norwich quaver over his crotchets, or a Norwich alderman forget to refill his glass—and quite right too. Charles the Second and the ill-favoured Portuguese queen he neglected so shamelessly, dined in this hall of St. Andrew's, in 1671. Some good memorial pictures, expressing various paroxysms of national gratitude, royalty, and party feeling, adorn the walls—meretricious, graceful Lawrences; delightful, sketchy Gainsboroughs; vigorous, coarse Opies; and above all, Sir William Beechey's manly portrait of that great Norfolk worthy—Nelson.

Apropos of Art, Norwich is the city in which to see old Crome's fine landscapes, as wonderful in their way as those of Cuyp. This great artist was the son of a poor journeyman weaver, and was born in a humble Norwich public-house, in 1769. At first

an errand boy to a doctor, who found him clumsy and slovenly, he was afterwards apprenticed to a house and sign-painter. Happening to lodge with a painter's apprentice, who had a certain rude taste for art, the two boys drew and painted together. Sir William Beechey, who was kind to our Norfolk lad, whose words were insufficient to express his ideas, observed with surprise his rapid progress. Marrying, however, early, Crome became so poor that he had to paint sugar ornaments for the confectioners, to clip his cat's tail to make brushes, and to use pieces of bedtick or old apron instead of canvas.

But there is no stopping a man of that kind; only a bullet in the head can do it. Crome soon mastered his art, and learned with naïve simplicity to show the beauty of the simplest natural effects; he could conjure with the simplest spells—a few old trees, a broken cottage, a rough scrap of heath; and whatever he painted was always grand, simple, luminous, broad, and massive. He always clung to Norfolk and to simple subjects—never falling over the fatal Grand Style, like poor Haydon and others. He founded the Norwich Society of Artists, became their president, and did good service to art in originating, in 1805, the first provincial exhibition of pictures in England. He died in 1821, and the same year one hundred and eleven of his paintings were exhibited, beginning with "The Sawyers," a sketch made for a public-

house in 1790, down to a fine wood scene, painted within a month of his departure. Moushold Heath was old Crome's favourite hunting ground.

With Norwich, as with so many other spots the crow has visited, Shakespeare has associated himself. The old black flint wall that once girdled the town wears for a brooch at one spot the Erpingham Gate, a fine pointed arch of the fourteenth century, with panelled buttresses, and a statue of the builder sentinelled high up in an airy niche. This sentinel was a brave old soldier, whom Shakespeare, with an affection for the character, calls "a good old commander and a most kind gentleman." He lent his cloak to Henry the Fifth on the eve of Agincourt, and bore himself nobly in that sturdy encounter. Sir John, however, favoured the Lollards, and for this heresy was sentenced by Bishop Spencer, a fighting bishop, to build this gate as a penance. The word "Pœna" is still visible here and there, like a tear drop, upon the grey stone scrolls. Norwich is full of old houses, old churches, and old bits of wall, stolen originally from the Roman station at Caistor, for the legend says:

> "Caistor was a city when Norwich was none,
> And Norwich was built of Caistor stone."

The churches, too, are of great antiquity. St. Julian's, with the round and very ancient tower; St.

John's, Madder-market, earlier than the Confessor's coronation; and St. Peter's, Mancroft, the finest parish church in England, excepting St. Mary's, Redcliffe. The cathedral, though begun by Bishop Lozinga in 1096, was not finished till 1430.

Norwich has not been without its historical tableaux at stormy periods; it has often come forward in generous hope or despair to struggle for the right, and to aim hard blows at the wrong. It originally rose out of the decay of Caistor, a Roman station, and in early ages standing then nearer to the sea, it became a fishing town of such importance that in Edward the Confessor's time it boasted one thousand three hundred and twenty burgesses, and twenty-five churches. But before this Uffa, founder of the East Anglian monarchy, had, about the year 572, entrenched Northwic (the northern station), and on the site of these entrenchments, on the south-east shoulder of Norwich Hill, Canute eventually built a castle. The place was roughly handled by the Conqueror, who hated opposition from Saxon boors, who did not know what was good for them. When he levied his contribution, the twenty-five original churches had already grown to fifty-four. In 1122, Henry the First kept royal Christmas in the Norfolk capital, and, pleased with himself and the world, endowed Norwich with a franchise equal to that of London. About this time Jews began to settle in Norwich; but the

wealth and heresy of the bearded men "of the wandering foot and weary eyes" alarmed the bigoted monks and the suspicious citizens, and the populace being roused by the usual slander of a Christian child having been crucified by the Jews, a horrible massacre ensued. In the same reign a colony of Flemings brought a blessing to the hospitable city that opened its arms to them. They introduced woollen manufactures into the city, and getting their long wool spun at a village called Worsted, about nine miles north of Norwich, drew from the place a name for the goods there prepared. Norwich has ever since remained a great mart for crapes, bombazine, and horse-hair cloth. In 1336, more woollen manufacturers arrived from Holland, and laid the foundation of the wealth and greatness of Norwich. Blomefield, the Norfolk historian, records that in the reign of Henry the Eighth the yearly sale of Norwich stuffs alone amounted to two hundred thousand pounds, and of stockings to sixty thousand pounds. In 1770 Arthur Young (who, by-the-by, was here burnt in effigy) represents the analogous amount at one million two hundred thousand pounds.

Many of our kings and queens visited this city, generally when on their way as pilgrims to Walsingham. Edward the Third and Queen Philippa, the brave and true—Henry the Sixth, the weak and the unfortunate—lion-hearted Elizabeth and good-na-

tured, shameless Charles the Second, were all here in their turns.

There is a Paston letter extant which records some particulars of the visit of Henry the Sixth. William Paston, writing from Sheen, in 1473, says that the king was just setting out for Norwich. "He will lie there," he says, "on Palm Sunday even, and so tarry there all Easter, and then to Walsingham; wherefore ye had need warn William Gogney and his fellows to purvey them of wine enough, for every man beareth me in hand that the town shall be drunk dry as York was when the king was there"; and all the best looking gentlewomen were to be assembled, "for my Lord hath made great boast of the fayre and goode gentlewomen of the countrey, and so the king said he would see them sure." An earlier letter of the same collection incidentally mentions that as much victuals could be bought at Norwich for one penny as at Calais for fifteenpence, and "a pye of Wymondham" to boot.

Moushold Heath, to the east of Norwich, is the practising ground for riflemen now, as it was for archers when rough Kett, the tanner, sat in royal state under the Gospel Oak. It was here that Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, came out to preach to the fierce insurgents who had built on the heath their rude huts made of boughs and sods of turf. On the same height dwelt Howard, Earl of

Surrey, and Queen Elizabeth, when at Norwich, visited his mansion.

In the church of St. Peter's, Mancroft, whose lofty tower overhangs the market-place, lies a great Norwich worthy, Sir Thomas Brown, that learned and eccentric physician who was the author of those strange but delightful books, "Religio Medici," "Urn Burial," and "The Garden of Cyrus." Charles Lambe has written some delightful commentaries on this paradoxical thinker. Sir Thomas, who was educated at Montpellier and learned Padua, had a great practice at Norwich, where he died in 1682. His life, written by Dr. Johnson in 1756, first recalled public attention to the learned physician of Charles the Second's time, of whom his editor said: "There is no science in which he does not discover some skill, and scarce any kind of knowledge, profane or sacred, abstruse or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with success."

It was at a coffee-house in Norwich that Clarke, a great expounder of the Newtonian philosophy, met wicked Will Whiston, Swift's butt, and Whiston openly expressed his surprise that so young a man should know so much of those sublime discoveries which were then almost a secret to all but a few special mathematicians. This Dr. Samuel Clarke, son of an alderman of Norwich, was rector of Drayton. He succeeded Whiston as chaplain to the

Bishop of Norwich, stoutly attacked Toland, Collins, and other infidels of his day, and translated Newton's Optics into Latin. He also, as Newton thought, nearly broke Leibnitz's heart by a public controversy with him on the profound questions of liberty and necessity, Queen Caroline (the Princess of Wales) being arbiter in the dispute, and the whole correspondence passing through her hands. It was this argumentative queen that Leibnitz used to say always wanted to know the "pourquoi of the pourquoi."

Pope, who *could* hate, detested Dr. Clarke, and called him a courtier, because he did not use his interest to obtain the recall of Bolingbroke from France. Dr. Clarke was offered the mastership of the Mint on Newton's death, but refused it from a conscientious scruple.

Nor should the crow leave Norwich without remembering that Bishop Corbet lies in the Cathedral. "Where be his jibes now?" This jovial, jocular prelate, now so quiet at the upper end of the choir, was chaplain to King James the First, who, in 1627, made him Dean of Christchurch, where he wrote those quaint lines on Great Tom, which end with

"And though we are grieved to see thee thumpt and banged,
We'll all be glad, Great Tom, to see thee hanged."

At Walsingham the crow, though bound for Cromer, alights for a survey, the quiet town at the foot

of the wooded slope having been the great centre of mediæval pilgrimages, and more celebrated even than Becket's tomb at Canterbury, which Chaucer has immortalised. Erasmus, that cautious sceptic, came here sneering safely under the shadow of his hood, when he was professor at Cambridge. He calls it, in his Colloquies, "the most celebrated place throughout all England, and at the extreme coast of England, on the north-west (north-east), at about three miles distance from the sea." He goes on to say that the glitter of gold and jewels at the shrine "made it resemble the seat of the gods." Nor does he forget a gibe or two at the monks in his sly way when he mentions the undoubted milk of the Virgin, which had been brought from Constantinople, and looked like chalk, or the dried white of eggs; and the fragments of the true cross, so common in Europe that if put together they would load an East India ship. Great, too, was his quiet enjoyment of the fact that the Walsingham monks mistook a Greek inscription for Hebrew. He also listened complacently to his monkish guide, who took him to the old gate-house, still standing, and told him the miracle that had happened there, when, in 1314, Sir Raaf Boutetourt, a Norfolk knight, being hotly pursued by an enemy, prayed Our Lady for deliverance, and was instantly projected, horse, armour, and all, through a wicket only an ell high and three-quarters broad; the sure

proof of the miracle being that a bar commemorating the event was to be seen nailed to the gate. The famous chapel in Walsingham was built in 1061, by the widow of Richard de Favarches, in imitation of the Santa Casa at Nazareth. The widow's son, Geoffrey, who visited Jerusalem in 1150, built a priory and convent here of Black Canons. Ruins of the Lady Chapel still remain in Mr. Warner's grounds. There are two stair turrets of stone and flint, panelled with rich "perpendicular" niches, "some buttresses, and a large east window stripped of its tracery; and there are four early decorated windows, with a well staircase to the pulpit of the old refectory." Two "wishing wells" in the same grounds mark the site of the old Chapel of the Annunciation, a plain wooden structure, said, like that of Loretto, to have been brought here by choirs of angels. It contained a miracle-working image of the Virgin. Erasmus says these wells were fed by a spring sacred to the Virgin, and that "the water was wonderfully cold and efficacious in curing the pains of the head and stomach."

Many of our kings came to Walsingham with looped hat and sandled shoon, with wallets at their side, and calabashes hanging from their staves. Henry the Third was there in 1248; Edward the First came twice—1280, 1296; Edward the Second and Edward the Third also visited the shrine, and in the reign of

the latter monarch David Bruce, King of Scotland, and twenty of his knights, obtained a safe conduct from the wardens of the marches to come hither. Henry the Sixth was the next King to visit the Norfolk shrine. Henry the Seventh, too, after keeping his Christmas at Norwich, sought Our Lady's Church at Walsingham, and made his prayers and vows for help and deliverance. When the battle of Stoke ended the wars of the Roses, and Lambert Simnel fell into his hands, the king, after offering supplications and thanksgivings at Lincoln, sent his banner to be offered here to Our Lady, who had answered his prayers for victory, and gave also, at the same time, an image of silver gilt.

Henry's burly son inherited the respect of his subtle father for the Norfolk shrine, for in the second year of his reign the young king, innocent and pure then, walked barefoot from Barsham, two miles off, to the sacred shrine, and there hung a chain of gold or jewels round the neck of the holy doll, which years after was derisively burnt at Chelsea, with other cheating lumber of the same kind. At a time when, as Roger Ascham says, "that the three kings of Cologne be not so rich" as Walsingham, and just after Flodden, Catherine of Arragon went on a Norfolk pilgrimage. At that time the monks used to say that the milky way pointed the road to Walsingham. A recent writer says the palmers road hither is still

traceable at certain spots between Newmarket, Brandon, and Fakenham, although the old ballad says.

"Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone,
And very crooked are those paths
For you to find out all alone."

At the time of the suppression, Cromwell and his searchers set their faces like flints against this shrine, issuing nineteen articles of inquiry, and pressing cruelly hard these two special questions:

"Whether Our Lady hath done so many miracles newe of late, as it was said she did when there was more offering made unto her?

"Whether Our Lady's milke be liquid or no, and whether the former sexton could not testify that he had renewed the milk when it was like to be dried up?"

Fragments of the old ecclesiastical grandeur are strewn about this Norfolk town. Close by the "Common Place" there is an old domed conduit, with bricked-up niches and the stump of a broken cross; and not far from the station, built in among stables and low sheds, there are remains of the house of Franciscan or Grey Friars, reared in 1346 by Elizabeth de Burgo, Countess of Clare, the foundress of Clare Hall in Cambridge.

And now with one quick glance across the sea, that flashes in the sunlight, the crow turns tail,

and bears straight, steady, and undeviating for his old perch on the black, gold-tipped mountain dome of St. Paul's, his next flight being to the sea southward.

THIRD FLIGHT.

DUE SOUTH.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHEAM TO EPSOM.

JUST outside a village a little off the Brighton road—a village so leafy and embowered that twenty years ago the gardens were in summer twilights so noisy with nightingales that dying persons in that retired hamlet have been known to have had their last trance-like sleeps painfully broken in upon by the sweet unceasing jangle, the crow, swooping down from his "coign of vantage" at St. Paul's, alights on a grave avenue of old ancestral elms. Here you see the special tree of Surrey to perfection. The huge free-grown, close-grained limbs bear aloft with triumphant ease their thick, green clouds of foliage, and, meeting overhead, cast a carpet of mottled shadows beneath. This avenue at Cheam (a place skirted by all persons who drive to the Derby) was one of the old approaches to Nonesuch, one of Queen Elizabeth's palaces. Henry the Eighth, following the deer from Hampton Court to the very foot of Banstead

Downs, took a fancy to the quiet spot where he had rested one day, in 1539, and dined under the trees after the mort was blown and the deer broken up by the eager knives. He bought the manor of Sir Richard de Cuddington, in exchange for a Norfolk rectory, and, pulling down the old manor house and parish church, he began a palace. Leland calls it the "nullique parem"—the matchless or "nonesuch"—but the king dying before it was finished, Queen Mary gave it to the Earl of Arundel, "in free socage, to hold of the honour of Hampton Court;" and the earl, for love of his old master, completed the palace.

Queen Elizabeth liked well the spot selected by her father, and often came here when the Earl of Arundel was its owner, and also when it passed to the earl's son-in-law, a Lumley. ("Did ye ever ken that Adam was a Lumley?" King James once said to a proud lord of this family who was boasting of his pedigree.) Eventually she bought the palace, and spent many of her later summers here. There her well-guarded maids of honour rambled and laughed between the close-cut green hedges, and her pretty pages played at the brim of the fountains, and Raleigh and his rivals clattered their rapiers up the flight of eight steps that led through the clock tower to the inner court, and grave men like Burleigh and Walsingham looked from the turret roofs over the downland and the woodland, and keepers slew fallow deer under

the elms, and many wise and foolish actors fretted their little hour upon the stage and then were seen no more. Here, especially, took place an interview that was the turning point in the fortune of the wrong-headed, rashly-brave Earl of Essex. This, the last of her favourites (Gloriana was only sixty-seven, thin as a herring, painted, and addicted to fuzzy red wigs, stuck with jewels, and ruffs as big as cart wheels), had distinguished himself by tossing his hat on shore at Cadiz, and leading the way to the capture of Spain's strongest fortress, where Raleigh captured and destroyed thirteen men-of-war and immense magazines of provisions and naval stores. The India fleet, with twenty millions of dollars, might have been also captured, but for the jealous opposition to the impetuosity of Essex. Proud Spain had never received such a blow in the teeth before, and threatened a second Armada. Essex—disdainful of all rivals, and always in a pet with the queen, who, provoked at his factious insolence, once struck him in the face at the council table—was sent by Burleigh, the "old fox," who hated him, with great expectations to Ireland, to quell the rebellion of the O'Neil in Ulster. To the queen's alarm and infinite vexation, Essex wasted his time in Munster, and ended by concluding a treaty with Tyrone, tolerating the Catholic religion. On Michaelmas eve, about ten o'clock of the morning, Essex, booted and spurred and splashed with mud,

even to his face, threw himself off his horse at the court gate of Nonesuch, made haste up to the privy chamber, and thence to the queen's bedchamber.

The queen was newly up, but not dressed, and her hair was all about her face. The earl knelt unto her, kissed her hands, and had private speech, which, says a court letter-writer of that day, "seemed to give him great contentment, for coming from her Majesty, to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home." The courtiers were aghast at the temerity of this *coup de main*, but all at first seemed halcyon weather with the returned favourite. About eleven the earl, resplendent in satin and jewels, went up again to the queen, and had a gracious interview of an hour and a half. But then slight symptoms of a squall appeared, and after dinner Her Majesty seemed much changed for so small a time, and began to question sharply about his precipitate return, and to complain of his leaving suddenly, and all things at hazard. She appointed that very afternoon a council, where the lords might hear him. That same night between ten and eleven a commandment came from the queen to my Lord of Essex that he should keep his chamber, and on the following Monday he was committed to the custody of the keeper at York House. When Sir John Harrington, her godson, went to the queen,

she chafed, walked to and fro, and cried, snatching at his girdle,

"By G——, sir, I am no queen! That man is above me. Who gave him command to come here so soon? I did send him on other business. Go home!"

"And home I went," says Harrington. "I did not stay to be bidden twice. If all the Irish rebels had been at my heels, I should not have made better speed."

Essex was equally tossed by passion. Raleigh says of him, "He uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth and leave his presence. Thank heaven! I am so far home, and if I go in such trouble again I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. The queen never knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit, the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemed tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea."

His last letter repulsed, the earl grew desperate, and resolved to seize the queen and win over her councillors. To his house near Temple Bar he invited the leading Puritans, Scotch emissaries, and all disaffected noblemen and captains. In February, 1601, took place his foolish outbreak, and before the same month was over his foolish head fell from his shoulders in the courtyard of the Tower. What really cost him his head, said Raleigh, was not the depart-

ure from Ireland, or the ill-hatched rebellion, but his saying that Elizabeth "was an old woman, as crooked in mind as in body." Perhaps, however, she had never forgotten being seen without her wig—who knows? Nonesuch was given by the parliament to Algernon Sidney and General Lambert; afterwards, during the Plague, the office of the Exchequer was transferred there; after that Charles the Second gave the palace to the Duchess of Cleveland, who, on the same principle which makes thieves instantly melt stolen plate, pulled it down, sold the materials, and divided the park into farms. There are but few traces of the palace now, only one long deep ditch, always wet in winter, which is called "Diana's Ditch" by the poor people, and is supposed to be the site of a great Diana and Actæon fountain. A sorry ending. In the centre of a ploughed field, in a rejoicing old age, there stands a wonderful elm, twenty-two feet six inches in girth and eighty feet high. It is still full of vigour, and one of the earliest trees in the neighbourhood to bud and bloom. The legend is that it springs from the site of the palace kitchen, but it is really one of those "Queen Elizabeth elms" under which, when hunting, she used to stand with her small steel crossbow to kill the deer when driven past her.

Cheam, during the great Plague, was selected as the site of a school for citizens' children, which still

flourishes, and an old wooden house called "White hall" yet exists, where business of the palace used to be transacted. The tower of the old church, a square ugly stump, has a large clamp bracing it together, to restrain a crack which gaped open as long ago as when Archbishop Laud was in prison. Laud had been curate here, and being a superstitious man, who even shuddered at curious spots coming on his nails, he trembled at this omen, lost heart, and soon after lost his head.

And now the crow bears away with a slant flight to Banstead Downs, that rolling prairie all in a golden blaze with gorse blossom, and spotted purple with the dry, fragrant network of wild thyme. Here, where the throbbing windmill tosses its broad giant arms, the larks are up by dozens above the clover and the green corn that now, with a grey bloom on every blade, undulates in rippling waves. Through miles of blue distance, the crow sees St. Paul's, no bigger than a chimney ornament, to the east; Windsor Castle, visible to a keen eye, appears no bigger than a toy castle; and on Penge Hill a little diamond speck, which is the Crystal Palace, is pointed out by the golden finger of an admiring sunbeam. By day the smoke-cloud of the monster city broods on the eastern horizon like a phantom ship, and at night the glare of its million lamps illuminates the sky.

There is no certainty as to when racing began at

Epsom Downs; but most antiquaries believe in the reign of James the First, who loved a good horse and liked to sweep up a stake. Certain it is that in 1648 six hundred Cavalier gentlemen assembled at Epsom Downs under pretence of a horse race, and marched from there to Reigate. Major Audely, with five troops of horse and three of foot, overtook them at Ewell, skirmished with them in Nonesuch Park, and charged and routed them on a hill half-way to Kingston. The Duke of Buckingham—a noble, brave handsome youth—set his back to an elm tree, and there fought desperately at bay till he was struck down. At Kingston the Cavaliers rallied, and drove back the Puritan cavalry. The Epsom races can only be clearly traced back as far as the year 1730, when the famous Madcap won the prize, and proved the best plate horse in England. The races were at first held in the spring and autumn, and being then comparatively local, began at eleven, and were conducted in a quiet leisurely way, the company usually trooping off to the town for a general dinner after the first and second heat, and returning to another tranquil race after their wine. In 1825, sixty thousand persons was thought a grand assemblage at the Derby. The London, Dorking, Worthing, and Chichester coaches brought down the few visitors, but there were no trains to pour their two hundred thousand at once upon the town. The day had not be-

come the carnival it now is: no green boughs, false noses, or oak apples enlivened the noisy, jostling procession. It must have been in the early times a sober trotting along of long-coated men in cocked-hats for a mere day's fresh air and pic-nic.

Epsom, a place proud of its traditions, has a name of very doubtful derivation. Some etymologists trace it back to Ebbs-ham (the village of the Ebb), from an intermittent spring that here gushes out of the chalk, and at certain periods is drawn back into the earth; others from the Princess Ebba, who was baptised here A.D. 660, and gave her hand to one of the earliest of the Saxon kings. The palace of the fair Christian stood where Epsom Court now is. In Doomsday Book, Ebesham stands good for thirty-four villains and six bondmen, two churches, two mills, and a wood that fed twenty swine. The manor belonged to the monastery of Chertsey, about whose Black Abbot there is a legend preserved, not unworthy of the crow's record. A certain gay princess became enamoured of a handsome abbot of the river-side monastery, and, unable to allure the holy man from his vows of celibacy, the wanton lady sent a troop of her maidens to lie in ambuscade for the austere priest, and bring him by gentle force to her castle. The maidens fell upon him and overpowered him. The abbot prayed only for time to repeat his prayers at the altar of a neighbouring chapel; and

his captors laughingly granted his request. Prostrating himself before the altar, the abbot prayed to the Virgin to save him by rendering him at once loathsome to all women. The Virgin granted his prayer, and when the abbot returned to the rejoicing escort he was black as a negro, and an object of horror, and not of love. The manor of Epsom, seized by Henry the Eighth, was given by him to one of his companions at the tournament, Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, who was soon after executed for treason. Queen Elizabeth bestowed it on Edward Darcy, a groom of the Privy Chamber, who soon sold it to pay his gambling debts.

Now, Muse, arise and sing of Epsom Salts! It was the discovery of this nauseous but efficacious sediment that first made Epsom famous. A donkey, and not a philosopher, first discovered the medical spring in 1618, by wisely refusing to drink its waters. Fuller and Aubrey both mention the pool as aluminous, and with a deposit of snowy flakes. About 1619, certain learned physicians, following in the footsteps of the learned ass, analysed the water and pronounced it to be impregnated with "a calcareous nitre, or rather a soluble, bitter, cathartic salt," the practical effects of which were beyond all argument.

About 1621 the wells were enclosed and a shed erected for patients. The doctors soon began to sing the praises of Epsom. In Charles the Second's time,

Shadwell lays the scene of one of his plays at Epsom, and introduces a bubbling projector who proposes to supply London with fresh air in bladders from Banstead Downs. Nell Gwynne, at that time under the protection of Lord Buckhurst, one of her early lovers, lived in a house next the King's Head Hotel, now a shop, some years ago remarkable for its low bay windows and balcony. There Nell, tossing her golden curls, used to sit laughing and bantering, watching the company parading to and fro. She remained always fond of Epsom, and Charles afterwards built her stables near Pitt's-place, close to the parish church. In 1723 a fantastic old writer named Toland, who concocted An Itinerary through England, and who had known Epsom in Queen Anne's time, when dull Prince George of Denmark came there to drink the waters, bequeathed us a curious picture of a fashionable country spa in the old time. It seems to have been then a long, straggling village about a mile in length, open to the cornfields and the fresh breezy down, a church at one end, Lord Guildford's palace (Durdans) at the other, and gardens and trees before every door. The ruddy-faced country people rode round daily with fish, venison, Banstead Down mutton, fruit and flowers, and bargained with the court and city ladies, who made it their custom of a morning to sit on benches outside their doors.

Epsom, at this period, boasted two rival bowling

greens, to which "the company" devoted themselves every evening, especially on Mondays, music playing most of the day, and dancing sometimes crowning the night. Indeed this intense coxcomb Toland tells his fair correspondent Eudoxia that "a fairer circle was not to be seen at Carlsbad or Aix-la-Chapelle, than at Epsom High Green and Long Room on a public day." The raffling shops brought together as many sharpers as Tunbridge; and the writer takes care to observe "that it was very diverting for a stander-by to observe the different humours and passions of both sexes, which discover themselves with less art and reserve at play than on any other occasion; the rude, the sullen, the noisy, and the affected, the peevish, the covetous, the litigious, and the sharping, the proud, the prodigal, the impatient, and the impertinent, become visible foils to the well-bred, prudent, modest, and good-humoured." At the taverns, inns, and coffee-houses, all distinctions of Whig and Tory were forgotten. After an early dinner, the visitors to the wells rode on the Downs or took coach for the Ring, where, on a Sunday evening, this detestable prig had actually counted as many as sixty vehicles. Saturday, when the husbands of the city ladies came from town, was the great evening for display; and, next to that, Monday, when there was a public ball in the Assembly Rooms. On Sundays, in the forenoon, the ever restless "company" that did not ride

the four-mile course past the old warren (still existing) to Carshalton, drove to Boxhill, where they partook of refreshments in arbours cut among the trees.

Epsom was no doubt a pretty countrified, quaint place when Toland (who must have been a stupendous bore) was there, for nearly all the houses had porticos of clipped elms or limes, and an avenue of trees shaded the long terrace that ran from the watchhouse (where the clock tower now stands) as far as the chief tavern, now the Albion Hotel. The citizens and gentlemen took breakfast and supper *al fresco* under these whispering bowers, and pretty Hogarthian pictures the groups must have formed.

"By the conversation of those walking in these avenues," says Toland, "you would fancy yourself to be this minute on the Exchange, and the next at St. James's; one while in an East India factory, and another while with the army in Flanders [how they swore there, Uncle Toby!], or on board the fleet on the ocean; nor is there any profession, trade, or calling that you can miss of here either for your instruction or your diversion." Indeed, considering the races and packs of hounds, the angling in the Mole and the rides on the Downs, one can scarcely wonder that, as Toland says, the place was well filled with bankrupts, fortune-hunters, crazed superannuated beaux, married coquettes, intriguing prudes, richly

dressed waiting-maids, and complimenting footmen.

By-and-by knavery and quackery invaded the wells. A rascally apothecary, named Levingstone, started sham new wells, gave concerts and balls, bought and shut up the real spring, and procured testimonials of cures and medical certificates (you can't do that sort of thing now). The cures began to cease, the restless "company" to grow shy. The poor neglected old spring still exists, and is as full of sulphate of magnesia as ever, but no one cares to be cured by it now.

CHAPTER XXII.

ASHSTEAD AND LEATHERHEAD TO DORKING AND WOTTON.

THE crow passing over Surrey on his swift way to the sea, alights at Ashstead Park, on one of the limes, an avenue of which light-leafed trees was planted when William of Orange came here to visit his loyal adherent, Sir Robert Howard, a poor dramatist, the prototype of Bayes, in the Duke of Buckingham's comedy of the Rehearsal, and the Sir Positive at all of Shadwell's Sullen Lovers. His romantic rhyming plays, stuffed full of extravagant metaphors and false tropes, seem to have deserved all the ridicule showered upon them. Evelyn tells us of a man he knew who planted an ash-tree, and before his death cut it down and sold it for forty shillings; and he goes on to mention, as a proof of the profits of growing trees, that he knew three acres of barren land sown with acorns, that in sixty years became a thriving wood worth three hundred pounds. The records of Ashstead help us to some facts about the age of

trees, which are difficult to obtain elsewhere. Here we get at certainty. There are some fine Spanish chestnuts growing near the lake on this demesne that have reached the girth of twenty-two feet. These fine trees, whose jagged spear-shaped leaves and twisted trunks Salvator Rosa delighted to introduce into his vigorous landscape, were planted by Thomas Davis, an old gardener, only six years before the battle of Culloden. When a boy he brought from London three shillings' worth of Spanish chestnuts as a treat for his fellow-servants, but the thorny fruit being then little eaten in England, the servants took a prejudice to them, and would not touch them. Davis, not wishing to waste them, sowed them in a bed in the garden at Ashstead, and afterwards planted them out where they now stand, giants looking down on feeble and short-lived man. The sheltered, moist, warm park suited them. These facts convince us more than ever that the age of celebrated trees is often overrated. Trees supposed to be of immense antiquity are often only the descendants of historic trees. They have grown up in the same place, and retained the name of their progenitor. But for the facts we have noted, the Spanish chestnuts of Ashstead would pass muster for veterans of three centuries, and the crow topographer might have sworn they were planted the year Catherine of Arragon came to England.

A certain curious legend is told of two large antlers preserved in Ashstead Hall. They once belonged to the king of the herd, a stag of unprecedented age, to whom all the other deer paid homage, following his train, obeying all his behests, and allowing him even to gore to death offenders against his authority. When he reached extreme old age he remained almost entirely by the banks of the lake where the grass grew thickest and greenest, and where he could drink without having to walk far. It is said that his special followers used to bring him leaves and chewed grass, and wait upon him with undeviating loyalty till death came to call the old monarch.

A little further south, at Leatherhead (a sloping-place—Celtic) where the "nousling" Mole slips between the trees, and just by the bridge stands an old inn, now the "Running Horse," an ale-house, that has for hundreds of years opened its doors to thirsty and dusty travellers. This is where Eleanor Rummynge, the famous ale wife lived, upon whom Skelton, that enemy of begging friars, once wrote one of his rough and ready satires in jolting verse, not unlike what Rabelais might have written. The enemy of Wolsey describes the old landlady,

> "Footed like a plane,
> Legged like a crane;
> In her furred flocket,
> And grey russet rocket.

Her hood of Lincoln green—
It had been hers I ween
More than forty year.
She breweth nappy ale,
And maketh pot sale
To travellers and tinkers,
To sweaters, to swynkers,
To all good ale-drinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But drink till they stare,
And bring themselves bare."

And then, in his reckless steeplechase way, the rough poet sketches old Eleanor's gossips with almost Chaucerian breadth, and more than Rabelais's coarseness, as they come in with eggs, and wool, and London trinkets and rabbit-skins, and strings of beads, to barter for the dame's ale. Yet Skelton could be refined when he chose, and Erasmus respected him, and called him "a decus and lumen;" in his Colin Clout the poet has not badly described his own verse:

"Though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Motley rain beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith,
It hath in it some pith."

There is still extant a curious old woodcut of ugly, jovial Eleanor, holding an ale-pot in either hand, and below is the following inscription:

"When Skelton wore the laurel crown,
My ale put all the ale-wives down."

And here at Leatherhead, where Judge Jeffreys once hid his ugly head when *his* time came, the crow feels a duty to give a word to the peculiarities of that strange and weird river, the Mole, whom topographical Drayton describes, in rather an extravagant allegory, as beloved by the Thames:

> "But as they thus in pomp came sporting on the shoal,
> 'Gainst Hampton Court he meets the soft and gentle Mole,
> Whose eye so pierced his breast."

The parents of Master Thames refused their consent, the lad was obdurate:

> "But Thames would hardly on; oft turning back to show
> From his much-loved Mole, how he was loath to go."

The parents, still obdurate, raise hills to shut in their wilful daughter; but all in vain; Mole is so artful:

> "Mole digs herself a path by working day and night,
> (According to her name) to show her nature right;
> And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep.
> Till, gotten out of sight, far from her mother's keep,
> Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run,
> As longing to embrace old Tames and Isis' son."

Spenser also makes the Mole a guest at his pretty Raphaelesque marriage of the Thames and Medway. The river is said to derive its name from the Celtic word melyn (a mill), as in Doomsday Book it is noted as turning twenty mills; but it is just as likely that it was first called the Mole from its singular tendency to burrow. It springs from a cluster of little rivulets

on the borders of Sussex that meet at Gatwick, in Surrey, and, coursing under the arches of Kinnersley Bridge, push on for the leafy vale of Mickleham. There is an erroneous notion prevalent that the river Mole suddenly dives into the earth, disappears, and re-emerges at a spot further on. Two of the *swallows*, as they are called, can be seen close by the Fridley meadows, and more near the little picturesque road-side inn at Burford, where Keats, that wonderful youth, wrote the latter part of his Endymion. By the Mole he must have wandered, comparing it, no doubt, to the Sicilian Arethusa, that shrinking nymph, who, flying from her fierce lover, Alpheus, rose in Sicily, transformed by Diana into a fountain, only to find the river Alpheus rising by her side ardent as ever. These swallows, into which the Mole sinks rather than dives, are really occasioned by the river as it swirls round bends of the hills, washing away the mud, sand, and softer strata from under the more resisting and less impressionable chalk. Into the cavities the deeper strata sink, and the underground channels continue beneath them. Gossiping Aubrey, a contemporary of the excellent Evelyn, says that in his time a great pit, thirty feet deep, and with running water at the bottom of it, opened one night near the Mole—"the sullen Mole that dives his hiding flood," as Pope calls it. Defoe mentions a party of gentlemen damming up this river, and the water sud-

denly sinking all away. They caught in the dry fields a vast quantity of fish.

Just above the Mole, which flows like a moat at its feet, rises that steep rampart of Box Hill, which is one of those great chalk waves that spread from Farnham to Folkestone, and here meet the red sandstone. The chalk runs out in a long pier head, four hundred and forty-five feet high, so barren and desolate in parts of its escarpment where the rain has washed off in long furrows all the surface earth, that not even a hair-bell can fix its roots or find nourishment; but its south side is covered thick with bosky groves of box-trees, planted, as some think, by the Romans, but most probably indigenous. One tradition attributes their planting to some Earl of Arundel, two or three centuries ago; but in old deeds, as early as King John and Henry the Third, "Henry of Box Hill," and "Adam of Box Hill," are found mentioned as witnesses. The box-tree is fond of chalk, and grows equally well at Bexley, in Kent, at Boxwell, on the Cotswolds, and on the chalk hills near Dunstable. Another proof that the box is indigenous in this part of Surrey is that at Betchworth, close by, it is found in equally wild luxuriance, and at least twenty-feet high. The groves at Box Hill—dark and close, with the long whitish stems bare below, and no vegetation growing beneath and around them —have an unusual bewitched and lifeless appearance

so different from the ordinary rich underwood of England, purpled dark with orchis, or lit with pale primroses.

This close-grained crisp wood has always been valuable to cabinet-makers and wood-engravers. In 1608, fifty pounds' worth of box-trees were cut down on one sheep walk. Within a year or two of 1712, three thousand pounds' worth were sold; and in 1795, when war had reduced the supply of the superior box-wood from the Levant, Sir W. Mildmay put up the trees (uncut for sixty-five years) at twelve thousand pounds. This cutting, it was agreed, should last over twelve years, so that the hill was never shaved too bare. Over the brow of the hill the soil suddenly ceases to grow box, and turns purple and gold, with gorse and heather, or shoots up into odorous juniper-trees. Just on the brow that rises beyond Dorking like a great petrified blue wave, there is a small cottage; near it, looking down on the valley, stands a table for tea-drinkers and resting travellers, and under this table lies Major Labellière. An odd place for a major? Well, it is; but this was a major of the marines, who went mad from a disappointment in love—and what eccentricity might not be expected of a marine crossed in love? Labellière was a handsome, fashionable man, who never quite recovered having been rejected in early life, and whose brain eventually gave way under the strain of that

ceaseless regret. His old friend, the Duke of Devonshire, pitying his misfortune, allowed him one hundred pounds a year. After residing in town some time, he came to live at Dorking. At Chiswick the major had been in the habit of walking to London, his pockets stuffed with newspapers and pamphlets, haranguing the tribes of boys who followed and teased him. At Dorking his humour was to revel in rags and dirt, till he became a sort of walking dunghill. His last eccentricity, on his death-bed, was to leave an expectant friend a curiously-folded, sealed, and promising parcel, not by any means to be opened till after his death. It proved, unfortunately, to contain nothing but a plain memorandum-book. By his own request, the major was buried on the brow of the hill (perhaps a favourite resting-place of the crazed whilom man of fashion), without church rites, and with his head downwards, it being one of the gallant major's favourite axioms that the world was turned upside-down, and so at the last day he should come up right. From the major's grave there is a view across the green wooded heights that command Dorking, like redoubts, of the whole of Sussex, stretching thirty-six miles towards the South Downs.

That little inn, the "Hare and Hounds," nestling at the foot of Box Hill, is specially dear to the crow, because in 1817 it sheltered Keats, that wonderful son of a Moorfields livery-stable-keeper, who here wrote

that wild poem of Diana's love, that begins,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Yes, here, in the clefts of Box Hill, Keats found the scenes he describes:

"Under the brow
Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
Would hide us up, although spring leaves be none,
And where rank yew-trees, as we nestle through,
Will drop their scarlet berry cups of dew."

In the same sunny little inn, beside the river, Lord Nelson, before starting for Trafalgar, spent several days of retirement with the syren who beguiled him. That amiable poetess and excellent schoolmistress, Mrs. Barbauld, has left some pleasant lines on this little caravanserai, and they end prettily enough:

"From the smoke and the din, and the hurry of town,
Let the care-wearied cit to this spot hasten down;
And embosomed in shades hear the lark singing shrill,
In the cottage that stands at the foot of the hill.

* * * * * *

Here's a health to the cottage, a health to the plains;
Ever blithe be your damsels and constant your swains:
Here may industry, peace, and contentment reign still,
While the Mole softly creeps at the foot of the hill."

One dart from the road, the crow makes between Norbury Park and Dorking, to visit at Westhumble, the house "Camilla Lacy," built by Mr. Locke for his friend General D'Arblay, an artillery officer, who had served Louis the Sixteenth faithfully, and at last fled from the descending blade of the guillotine. To this plea-

sant retreat "Little Fanny D'Arblay" came when she gave the general her hand, and after she had written Camilla, one of her most successful novels, drawing some of her characters from the family of Mr. Locke. Madame D'Arblay wrote her Camilla, or a picture of Youth—for which she received many hundred pounds in 1795, two years after her marriage, and the year her tragedy of Edwy and Elgiva failed at Drury Lane. The world may forget Miss Burney the novelist, but they will never forget the keeper of that admirable Diary in which, amid much silly toadyism and sentimental vanity, she has left us an extraordinary series of pictures of internal court life. It is the only book in which we really see pleasantly the respectable old couple, and their wild and selfish children.

The crow, glancing over the fields, "the Lordships," as they are called, that spread between Burford Bridge and Dorking, to the right of the road, passes a quiet farm-house up a shaded lane, where one would think, hearing the larks singing over the fresh green corn, with bloom on every blade, and the blackbirds carolling from the wooded hills above, Death had never set his black foot. Yet to this lone farm, begirt by its silent region of cornfields, a farmer and his wife once returned from London, with symptoms of the plague. They both died of the terrible disease, deserted by the frightened neighbours, and were buried behind their house, in a hole dug in one

of their cornfields. Not far over these hills is Polesden, among whose beech-woods is the house where Sheridan retired during one of the lulls of his revelling life, just after his marriage with his second wife, Miss Ogle, the daughter of the Dean of Winchester. It was in 1795, immediately after his reply on the Begum charge, and his four days deluge of eloquence and invective, that this extraordinary meteor of a man expended twenty thousand pounds (Heaven and the Jews only knew where he got it). At this Polesden house, and in these beech-woods, he polished his bon-mots and rounded his periods. He was living here during the great debates on the mutiny at the Nore and the dreadful Irish Rebellion. A toothless old man is still living at Polesden, who, when young and curly-headed, was footboy in Sheridan's house. He has preserved many traditions of those wild and reckless days. It was not unfrequent, says the old boy, for Sheridan to drive out with four horses, and before the first stage to have the leaders seized by an ambuscade of hook-nosed sheriff's officers. It was well known to the Dorking tradesmen that they had only to toil up Ranmore Hill to Polesden, to be sure if they did not get their bill paid, to at least secure a box at Drury Lane for themselves and friends. If stories were true, relying on his ultimate power of obtaining money, Sherry was not very scrupulous in his expedients to raise ready supplies. On one occasion

he sold a butcher a drove of hogs that he had allowed a friendly farmer to drive on to his stubbles; and on another time, when a choleric and refractory butcher refused to leave a juicy leg of mutton that had been ordered, without being first paid for, he sent a servant, while it was in the parlour for approval, to thrust it into the pot, and begin to sodden it, so as to checkmate the irascible tradesman when he asked for its return.

Not far from Polesden is Ranmore Common, the breezy summit of a hill that commands Dorking, a wild, undulating sweep of fox-haunted furze and brake, with a twenty-five miles range of landscape.

"Can you see St. Paul's from here?" asked a traveller of an old native breaking stones on this high plateau of Surrey down.

"Lor' bless your honour, yes," said the old man, pushing back the shade over his eyes, "and generally just before a shower—it's always going to be wet when we see St. Paul's, so we call it hereabouts our weather-glass."

Thus time and distance dwarf objects. A king's reign forms a line in a chronicler's book of dynasties and a huge cathedral becomes a countryman's weather-glass.

The Aladdin's Palace of a mansion that crowns this embowered hill, and rises like a fortress above Dorking, so that a military owner would be almost

compelled to have himself chained up, lest he should buy eighteen-pounders and open fire on the circumjacent towers, is Denbies, now Mr. Cubitt's, once Mr. Denison's, and originally built on the site of an obscure farm-house by Mr. Jonathan Tyers, the ingenious and eccentric gentleman who in 1730 bought Vauxhall, in the Borough, and opened a nightly Ridotto al fresco. Here a hypochondriac, his son Tommy Tyers, an amateur poet, and a friend of Dr. Johnson's, the proprietor of the centre of fashion and folly, turned the place into a sort of sentimental cemetery. One wood of eight acres, which he called the Penseroso, was supposed to resemble the pleasantest side of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. There was a small temple with elegiac inscriptions, and a loud but concealed clock to break the intolerable "sound of nothing." A dismal alcove with paintings by roystering Hayman, of "The Dying Christians" and "The Dying Unbelievers," and the stern statue of Truth trampling on a mask, had as a wind-up and final corrector, at the termination of a walk, two "elegantly carved pedestals" with two skulls. Beneath one, a lady's, was written:

> "Blush not, ye fair, to own me—but be wise,
> Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes."

And so on, ending thus:

> "When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
> Here learn the lesson to be vain no more."

Beneath the gentleman's was this poetical rap on the knuckles:

"Why start? The case is yours—or will be soon,
Some years perhaps—perhaps another moon.
Life, &c., &c.

* * * * * * *

"Farewell! remember! nor my words despise,
The only happy are the only wise."

All this sham asceticism of the proprietor of the Lambeth tea-gardens was swept away by the next proprietor in 1767, and instead of dismal graves there are now broad sweeps of sunny lawn, and instead of ladies' and gentlemen's skulls, a scarlet blaze of geranium beds and golden billows of calceolarias.

The crow drops from Ranmore Hill upon Dorking, which stands close to the old Roman road, or "stone street" from Arundel to the Sussex coast—one long street with an ugly church of the Georgian Gothic, lying back shyly behind the house, as if ashamed of itself.

The literary pilgrim looks in vain for his special throne—the Marquis of Granby. There is the Red Lion, once the Cardinal's Cap, and the White Horse, once the Cross House (held of the manor of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell); but the famed inn, where the fatal widow beguiled old Weller, and where the Shepherd, after imbibing too deeply of his special vanity, was cooled in the horse-trough, is gone. Let the pilgrim be informed the real "Mar-

kis" was the King's Head (now the Post Office), a great coaching house on the Brighton road in the old days, and where many a smoking team drew up when Sammyvell was young. Long before old Weller mounted his chariot throne Dorking was a quiet place, much frequented by London merchants (chiefly the Dutch), who came down to see Box Hill, and eat fresh-caught perch. Here and there a gable end marks a house of that period, but the only history the town claims is that its church has the honour of containing the body of that fat Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1815, and who was famous for eating more beefsteaks than any other Englishman living. The sworn boon companion of Fox and the Regent, the daring man who, in 1798, consistently opposed war with revolutionary France, was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of York for having, at the Whig Club, toasted "the Majesty of the People." At Deepdene, that bountifully wooded estate, with hilly plantations rising above it in three dark billows, "Anastasius" Hope resided, and collected his stores of Etruscan vases, ancient statues, and Thorwaldsen sculpture! Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Modern Greek, came out in 1819, and were at first attributed to Byron. The hero was like Byron's heroes, a remorseful scoundrel, sometimes brave, always amorous, and alternately, in Egypt and Turkey, a witness of endless scenes of sorrow and tragic

misery. As a romance the book is nought, but the pictures of the Plague and of the Bagnio, and some of the Greek adventures, are very powerful and very true." It was at Deepdene that Mr. Disraeli wrote that brilliant book, "Coningsby," and he elaborated all his rhapsodies on the Caucasian race, and all his broad satire, in this delicious retirement.

Through Deepdene Park, with its huge twisted Spanish chestnuts, and its defaced castle ruin, approached by a funereal triple avenue of limes, the crow skims to that unobtrusive cottage near Brockham Green, that many a midnight has echoed to the songs of that Bacchanalian veteran of the Regent's times, Captain Morris, to whom the fat Duke of Norfolk did, after much pressure, give this asylum for his old age. Under this quiet roof the Regent has, perhaps joined in the chorus of "Billy's too young to drive us," or "Billy Pitt and the Farmer." The captain not only won the gold cup from the Anacreontic Society for the song "Ad Poculum," but carried his poems through twenty-four editions, and was for years the choicest spirit of the Beefsteak Club, where he was always the chosen brewer of the punch.

What a contrast, this quiet haven with noisy Offley's and the club revelries that never shook his iron constitution! He has been described as one night heartlessly reading a funeral service from the

back window of Offley's that opened on Covent Garden churchyard, and pouring out as a swilling libation a crown bowl of punch on the grave of the original of Mr. Thackeray's Costigan, a poor, clever, worn-out sot, who had been recently buried underneath. If this was the fun of the Regency times, Heaven guard us from its revival under whatever Prince, Besonian! Hundreds of such weaker vessels this old steel-bound roysterer must have seen under the turf.

The crow cannot tear himself away *en route* for Southampton without one swoop on Wotton, close to Dorking, where that true philospher, patriot, and philanthropist of the seventeeth century—John Evelyn—was born. His life was uneventful; first, a traveller and student in Italy, then a secret correspondent of the Royalists, and after the Restoration one of the first and most active fellows of the Royal Society. After much public employment, and the patronage of all good and useful discoveries, Evelyn inherited Wotton, and was here in the great storm of 1703, when above a thousand trees were blown down in sight of the house. Evelyn was a great promoter of tree planting, and he particularly mentions, in his quiet, amiable way, so devoid of all self-assertion, that his grandfather had standing at Wotton timber worth one hundred thousand pounds. Of that in his own lifetime thirty thousand pounds' worth had fallen by

the axe or storm. His Diary is full of the records of inventions, and of facts proving the progress of our commerce and civilization. One day he is allowed by Charles the Second to taste the first pine-apple eaten in England; another day, Prince Rupert shows him the new art of mezzotint. He contributed to Burnet's History, and he procured the Arundel marbles for Oxford. Never did man better deserve the epitaph which is engraved upon his tomb at Wotton:

"Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he had learned from thence this truth: That all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety."

Evelyn, in a bad age, seems to have been a sincere and honest man, of a gentle, placid nature, and incapable of anything base. They still show at Wotton an old beech table, six feet in diameter, which is probably as old as the days of "Sylvy Evelyn;" but the oak table he himself mentions, five feet broad, nine feet long, and six inches thick, is gone. This worthy person, whose life was, as Horace Walpole says, "a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence," has described his own house at Wotton, where he wished to found his ideal college, as "large and ancient, and suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods as, in the

judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, most tempting to a great person and a wanton purse; to render it most conspicuous, it has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance."

Skirting the woods Evelyn loved so well, the crow passes to Leith Hill. From the tower, under whose pavement the builder, Mr. Hull, an eccentric old barrister, who had known Pope and Bishop Berkeley, and who had lived close by here, in learned retirement, was buried in 1772. This region of moor and sandbank is the delight of Mr. Linnell, and a host of living landscape painters. The eye has a radius of enjoyment two hundred miles in circumference. Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire, Bucks, Herts, Middlesex, Kent, Essex, and Wiltshire are visible in miniature. That little dark spot of firs is Nettlebed, in Oxfordshire; that glimmer through a blue dimple of the horizon is the sea glittering through Shoreham Gap, a cleft in the South Downs, thirty miles distant. Those tired Londoners, hot with scrambling through the fern and heather, are unconsciously saying about the view just what Pope's enemy, John Dennis, the hornet, said so many years ago:

"It is a sight that looks like enchantment, and a vision beatific."

The vale is thirty miles broad and about sixty

long. St. Paul's is twenty-five miles off. Dennis had seen the Valdarno from the Apennines, Rome from Viterbo, the Campagna from Tivoli and Frascati, but he preferred the view from Leith Hill. But he was wrong on one point. He says the time to catch the glimpse of the sea, some thirty miles off, is "noon on a serene day;" it is really about eleven A.M. on a clear but not too hot morning, when no mist rises from the intervening valleys. Then the sea sparkles for a moment or two as the sun passes the Gap, and, with a glass, you can even catch a white glimpse of a passing sail.

One of the greatest finds ever made of Anglo-Saxon coins was in 1817, at Winterfield Farm, near Dorking. Seven hundred coins in a wooden box were turned up by the plough in a field near an old Roman road, and not far from Hanstiebury camp, which is generally thought to have been Danish. The coins, caked together by coppery alloys, which had decomposed since the owner had buried the money here with fear and doubt, were lying twelve inches below the surface, in a patch of dark earth, always known to be specially fertile. There was money of many kings, but chiefly of Ethelwolf (265) and Ethelbert (249). It is supposed they were not buried there before 890, the year Athelstan began to reign. Mr. Barclay, of Bury Hill, a descendant of the Apologist

for the Quakers, and of that Mr. David Barclay, the London merchant, who feasted three successive King Georges at his house in Cheapside, bought most of this great find, and gave it to the British Museum.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WINCHESTER TO SOUTHAMPTON.

THE crow looks down on the "white city" optically, but not intellectually. He sees many houses in a cluster, the shape of a woolpack, nipped in the centre by the girdle of the High Street. The old city of the Roman weavers and huntsmen, the home of the West Saxon kings, lies healthily and pleasantly in a snug valley between two sheltering steep chalk hills, the river Itchen running on its border. This is the spot where Edward the Third established the wool staple, where Richard the First was recrowned on his return from his Austrian prison, the town which Simon de Montford sacked, the place where Richard the Second held a parliament—the city twice besieged and taken during the Civil Wars.

The houses of Winchester are ranged round the cathedral like so many pawns round a king at chess. This building is a small history of England in itself. It dates back to some early British king, and was

afterwards turned into a Pagan temple. St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester (852-863), was the patron saint whose relics were here honoured for many centuries. The worthy man had originally snug lying in the churchyard, but his successor, Bishop Athelwold, removed the honoured bones from a chapel outside the north door of the nave, and placed them in a glistening golden shrine behind the cathedral altar. The removal of the relics was first frustrated by forty days' miraculous rain, and it hence became a popular belief, first in Hampshire, then all over England, that if it rained on St. Swithun's Day (July 15), it would rain for forty days after, according to the old rhyme:

> "St. Swithun's day, if thou doth rain,
> For forty days it will remain;
> St. Swithun's day, if thou be fair,
> For forty days 'twill rain na mair."

But the crow must for a moment be biographical. In a recent chapter he gave a sketch of the career of an old soldier in the reign of Henry the Fifth; he will now give an outline of the life of a prelate in the reign of Edward the Third. The old cathedral was rebuilt by Bishop Wakelin, 1007, with Isle of Wight limestone and Hempage oak. Bishop de Lucy carried the work further, and Bishop Edington began the nave that William of Wykeham continued; the great statesman lies in effigy still in his beautiful chantry, arrayed in cope and mitre, his

pillow supported by angels, and three stone monks praying at his feet.

William of Wykeham, born in 1324, the son of poor parents, was educated by Nicolas Uvedale, governor of Winchester Castle. While still young, he became architect to Edward the Third, and rebuilt part of Windsor Castle. He then took holy orders, and was made curate of Pulham, in Norfolk. Step by step Wykeham rose to the highest dignities; being first, secretary to the king, and, lastly, Chancellor of England and Bishop of Winchester. Compelled to resign office by a cabal against all priests holding civil employments, the bishop applied himself to building and endowing New College, Oxford, and a college at Winchester, originally the enlargement of a small grammar school, and to which the founder himself had been sent as a child by his kind patron, Sir Nicolas Uvedale. When Edward the Third retired to Eltham to mourn over the loss of the Black Prince, the Duke of Lancaster (John of Gaunt) the real sovereign for the time, persecuted Wykeham, drove him from parliament, and seized all his temporalities. Richard the Second rehabilitated him. The minister resigned when he found the young king recklessly rushing to ruin, henceforward devoted himself to good works, and died in 1404. Winchester owes much to this great prelate, for he procured the charter for the city as a wool staple, and he restored that

admirable charity, the Hospital of St. Cross, just outside the town, and originally founded by Bishop de Blois, in 1136, for thirteen poor men. Shakespeare's Cardinal Beaufort increased it, and added the district establishment of "The Almshouse of Noble Poverty," for thirty-five brethren and three attendant nuns. This great cardinal lies in the cathedral in a chantry of his own, opposite Bishop Waynfletes. It was mutilated by the Puritan soldiers when they stabled their horses in Winchester choir. In spite of "the Bard" and of Reynolds, Beaufort never murdered his rival Gloucester, nor did he die in a torture of remorse, but, on the contrary, as an eye-witness tells us, he made a goodly ending of it. "Unscrupulous in the choice of his instruments" the cardinal may have been, but he was a great statesman, firm, far-seeing, and fertile in resources.

A plain marble slab in Prior Silkstede's Chapel marks the tomb of that illustrious angler, honest Fleet Street tradesman, and excellent writer, Isaac Walton, who died in 1683, at the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester. His epitaph, probably written by good Bishop Ken (the author of the Evening Hymn), his brother-in-law, is well worthy the excellent man it records:

"Alas! he's gone before—
Gone to return no more,
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,

Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past;
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done;
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his."

Every stone of this old cathedral, indeed, has its legend. Here Edward the Confessor was crowned, and in the nave his mother, Emma, falsely accused of incontinence, passed safely, blindfold, over her ordeal of nine red-hot ploughshares. Here lies a son of King Alfred; here, at the high altar, Canute, after his rebuke on the Southampton shore to his courtiers, hung up his golden crown, and here he was afterwards interred.

Rufus, that savage successor of the Conqueror, delighted in Winchester, the city of the Saxon kings, because it was so near the Hampshire forests. Indeed, the rapacious rascal had reason to like it, since on the death of his father he had scooped out of the Winchester treasury sixty thousand pounds of silver, besides gold and precious stones. Whetted by this spoil, no wonder the king grew so reckless, that, according to an old chronicler who wrote aghast, "he refused to put on a pair of hose because they had only cost three shillings, yet donned a worse pair when his chamberlain assured him they had cost a mark." Daily the tyrant (short, fat, red-haired, and with rolling eyes, so he is painted for us) grew more

rapacious, dissolute, and cruel. His reckless brother Robert, wanting money for a crusade, pawned Normandy to William for ten thousand marks, and to raise this loan an intolerable tax was levied in England. The monks, driven crazy by having to strip their shrines, melt their crucifixes, and tear up their chalices, began to see portents of an immediate Last Day. An earthquake was felt—the harvest was late—a sacred image was struck by lightning in a church at Winchcombe—a November storm destroyed two London houses, took the roof off Bow Church, and killed two men with it—there was a comet in October—and, worst of all, a fountain at Finchhampstead in Berkshire flowed with blood (or, at all events, turned reddish) for fifteen whole days. It was time something happened to the king, who feared neither God nor man. The catastrophe is minutely related by William of Malmesbury, that very pleasant and reliable historian. "Rufus, the night before he died (August 2, 1106), dreamed that he was let blood by a surgeon, and that the red vapours rising from it ascended to heaven and darkened the clouds. Calling in the morning for succour, he awoke, asked for a light, and bid his attendant stay and watch beside him till daybreak. Just as day began to dawn a wild-looking foreign monk came to Robert Fitz-Hamon, one of the king's chief nobles, and told him that he had just had a strange and fearful dream.

He had seen Rufus come into a church, cursing and threatening, as was his way; then violently seizing a crucifix, he had begun gnawing the arms and tearing off the legs. The image endured this for some time, till at last it struck out at its tormentor with its foot, and struck him backwards; and from his mouth, as he fell, issued so vast a gust of flame that the volumes of its smoke darkened the very stars. Fitz-Hamon, seeing mischief in this dream, reported it to the king, who, roaring with laughter, shouted, "By the cross of Lucca (his favourite oath), he is a monk, and dreams for money—some one give the fellow a hundred shillings." Nevertheless, the king was much moved, and by the advice of his parasites hesitated about that day hunting. But after dinner, when he had plentifully regaled and drunk more Malvoisie than usual, he cried out for his horse, and rode out to the forest. The rest is well-known, how, as Rufus grazed a deer with his arrow, and held his hand over his eyes to screen them from the sun, watching if the deer dropped, Sir Walter Tyrrel, a French knight, wilfully or carelessly let fly an arrow that, glancing from an oak, struck the king, who, breaking off the biting shaft, fell forward on the point, and there and then died. A triangular stone, erected by Lord Delaware in 1745, in an open glade of the forest, about a mile from Minstead Church, and about a furlong to the right of the road from Romsey to Ring-

wood, still marks the spot where the oak tree stood. Purkess, a charcoal-burner, whose descendants still live on the same property, coming by whistling after his sooty cart, found the dead hunter, and drove the body (the blood dripping through the black dusty planks) to Winchester, where it was buried contemptuously, and without funeral rites, within the cathedral, the tower of which a few years after fell. Rufus died detested by his subjects and the monks he plundered, but he left two things by which he will be remembered—the White Tower that he completed, and the Great Hall at Westminster, that he put together. The plain tomb of the tyrant, whom no one lamented, is still existing—a stumbling-block nearly in the centre of the choir at Winchester Cathedral.

Winchester has twice been glorified by the splendour of royal marriages—a happy and an unhappy marriage. The first was in February, 1403, when Henry the Fourth married Joanna of Navarre. This sensible and amiable woman was the daughter of Charles the Bad, and the fair widow of John, the valiant Duke of Bretagne; and Henry was a widower, his first wife being Mary de Bohun, whom early in life he had eloped with from the old castle—the crow has already visited at Pleshy. Joanna started from Camaret, a small port near Brest, and arrived at Falmouth storm-driven, attend-

ed by her two infant daughters, Blanche and Marguerite, their nurses, and a gay crowd of Breton and Navarese attendants, after four days' tedious tossing. The fair widow of France was a beautiful woman, with small regular features and a broad forehead. Her handsome husband elect received her at Winchester, attended by many lords and knights. The marriage took place with great pomp in the ancient royal city at the church of St. Swithin. The bridal feast was thought very costly, and was remarkable for two courses of fish, and the introduction of crowned eagles and crowned panthers in confectionery during intervals of the meal.

After her husband's death Joanna got on but badly with her stepson, Henry the Fifth; he plundering her of half her dowry, and accusing her of witchcraft. She had also to mourn when the nation that had adopted her was rejoicing, for her son Arthur, attacking our outposts at Agincourt with a whirlwind of French cavalry, was desperately wounded, struck down, and taken prisoner. Her son-in-law, the Duke d'Alençon, who had cloven Henry's jewelled helmet, was also slain. Her brother, too, the Constable of France, died of his wounds the following day.

Joanna ended her troublous life at Havering-atte-Bower, in 1437, and her ghost is still supposed to haunt the ruins of the palace. Joanna's arms, an ermine collared and chained, were formerly to

be seen in the windows of Christchurch, near Newgate.

The next royal wedding at Winchester was that ill-omened and fruitless one of Mary and Philip. The gloomy Spanish king, with the projecting jaw and the hard cruel eyes, landed at Southampton, with the Duke of Alva and other memorable Spanish nobles. He was dressed in plain black velvet, with a black cap hung with gold chains, and a red felt cloak. Gardiner, the notorious Bishop of Winchester, escorted him to the venerable city, with a train of one hundred and fifty gentlemen, dressed in black velvet and black cloth, and with rich gold chains round their necks. The cavalcade rode slowly over the heavy roads to Winchester, in a cruel and heavy rain. On the next day, the 25th of July, St. James's day, took place the nuptials. The gloomy bridegroom wore white satin trunk hose, and a robe of rich brocade, bordered with pearls and diamonds. The ill-favoured bride a white satin gown and coif, scarlet shoes, and a black velvet scarf. The chair on which she sat, a present from the Pope, who had insufficiently blessed it, is still shown at the cathedral. Gardiner and Bonner were both present, rejoicing at the match, and four other bishops, stately with their crosiers. Sixty Spanish grandees attended Philip. The hall of the episcopal palace where the bridal banquet took place was hung with silk and gold striped arras, the

plate was solid gold. The Winchester boys recited Latin epithalamiums, and were rewarded by the queen. A year from that time Philip left Mary and England for ever.

One and not the least interesting of the historical events that have dignified Winchester, was the defiance hurled at Henry the Fifth, just about to embark at Southampton for his invasion of Normandy, by the gallant French ambassador, the Archbishop of Bruges. On Henry saying, through the Archbishop of Canterbury, that he would not rest satisfied with anything short of all the territories formerly possessed by England, he replied that Henry would be driven back to the sea, and lose either his liberty or his life; and then exclaimed, "I have done with England, and I demand my passport." Our chivalrous young king had never forgiven the French King's insolent present of a case of tennis balls, in scorn of the wild excesses which had disgraced his youth.

"When I use them," he exclaimed, "I will strike them back with such a racket as shall force open Paris gates!"

After his house at Newmarket was burnt down, Charles the Second squandered nearly twenty thousand pounds, according to that reliable authority, honest Evelyn, in building a palace on the site of Winchester castle. It was to have cost thirty-five thousand pounds, and to have been a hunting-seat. The first

stone was laid by the swarthy king in person, March 23rd, 1683. James stopped the building, but Queen Anne came to see it, and wished to have completed it for her dully respectable husband, Prince George of Denmark. In the French war of 1756, five thousand French prisoners cooked their soup and cursed the English within its walls; in 1792 some poor famished French curés occupied it; and in 1796 it became what it has since been—a common barrack. Wren's design included a large cupola, sixty feet above the roof, that was to have been a sea mark, and a handsome street leading in a direct line from the cathedral to the palace.

It was at Winchester, in August, 1685, that the detestable Judge Jeffreys began the butchery that King James so much desired, by the trial of Lady Alice Lisle, a venerable and respected woman of more than seventy, the widow of one of Cromwell's lords (one of King Charles's judges, some say) who had been assassinated at Lausanne by the Royalists. She was accused of harbouring John Hicks, a Nonconformist divine, and Richard Nelthorp, a fugitive lawyer, who had dabbled in the Rye House Plot. The chief witness, a man named Dunne, living at Warminster, deposed that some days after the battle of Sedgemoor (which was in July), a short, swarthy, dark-haired man sent him to Lady Lisle at Moyles Court, near Fordingbridge, to know if she could give

Hicks shelter. Lady Lisle desired them to come on the following Tuesday, and on the evening of that day he escorted two horsemen, a full, fat, black man, and a thin black man. A Wiltshire man, whom they paid to show them the way over the plain, betrayed them to Colonel Penruddock, who early the next morning, surrounding the house, discovered Hicks, hidden in the malthouse, and Nelthorp in a hole in a chimney. Lady Lisle's defence was that she knew Hicks to be a Nonconformist minister, against whom a warrant was issued, but she did not know he had been with the Duke of Monmouth. As for Nelthorp, she did not even know his name; she had denied him to the soldiers only from fear, as they were rude and insolent, and with difficulty restrained from plundering the house. Lady Lisle then avowed that she abhorred the Monmouth plot, and that the day on which King Charles was beheaded she had not gone out of her chamber, and had shed more tears for him than any woman then living, as the late Countess of Monmouth, my Lady Marlborough, my Lord Chancellor Hyde, and twenty persons of the most eminent quality could bear witness. Moreover, she said, her son was sent by her to bear arms on the king's side, and it was she who had bred him up to fight for the king. Jeffreys, eager to spill blood at the first case of treason on the circuit, and seeing the jury waver, roared and bellowed blasphemy

at Dunne, who became too frightened to speak.

"I hope," cried this model judge—"I hope, gentlemen of the jury, you take notice of the strange and horrible carriage of this fellow, and withal you cannot but observe the spirit of that sort of people, what a villanous and devilish one it is! A Turk is a saint to such a fellow as this; many a Pagan would be ashamed to have no more truth in him. Blessed Jesus, what a generation of vipers! Dost thou believe that there is a God? Dost thou believe thou hast a precious and immortal soul? And——"

"I cannot tell what to say, my lord," stammered poor tormented Dunne.

Jeffreys: "Good God, was there ever such an impudent rascal! Hold the candle up that we may see his brazen face." (Amiable judge!)

Dunne: "My lord, I am so balked I do not know what I say. Tell me what you would have me say, for I am shattered out of my senses."

Placid Judge: "Why, prithee, man, there is nobody balks thee but thy own self. Thou art asked questions as plain as anything in the world can be; it is only thy own naughty depraved heart that balks both thy honesty and understanding, if thou hast any; it is thy studying how to prevaricate that puzzles and confounds thy intellect; but I see all the pains in the world, and all compassion and charity,

is lost upon thee, and therefore will say no more unto thee."

The jury were long in discussion. They three times brought in Alice Lisle not guilty; but they succumbed at last to Jeffreys' threats and denunciations. The poor charitable woman was condemned to be burnt to death on the next day. Jeffreys told the jury that the evidence was full and plain as could be, and if the prisoner had been his own mother he would have found her guilty. He had previously taken care to remind them that the prisoner's husband had been one of the parliamentary judges who had sent the father of Colonel Penruddock to the scaffold. The clergy of Winchester Cathedral remonstrated at the cruel haste. Jeffreys, not wishing to spoil the sociability of his visit, postponed the execution for five days. In the meantime ladies of rank interceded. Faversham, the miserable hero of Sedgemoor, bribed with a thousand pounds (it is said), pleaded for the poor old lady, who suffered so terribly for an act of Christian compassion. Even Clarendon, the king's brother-in-law, pleaded in vain. The only mercy James had the heart to show was to commute the sentence from burning to beheading. On the afternoon of September the 2nd Lady Lisle suffered death on a scaffold in the market-place, and underwent her fate with serene courage and Christian resolution. Her last words were forgiveness to all who had done her wrong.

In the first year of William and Mary the attainder was reversed, and Lady Lisle's two daughters, Triphena and Bridget, were restored to all their former rights.

Winchester Castle, destroyed by Cromwell, is reported by tradition to have been built by King Arthur, who, like King Alfred, is said to have much affected Winchester. The hall (formerly called the chapel) is now all that remains. The famous Round Table, made by Merlin, still hangs at the east end. Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth came to see this relic, whose date is uncertain. There are bullet-marks in it said to be the work of Cromwell's relic-despising musketeers. This castle was built by the Conqueror. Henry the Third was born within its walls. The Earl of Kent, Edward the Second's brother, was beheaded here, and in its hall Raleigh was tried and condemned to death.

Passing over the college, in spite of its Dulce Domum legend and all its quaint customs, the crow stops only at the Sokebridge, to remember that good St. Swithin built a bridge here, having first miraculously restored to perfection an old woman's basket of eggs broken by his masons; and here in some early century a citizen returning from his farm was stopped by three dark unclothed women, one of whom struck him to the ground, a cripple. These were supposed to be the Fates or Wœlcyrien, of the Saxon myth-

ology, whom Christianity had not yet finally chased away.

The crow skims to Southampton, and alights on the Bar-gate, just above the sullen figures of Sir Bevis and Ascapart. This Ascapart was a lothley giant, whom Sir Bevis subdued with sword and spear, and forced into more or less patient bondage. Only half tamed, however, this Caliban mutinied on one occasion in the absence of his master, and carried off Josyan the Bright, wife of Sir Bevis, whose knights tracked and slew the foul felon. Sir Bevis lived on the mount three quarters of a mile above the Bar, where, according to the old romance once so popular,

> "Of Hampton all the baronage
> Came and did Sir Bevis homage.
>
> "He is now of great mighte
> Beloved both of kyng and knighte,
> Each man both earl and baron,
> Loved and dred Bevis of Hampton."

This noble paladin, after much fighting, died on the same day with his loving wife, Josyan, and his horse Arundel. The Venice galleys that in the Middle Ages brought to the Hampshire coast Indian spices, Damascus carpets, Murano glass, and Levant wine, took back with them English cloth and English legends, for Mr. Rawdon Brown tells us that to this day the "History of Sir Bevis of Hampton" is a stock piece at the Venetian puppet-show theatres.

The crow must not forget that it was on the shore near Southampton (not at Bosham, as Sussex antiquaries insist on having it) that Canute, to rebuke his Danish courtiers, who beheld in him a monarch feared by the English, Scotch, Welsh, Danish, Swedes, and Norwegians, commanded the tide to recede, and respect its sovereign. Indeed a daring Southampton man has settled the site of the story by erecting a public-house near the Docks, called "The Canute Castle."

Our bird rejoices in Southampton, not because it was once a depôt for Cornish tin, or because Charles the Fifth embarked from here, or because Richard the First here assembled his fleet for the crusades, and took on board eight hundred protesting Hampshire hogs, and ten thousand horse shoes, or even because the army for Crecy embarked here, but because it is eminently a Shakespearean place, like so many others he has visited. Here, at the depôt for Cordovan leather, Alexandrian sugar, and for Bordeaux and Rochelle wine, at the favourite place of embarkation for Normandy and Guienne, the chivalrous king gathered together in 1415 his one thousand five hundred sail, his six thousand men-at-arms, his twenty-four thousand archers, and Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol. Shakespeare has given a splendid panorama of the magnificent scene :

"Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.

O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur."

It was just at starting that the discovery took place of the conspiracy which Shakespeare has also dramatised. The king's cousin Richard, Earl of Cambridge, had conspired with Henry's favourite councillors and companions, Sir Thomas Grey and Lord Scroop of Masham, to ride to the frontiers of Wales, and there proclaim the Earl of March the rightful heir to the crown, if Richard the Second, were really dead, which some still doubted. The three conspirators were all executed, and their bones lie in the chapel of the Domus Dei, an ancient hospital in Winkle Street.

Bevis Mount, just outside Southampton, is where that restless and extraordinary man, Lord Peterborough, lived, the general who drove the French out of Spain in the War of the Succession, the steady friend, first of Dryden, then of Pope and Swift, and all their set. He spent the latter part of his stirring life at his "wild romantic cottage" with his second wife, Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer, whom

pride refused him for a long time to publicly acknowledge. Pope visited him here, particularly in the autumn of 1735, just before the Earl started to Lisbon, in which voyage he died. Pope pays the veteran several compliments, talks of his gardening, and his taming

> "The genius of the stubborn plain
> Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain."

The poet also describes the Spanish flags and trophy guns which the eccentric old general had arranged over his garden-gate. The poet and the general went to Winchester to see the prizes distributed at the college; Pope, as a compliment to the hero of Barcelona, having given "The Campaign in Valencia" as a subject for the boys' prize poem.

Peterborough travelled so furiously fast, that the wits said of him that he had talked to more kings and more postillions than any man in Europe; and Queen Anne's ministers used to declare that they always wrote *at* him, not to him. Swift has sketched him with kindly sarcasm:

> "Mordaunt gallops on alone;
> The roads are with his followers strewn;
> This breaks a girth, and that a bone.
>
> "His body, active as his mind,
> Returning sound in limb and wind,
> Except some leather lost behind.

"A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

"So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition."

That excellent little man, Dr. Watts, is also one of the prides of Southampton, having been born at a small red-brick house (21, French Street), in 1674. His father, a humble schoolmaster, had suffered much for his nonconformity; and once, when her husband was in prison, the wife was seen sitting on a stone outside the door, suckling little Isaac, the embryo poet, whose simple Hymns have sold by thousands annually ever since they first appeared. Dr. Watts's happy and unclouded residence of thirty-six years in the family of his friend, Sir Thomas Abney, of Newington, is a proof of the amiability of both men.

From Southampton to the New Forest (sixty-four thousand acres) is a mere flap of the wing to the crow at his best speed. The beech glades, alive with countless squirrels, the ridings echoing with the swift hoofs of half-wild ponies, the great arcades of trees lie before him. It was long supposed that this wild district was turned into hunting ground by William the Conqueror. According to one old chronicler, the savage Norman, "who loved the tall deer as if he were their father," and made it a hanging matter

to kill a stag, destroyed fifty-two mother churches and effaced countless villages in a space thirty miles long; but this is untrue. It is true that thirty manors around Lyndhurst, in the green heart of the forest, ceased to be cultivated; but the Gurths and Wambas, the serfs, thralls, and villains were not driven away. The only two churches mentioned in Domesday Book—Milford and Brockenhurst—still exist; and, indeed, immediately after the afforestation, a church was built at Boldre, and another at Hordle. The real grievance, therefore, with the Hampshire Saxons, thirteen years after the Conquest, was the placing a large new district under the cruel Norman forest law. The deaths in the forest by chance arrow wounds of Rufus, of the Conqueror's youngest son Richard, and also of an illegitimate son of Duke Robert, were looked upon by the Saxon peasants as the result of divine vengeance. There are no red deer now in the forest, as when Mr. Howitt wrote his delightful sketches of the scenery, and saw, "awaking as from a dream, one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles, standing clothed, as it were, with the very spirit of silence." But the stirrup of Rufus still hangs at the Queen's House at Lyndhurst. The moat of Malwood Keep, where Rufus slept the night before his death, can still be traced near Stony Cross, on the Minstead road. The cottage of Purkess, the

charcoal-burner, is still shown to those who care to believe in it. Through Boldrewood Rufus and the chase rode the day Tyrrell's arrow flew. Away above Sopley, on the main road from Christchurch to Ringwood, is Tyrrell's Ford, where the frightened French knight forded the Avon on his way to Poole, to embark for Normandy; and close by the ford is the forge of the blacksmith who shoed Tyrrell's horse. The fugitive is said to have slain him to prevent his prating of his having passed that way.

At Lymington, close to which is Baddesley, where, in the last century, a groaning elm, for a year and a half, caused much superstitious excitement, the crow, refreshed by a blue glimpse of the Isle of Wight, turns smart for London and his old perch on St. Paul's, to rest a moment before he strikes due north.

FOURTH FLIGHT.

DUE NORTH.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ST. ALBANS TO BEDFORD AND KIMBOLTON.

STRIKING up the great north road straight from the great black dome, the crow alights first at St. Albans, certainly the most interesting spot in all Hertfordshire. The old city of the British kings that Cæsar is supposed to have stormed, standing on the slope of a hill above the river Ver, and close to the old Watling-street Road, although sacked by the fiery Boadicea, and again burnt in revenge by a Roman general fresh from the conquest of the Isle of Man, boasts for its special glory that it was the birth-place of St. Albanus, the first Christian martyr in Britain. This is its great and special legend.

Albanus, during the great Diocletian persecution, sheltered in his house a fugitive Welsh preacher, named Amphibalus, who converted him to the new faith. The Roman prefect, hearing of this, summoned Albanus and Amphibalus to assist in a public sacrifice

to the gods of Olympus. Albanus, instantly changing clothes with his guest, assisted in his escape. Soon after, the house of Albanus being surrounded by the legionaries, he was taken before the prefect, and urged to join in the sacrifices. Firmly refusing, Albanus was soon after ordered to execution on Holmehurst Hill. On his way to death, loaded with chains, and pelted and derided by the pagan populace, Albanus performed several miracles. A river obstructing the passage of the procession, it dried up instantly on a prayer of the holy man; and the multitude complaining of thirst, a fountain sprung out of the earth at his wish. No wonder that Heaven, to avenge the death of such a man, caused the eyes of the executioner to drop out bodily the moment he struck off the saint's head. The body of the martyr lay undiscovered for three hundred and forty-four years, when Offa, King of Mercia, wishing to found a monastery in remorse for a son-in-law he had murdered, a light from Heaven revealed the holy grave. The king placed a crown of gold round the skeleton's sacred skull, and enriched the chapel over the bones with tapestry and plates of gold and silver. In the time of Cadmer, the ninth abbot, a book, written in gold letters, and containing a record of the Life and Passion of Saint Alban, was found among the ruins of the old Roman city.

A record of the virtues and vices of the forty

abbot of St. Albans still exists. It is said that Queen Mary planned the restoration of this among many other famous English monasteries. At the recent meeting of the British Archæological Association, over which Lord Lytton so ably presided, a curious history of the relics in St. Albans Abbey. In the reign of Athelstan (930) the Danes, who had an appetite for all plunder, sacred or profane, that was not too hot or too heavy, carried off the sacred bones, which were, however, recovered by a daring monk of St. Albans, who, after long service as sacristan at the Scandinavian monastery to which they had been conveyed, bored a hole in the shrine, recovered the treasures, and sent them back to Hertfordshire.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor, when the Danes reappeared in England, the monks, afraid of such rough visitors, hid away the holy bones in a wall beneath the altar of St. Nicholas. To cover their pious fraud, the crafty ecclesiastics sent some spurious relics to Ely, and with them "a rough shabby old coat," supposed to be the disguise that St. Alban lent Amphibalus for his escape. The invasion over, the monks of Ely, with charming good faith, refused however to restore the spurious relics, and, what was far worse, refused to acknowledge that they had been deceived.

The dispute between the rival houses went on with true monastic bitterness till 1256, when the saint's

coffin was discovered under the abbey pavement, and the Pope pronounced it authentic. The controversy, however, always left the St. Alban's relics doubtful. It was said that King Canute had given away a shoulder-blade. A convent in Germany swore by a leg-bone, and even now a church at Cologne claims possession of a good share of a skeleton supposed to have been brought from St. Albans by Germanus and Lupus, two French bishops, who came over to England in 401, to refute the errors of the Pelagians. The miracles, therefore, wrought by the saint's bones become even more miraculous when we learn that after Bede's time the site of the saint's grave was entirely forgotten, and never found again, till the monks found it convenient to find, or invent, a saint's body for King Offa. The lights, the copes, the golden crosses, the gold and silver figures, the votive jewels, are all gone, but still in the Saint's Chapel, behind the high altar, six small holes in the centre of the area mark where the columns stood that supported the canopy over the shrine. There is scarcely in all England a quaint nook so characteristic of mediæval life as the loft in the eastern arch erected for the monk who, by sunlight, moonlight, and lamplight, watched the golden shrine. There, hour after hour, the lone ascetic pondered over the saint's sufferings. At one end of this loft there is a small staircase leading to a narrow vestibule and

a room which commanded a view of the whole side of the church. At the east side of the abbey there used to be two gratings, now walled up, through which the peasants were allowed to view the shrine.

In digging a vault for one Alderman Gape, in 1703 (Queen Anne), close to the site of the saint's shrine, the lucky sexton discovered the mummy of Humphrey Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, the fourth son of Henry the Fourth. The duke's shrine, built by his friend Abbot Wheathemstead, still exists, adorned with seventeen shields, and seventeen canopied niches, filled with little squat figures of the kings of Mercia. This is the duke whose wife, Dame Eleanor, Shakespeare has shown us as walking in penance through London streets for having conspired, by witchcraft, against the life of Henry the Sixth. Proud Margaret of Anjou treated the duke as a conspirator, and had him arrested while attending a parliament at Bury St. Edmunds. Such birds seldom live long in the cage, and seventeen days later the duke was found dead in his bed—apoplexy, said some; others whispered murder; but the wise said a broken heart. Six weeks after, Cardinal Beaufort died also—not in agony and despair, as Shakespeare has it—but after a lingering illness and a solemn rehearsal of his own funeral. The workmen, in digging the alderman's vault, came upon some stone steps leading to an inner vault, wherein was a leaden

coffin with the duke's body, embalmed in a brown liquor. "Duke Humphrey's vault" became a mine of shillings to the parish clerk for many years, till, the embalming liquor drying up, the body fell to dust.

An antiquary has recently noticed some curious facts about old Verulam, the city Tacitus mentions, and which Cæsar besieged. It is nearly the exact size and shape of Pompeii—three quarters of a mile long by half a mile wide. St. Michael's Church is supposed to have been the site of the Roman temple to Apollo. The theatre at Verulam had twenty rows of seats, and was nearly exactly the size of that of Pompeii. Burnt wood, tesseræ of pavement, marble slabs, Italian roofing tiles, and cream-coloured plaster striped brown, red, and blue, as at Pompeii, are still constantly found.

Nor can the crow leave the abbey's old brick tower without gratefully remembering that that excellent early historian, Matthew of Paris (so called from his French education), was a monk of St. Albans. This honest and candid opposer of Papal usurpations, high in the favour of Henry, was a mathematician, poet, orator, theologian, painter, and architect. He died in the reign of Henry the First, having completed the history of twenty-three abbots of St. Albans, and what, perhaps, he thought of less importance, the history of eight English kings. The early

part of Matthew's history was avowedly founded on the chronicle of Mister Roger of Wendover, formerly Prior of Belvoir.

The savage Wars of the Roses twice deluged St. Albans with blood; the battles are singularly characteristic of the times, and here again we are on Shakespearean ground. Hollinshead tells the story of both conflicts with rough picturesqueness. In the first, in 1455, the Duke of York, with the King-maker, Warwick, the Earl of Salisbury, and Lord Cobham, discontented with the Duke of Somerset, the royal favourite, assembled an army of Welsh horsemen, and marching towards London, met the weak and half-crazed king, with his two thousand men. One May morning at St. Albans the royal standard was raised in St. Peter's Street, and Lord Clifford defended the town barrier. The Duke of York's men were drawn up in Key Field, south-east of the town. To the king's envoy the Yorkists replied, "We are the king's true liegemen; we intend him no harm; deliver us that bad man, that traitor who lost Normandy, who neglected the defence of Gascony, and brought the kingdom to this state, and we will instantly return to our allegiance."

The king sounding trumpets and offering no quarter, the Earl of Warwick shouting, "A Warwick! a Warwick!" drove back the Lancastrians and entered the town through a garden wall between the Key

and the Chequer, at the lower part of Holywell-street. The fight was "right sharp and cruel," and the Duke of Somerset fell at the Castle Inn (a prophecy had bid him beware of castles), and near him the Earl of Northumberland and Lord Clifford. The Lancastrians, escaping through the gardens, left their king almost alone under his standard. The arrows flying round him "as thick as snow," he was wounded, and had to take refuge in a baker's shop, where the Duke of York came on his knees to beg forgiveness, assuring him that now Somerset was dead all would be well. "For God's sake stop the slaughter of my subjects!" said the humbled king. York, with feigned deference, then led Henry by the hand, first to the shrine of St. Albans, then to his apartments in the abbey. Many a tall man was that day slain, says Grafton the chronicler. Historians differ (they often do differ) about the numbers. Hall says eight thousand; Stowe five thousand; Crane, in a letter to one of the Pastons, six score; William Stonor, steward of the abbey, the best authority, only deposes to the burial of forty-eight. Shakespeare, who has in so many places falsified the history of this reign, has made Richard the Crookback kill Somerset, and cut off his head to show to York, and introduces young Clifford, after much declamation, carrying off the body of his slain father; and instead of Henry voluntarily accompanying his conqueror to London, the

poet makes the king hurried into flight by the scolding remonstrances of the virago of Anjou.

King Henry, who had early in his reign visited St. Albans, and granted a charter of privilege to the abbey, visited Bedfordshire again in the Easter of 1459. At his departure the careless king ordered his best robe to be given to the prior. The royal treasurer, knowing the king's poverty, redeemed the robe for fifty marks. The king unwillingly yielded to this prudent arrangement, and charged the prior to follow him to London for the money, which he insisted on personally seeing paid.

In 1461, the storm of war again broke on St. Albans. This time, the death of York had roused both sides to the utmost ferocity. Leaving over York-gate the head of York, crowned with paper, the savage queen had marched to London to release her husband from the grip of Warwick, who was acting as regent in the absence of the young Duke of York (afterwards Edward the Fourth), in Wales. The queen encamped on Bernard-heath, north of the town. The King-maker posted his sturdy archers thick round the great cross in the market-place. The Lancastrians came swarming on through a lane into St. Peter's-street; and Warwick's men, being unsupported, were forced back to Barnet-heath, where the vanguard was encamped. Warkwick's Londoners retreated before the strong northern men from the Cum-

berland mountains and the Yorkshire fells. Lovelace and the city bands remained neutral. At the approach of night the Yorkists fled, leaving the almost imbecile king cowering in his tent with only two or three attendants. A faithful servant ran to tell Lord Clifford, and presently the queen flew into her husband's arms. Proudly showing her son, the young prince, who had been by her side through all the battle, Margaret requested Henry to at once knight him, and fifty more of the bravest of his adherents. This done, the king, queen, and all the northern nobles went in procession to the abbey, tattered and blood-stained as they were, to return thanks to God for the king's deliverance. The abbot and monks received them at the church door with hymns of triumph, and wafts of incense. Two or three thousand men fell in this battle, and the queen, brutalized and driven cruel by her persecutors, ordered Lord Bonville and Sir Thomas Kyriell, two Yorkists, in defiance of the king's promises, to be beheaded, in the presence of herself and child. Ten years later, that young prince was dragged before his arch enemy at Tewkesbury, and York striking him in the face with his gauntlet, Clarence and Gloucester despatched him with their daggers.

Crime breeds crime. After this second battle of St. Albans, Queen Margaret's troops plundered the town. When Edward the Fourth ascended the

throne, the royal displeasure fell on St. Albans as a Lancastrian foundation; but the wise abbot, Wheathamstead, averted the wrath of the new king, and obtained the confirmation of his charter.

But in Gorhambury Park there is an old ruined Jacobean porch, and some mullioned windows embowered by trees, that are dearer to the crow than even the narrow streets haunted by Shakespearean ghosts; for by this porch, in June, 1621, entered the owner of the stately house, now a ruin, that disgraced Lord Chancellor Bacon. This was the house built by his father, the lord keeper, to which Queen Elizabeth came on a visit during one of her progresses in 1577: a house with piazzas for sun and shade, painted with the adventures of Ulysses, and towers from whence to see the abbey and the town. "Your house, my lord keeper, is too small for you," said the queen. "Nay, madam," said the wise old Chancellor, "it is your majesty has made me too great for my house." At Gorhambury Bacon's learned mother, who had been governess to that prodigy of unfulfilled promise, Edward the Sixth, taught him the path to wisdom and virtue. Here, the summer of his fall, the stricken philosopher commenced his history of Henry the Seventh, and his book on the Advancement of Learning. Thanks to the patient thirty years' labours of Mr. Basil Montagu, and the eloquent and lucid epitome of his arguments by Mr.

Hepworth Dixon, the memory of this great man has been freed from every stain but that of somewhat servile adulation of James the First: an adulation which was the fault of the age, and not of the man. The defence is so clear and so palpable, that the crow cannot, while at Gorhambury, forbear to recapitulate it. King James, driven by want of money to summon a parliament, found it, to his mortification, determined to reform abuses, and, first and foremost, the patents and monopolies granted by the king and Buckingham to certain rapacious adventurers, the prototypes of Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach. No one could sell gold or silver thread, horsemeat, starch, candles, tobacco-pipes, salt, or train-oil without licences from these men, who bribed justice to fine and imprison all questioning their rights. The House, more violent as the inquiries of its eighty committees expanded, grew more and more clamorous for reform. To save himself, Buckingham made Bacon the Jonah that was to be cast to the open-mouthed whale. The chancellor pleaded guilty to twenty-three charges. In one case he had received from a suitor gold buttons worth fifty pounds; in another case, a rich cabinet, valued at eight hundred pounds; in another, a diamond ring, costing five hundred or six hundred pounds; in another, a suit of hangings, worth one hundred and sixty pounds. From some London apothecaries he accepted some

ambergris and a gold taster, and he took from certain French merchants one thousand pounds. The simple defence for these acts is this: it was the custom at that time all over Europe to make such presents to judges. In nearly all the cases the presents were made after the suit was decided, and in many cases the presents were received by Bacon's servants without his knowledge. Bacon was all his life embarrassed by early debts, and by the difficulties into which his own generous and careless nature led him. Bacon himself always adhered to this line of defence. He wrote, on his fall, to his royal master: "This is my last suit that I shall make to your majesty in this business, prostrating myself at your mercy-seat after fifteen years' service, wherein I have served your majesty in my poor endeavours with an entire heart, and, as I presume to say unto your majesty, am still a virgin in matters that concern your person and crown, and now craving that, after eight steps of honour, I be not precipitated altogether . . . . And so, concluding with my prayers, I rest—Clay in your majesty's hands."

And he says again in another letter to the false, cowardly, and unworthy king:

"For the briberies and gifts, wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking

rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail and partake of the abuses of the times."

"I wish," he used to say, "I may be the first and last sacrifice of these times. When a creature is to be sacrificed, it is easy to pick stakes for the fire from any thicket."

"Those who strike at the chancellor, will strike at the king," said the fallen man, prophetically. And he wrote to Buckingham, with all the boldness of innocence willing to bear the cross: "However, I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation sake fit, I have been a trusty, and honest, and Christ-loving friend to your lordship, and the justest chancellor that hath been in the five changes since my father's time."

Fined forty thousand pounds, sent to the Tower, though but for a short time, and deprived of the Great Seal, Bacon, exiled to Gorhambury, has left a record of his own feelings in that solitude. He calls himself, touchingly, old, weak, ruined, in want, and a very subject of pity. He longs for York House, the Strand or Gray's Inn, where he might have company, physicians, conference with his creditors and friends about his debts and the necessities of his estate, and helps for his studies and writings. At St. Albans he says he lived "upon the sword-point of a sharp air, endangered if I go abroad, dulled if I stay within, solitary and comfortless without com-

pany, banished from all opportunities to treat with any to do myself good, and to help out any wrecks; and that which is one of my greatest griefs, my wife, that hath been no partaker of my offending, must be partaker of the misery of my restraint." But time gradually made Gorhambury less of a prison, and Bacon expressed his resolve to the Queen of Bohemia to study, "and not to become an abbey lubber, as the old proverb was, but to yield some fruit of my private life." In those green shades he studied and meditated with his chaplain, Dr. Romilly, his faithful secretary Meautys, his amanuensis Hobbs, and his friend George Herbert. In October, 1625, the autumn before he died, he wrote to a friend:

"Good Mr. Palmer, I thank God by means of the sweet air of the country I have obtained some degree of health, and I would be glad in this solitary time and place to hear a little from you how the world goeth."

In his will he desired to be buried in St. Michael's Church, near St. Albans, for, says the great philosopher, "There was my mother buried, and it is the parish church of my mansion house of Gorhambury, and it is the only Christian church within the walls of old Verulam." In a niche formed by a bricked-up window on the north side of that church which is built of Roman tiles, is a marble statue of Lord Bacon, which was erected by his faithful secretary,

Sir Thomas Meautys, who lies himself beneath an almost plain stone at the feet of this great Gamaliel. The statue, which represents Bacon seated in "deep yet tranquil thought," was by an Italian artist, and below is an inscription from the pen of Sir Henry Wotton, the diplomatist, wit, and poet. "SIC SEDEBAT, so he sat," says the epitaph. Bacon is leaning back in a square-backed elbow-chair, his head resting on his hand. He wears a long stately furred robe and voluminous trunk hose, a laced ruff, sash garters, and shoes adorned with large ribbon roses. His capacious brow is partly hidden by a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat—so meditated the mighty Verulam.

At Bedford on the Ouse, the crow alights to look for relics of honest John Bunyan, who was born at Elstow, close by, who lived here in St. Cuthbert's parish, who preached in a barn on the very site of the chapel now existing, and who pined in the darkness of the old gate-house prison on the bridge for twelve years, during which he wrote that wonderful and imperishable allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress." His rude chair is preserved in the chapel vestry, and the county subscription library possesses his favourite book, Fox's Book of Martyrs, two volumes folio, black letter, which contain his autograph and some uncouth quatrains written by him under the rude woodcuts of the martyrdoms. While reading this book the wonderful imagination of the imprisoned

preacher must have had those beautiful visions of Christian's flight, the wrestle with Apollyon, Doubting Castle, the Dark River, and the Bright City. Bunyan has left a full narrative of his sufferings in prison. At first he thought continually, he says, of death, till he almost believed himself on the ladder with a rope round his neck. "If I should make a scrambling shift," he writes, "to clamber up the ladder, yet I would, either with quaking or other symptoms of fainting, give occasion to the enemy to reproach the way of God and His people for their timorousness. This, therefore, lay with great trouble upon me; for methought I was ashamed to die with a pale face and tottering knees in such a case as this. Wherefore I prayed to God that he would comfort me." Then, as doubts and temptations thronged around him, and Mr. Face-both-ways, and Lord Carnal Delight, and his toady, Mr. Pickthank, gibed at him through the street window-grating, he cried impetuously, "If God doth not come in, I will leap off the ladder, even blindfold, into eternity—sink or swim—come heaven, come hell! Lord Jesus, if thou wilt catch me, do; if not, I will venture for thy name." The parting with his wife and children was to him, he says, "like the pulling the flesh from his bones." Particularly he mourned for the hardships, miseries, and wants that would fall on a certain "Tiny Tim" of his, a poor blind child that lay nearer

his heart than all besides. The thought broke his heart to pieces, as he strongly phrases it. "Poor child! thought I," he writes, pathetically, "what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand other calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee! But yet I must venture you all with God, though it goes to the quick to leave you . . ." After many examinations, however, the judges left him alone. Bunyan learnt to make tagged thread laces, and by sale of these trifles helped to support his family. His jailer committed the management of the prison to his care, and the last four years he was allowed to attend the Baptist meeting. On his release he became an itinerant preacher of eminence. That great Nonconformist divine, Owen, who admired Bunyan's preaching, being asked by Charles the Second "How such a learned man could sit and listen to an ignorant tinker," replied, "An it please your majesty, could I preach like that tinker, I would gladly relinquish all my learning." Bunyan died in 1688, at the house of a friend of his, a grocer on Snow Hill.

Another good man, Howard, the philanthropist, is associated with Bedford, having lived at Cardington, close by, where he bought an estate, near his relative, Mr. Whitbread, the father of the demagogue brewer.

He was the son of a rich Smithfield carpet-seller, and on his way to Lisbon to observe the effect of the great earthquake that had swallowed half that city, Howard was taken prisoner by a French privateer. His sufferings in France led his mind to the question of the condition of prisons, and the rest of his life was devoted to that generous object. In 1774 he offered himself as a candidate for Bedford, but was not returned, in spite of his popularity among the Dissenters of that town.

Fast northwards from Bedfordshire into Huntingdonshire, where the crow selects, amid the pleasant hills and valleys brimmed with golden corn and dark green woodlands, the Duke of Manchester's square and massive castle of Kimbolton. The Montagues, from Montacutus in Normandy, flourished here from the time of the Conquest. Sir Edward Montague, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was a member of the Privy Council of Henry the Eighth, and one of that bluff tyrant's sixteen executors. The castle was the scene of that last touching scene of the history of Katherine of Arragon, which Shakespeare has so exquisitely dramatised in his play of Henry the Eighth. The ill-used, insulted, deserted woman had objected to Fotheringay as unwholesome, and Kimbolton, which she equally disliked, was then chosen for her.

A bull had just been published against the king in

Flanders, and he was raging mad at the Pope and all his adherents who would not legalise the divorce. The queen's confessors he had thrown into Newgate. Her nominal income of five thousand a year, as Prince Arthur's widow, was paid her only in driblets. The brutal king even refused to let her see her child Mary. The queen's castellan regarded with suspicion even her last interview with her nephew Charles the Fifth's ambassador. Henry shed tears over his wife's last reproachful letter, but instantly sent a lawyer to seize the property of the dead woman. The queen, in her will, desired five hundred masses to be said for her soul, and a pilgrimage to Walsingham to be made on her behalf, and begged that all her gowns might be made into church ornaments. She had wished to be buried in a convent of Observant Friars, but the king had her interred near the great altar at Peterborough, an abbey which Henry spared for her sake. Old Scarlett, the sexton, who buried her, lived to also bury Mary, Queen of Scots, in the same cathedral.

At the obsequies performed at Greenwich the king and court appeared in black, but Anne Boleyn made her ladies dress themselves in yellow, and lamented the good end which her rival had made. A chamber hung with tapestry is still shown at Kimbolton as that in which Queen Katherine expired. The hangings conceal the door to a small ante-room. The duke also

preserves a travelling trunk, which is covered with scarlet velvet, and has upon its lid the queen's initials and a regal crown. As the latest historian of this unhappy woman has well observed, among many eulogists, "one mighty genius who was nearly her contemporary has done her the noblest justice. In fact, Shakespeare alone has properly appreciated and vividly portrayed the great talents as well as the moral worth of the right royal Katherine of Arragon."

Edward, the second Earl of Manchester, became a great parliamentary general, and helped to defeat Rupert at Marston Moor. Cromwell, who hated all half-and-half measures, accused the Earl of refusing to complete the rout and final destruction of the king's army; and the Earl, in return, accused Cromwell of urging him to conspire against the parliament. Cromwell was too much for the Earl, so the parliament deprived him of all his employments, which he returned by helping to bring back Charles the Second.

CHAPTER XXV.

PETERBOROUGH TO LINCOLN.

THE crow, leaving the sluggish express train behind him (a mere tortoise in the race) with one contemptuous flap of his jet black wings, alights on one of the massy grey western towers of Peterborough Cathedral, above those three great cavernous porches that give shadow to the old west front. He looks over a sea of green pasture, cane-coloured stubble, and rich chocolate-brown arable over which William and his master conquerors, chanting of Roland and Roncesvalles, and proud Paynim and Christian champions "militant here on earth," as, fresh from scorching and bleeding Yorkshire and Durham, they bore down on Cambridgeshire, whose fens and morasses and oozy tangled places where the herons boomed when all was still and safe, and where the wild ducks scattered and screamed when even the most velvet-footed scout set his foot upon a crackling twig, the Saxons still held out against the savage Norman.

Hereward, the son of the Saxon lord of Baurn, in Lincolnshire (a chieftain whose fame Mr. Kingsley has lately revived), had built a stockade in the Island of Ely, where he erected his standard and defied the Norman bowmen. An exile in Flanders, banished in youth for treasonable turbulence by Edward the Confessor, Hereward, on hearing that his father was dead, and that a Norman robber had expelled his mother from the fair lands of Baurn, returned, rallied his warlike tenantry, drove out the intruder, and collected a small guerilla army—like the stout-hearted Saxon Garibaldi that he was. His uncle Brand, abbot of Peterborough, that Benedictine abbey among the wet meadows by the river Nene, originally reared by King Penda as early as the seventh century, encouraged the partisan leader in whom the Cedrics and Gurths of that day trusted, and knighted his brave nephew. At Brand's death in 1069, William gave the abbey (as dangerous a gift as a cask of gunpowder) to Turold, a foreign monk, who, chanting Kyrie Eleisons for his own safety, rode into Northamptonshire in the centre of one hundred and sixty spearmen. It was an ill-omened ride, and a red light rose in the northern sky at the new abbot's approach. That fire arose from the flaming town of Peterborough. The Danes had come down from the Humber to the West, and Sbern their chief had joined Hereward, who was sweeping now like a resistless deluge over the marsh

country. The abbey was burnt, the golden chalices and patens melted and gone before. Turold, pale and scared, rode over the still hot ashes of his new domain, while proud Hereward retired to his fort at Ely, and the Dane's black sails faded away towards the Baltic.

Poor Turold! he had a wolf to trap, and he went out as if he was looking for a rabbit. What did he do, poor man, but hire soldiers of Tailbois, a neighbour of his, the new Norman lord of Hoyland, who sent him cavalry to surround Hereward and his Saxon outlaws. One day, while Tailbois and his vanguard were riding gallantly along a dangerous part of the fenland, close to the side of a forest dark and impenetrable by cavalry, Hereward and his woodmen sprang out on the rear, where Turold rode, singing his Ave Marias, and bore him off to a damp corner of the wooden fort, from which he emerged after many days, rheumatic, soured, and poorer by two thousand pounds. William at last, aroused himself like a lion from sleep, for many Scotch exiles had now joined Hereward, who grew daily more confident and more dangerous. He sternly closed in on Hereward, Norman ships barricaded the outlets from the west, spearmen gathered closer and closer (as a strong wrestler's grip contracts) upon the fortress of the fens; with cruel care and pent rage William built a solid road across the marshes, and bridged the rushing

channel, though harassed and tormented by Hereward's swooping forays. Heavy fell the Saxon axes, tithe after time, on the Norman hewers and delvers. "Satan helps the Saxon boors!" cried the wounded diggers; and William, to please them, had a wooden tower built, in which a Norman sorceress stood to exorcise Hereward and his guerillas; but one day, when the wind blew fair, the Saxon set fire to half a mile of reeds, and tower, witch, and workmen passed away in a gust of flame. But steel and fire could not turn the conqueror. Faster grew the solid roads, faster sprang the arches of fresh bridges, till nearly all Ely was his. Then Hereward, refusing to surrender, escaped over the marshes into the forest, and renewed his forays; but the rest lost heart, and laid down their arms before the Normans. Morcar and the Bishop of Durham were thrown into prison for life, and other leaders lost eyes, hands, or feet, according to William's cruel caprice over his wine; but the brave Hereward fared after all better than the colder-hearted, for William respected his courage, and restored him the lands of Baurn, on his taking an oath of allegiance. Hereward was the last Saxon to sheath the sword.

The crow would particularly like, as he listens from above, to hear Mr. Ruskin below talking aloud to himself about the west front of Peterborough. It is a grand title-page to a chapter of Gothic architecture, a

noble aspiration to express the infinity of God, round whom the worlds revolve, and their wonder and delight at the beauty of the universe. There is something, perhaps, of inspiration in the free air that blows round a great cathedral, for one of the latest visitors to Peterborough, who has written upon it, rises to real eloquence when he speaks of those beautiful triple arches. "The solid masses of deep shadow," he says, "thrown in colossal curves by the triple arches, strong as adamant, tall and profound as Horeb's cave, yet graceful as a light bow momentarily bended, contrast with the play of the sunshine, slowly changing from porch to porch, and impart a gloom to those recesses that seem in sympathy with the sorrows of human life, that are carried within to a church bright and sunny by the contrast to the worshipper there to be laid down and find consolation." This is very finely expressed, and not to be easily matched even in Mr. Ruskin's prose poems on Gothic architecture. No one who knows the west front of Peterborough, even by a flying glance from the Great Northern, but will feel its beauty and truth. From that dark mountain of shadow, from that entrance of the Valley of Death, the traveller passes into the freedom and sunshine of the church, where the anthem sounds and the prayer for mercy and forgiveness rises to Heaven, and the air brightens with the wings of angels, and Paradise

seems to open before the astonished eyes of those who enter from the outer darkness.

Great monasteries arose of old time among the fens and marshes of this amphibious part of England. The old rhyming proverb sums them up graphically:

> "Romsey, the rich of gold and fee,
> Thorney, the flower of many fair tree,
> Crowland, the courteous of meat and drink,
> Spalding, the gluttons as all men do think,
> Peterborough the proud.
> Sawtrey, by the way, that old abbey
> Gave more alms in one day than all they."

Peterborough, though a mitred abbey, had to bear its rubs before it folded its arms, and settled down to its present grave dozing tranquillity among flowers and strawberries, quiet as a fat abbot in a garden of a summer afternoon, the capon done, the bottle emptied. It was burnt by the howling Danes in 870, when all the monks were butchered in the flames; again in 1069, according to a prophecy of Egelvic, a Bishop of Durham, who had turned hermit; again in 1116, for the sins of Abbot de Lees and his brother, who had invoked the devil, who came in fire; lastly in 1264, when the Abbot of Peterborough, having joined the rebellious barons, down the abbey would have gone, broken like a china jar, had not the abbot turned away the wrath of King Henry the Third by a heavy ransom.

Many, many builders put together that city of stone, that world of petrified pious thoughts, yet no one thinks now of John of Calais, or the Abbot Andrew, or Henry, or Morcot, or good Richard the Sacristan; yet only some years ago one shred of the Saxon time remained when so much else had perished, and a strip of the cope of John of Calais (1249) hung over the tomb in the Lady Chapel, of Hedda, the Saxon Abbot; but even conservatism has its limits, and Time swallowed the relic at last. Cromwell's Ironsides laid their iron hands very heavily on Peterborough, whose old ill-luck broke out again with great severity during the Civil wars. The Calvinists, with musket and sword, and pick and axe, destroyed the reredos, the chapter house, cloisters, and palace, shattering with cruel carefulness, "red with the blood of martyrs and of saints," the emblazoned glass. They stripped off all the lead and sent it for sale to Holland, but a storm waited for the sacrilegious bark and sunk it. They then pulled down the Lady Chapel to save the expense of repairs, and turned the old house of God into a workshop, out of zeal for religion.

Some great people lie under Peterborough pavement. As Bob Acres was told, "there is snug lying in the abbey." Poor Queen Katherine, whose honest chronicler, Griffith, after all, never wrote her apology, though no doubt handsomely paid for the copyright,

came here from Kimbolton, as our readers know; and in the nave lies old Scarlet (ninety-eight years old), the sexton who buried her and Mary Queen of Scots, too, and, for the matter of that, all the population of Peterborough twice over, as he several times no doubt grimly boasted over his tankard of ale as he stirred it round with a sprig of rosemary. "A king of spades," indeed, as his last chronicler pithily observes. Queen Katherine, the Spanish queen, lies on the north side of the choir, and under the doorway out of the choir on the south side once lay a worse and even more unhappy woman, Mary, who married her husband's murderer; and yet one pities her when it came to that cold February morning in the hall of Fotheringay. It brings a moisture into most eyes to think of that moment when, calm and bravely, she read her will to her faithful household, and distributed her clothes. We seem to see her now, as with majesty she rises from the altar in her oratory, and, taking down the ivory crucifix, passes into the ante-chamber where the four hard-faced earls await her with their retinue. She wears a gown of black satin, with a veil of white linen fastened to her hair, and her chaplet of beads is by her side. Then came a very touching little episode in the last scene. Suddenly an old servant of hers, Sir Robert Melville, her house-steward, who had been debarred her presence for three weeks, falls on his

knees weeping passionately, being heart-broken at having to bear such sorrowful news to Scotland.

"Good Melville," said the queen, with placid dignity and gentleness, "cease to lament, but rather rejoice, for thou shalt now see a final period to Mary Stuart's troubles. The world, my servant, is all but vanity, and subject to more sorrow than an ocean of tears can wash away. But I pray thee take this message, when thou goest, that I die true to my religion, to Scotland, and to France. God forgive them that have thirsted for my blood as the hart longeth for the water brooks! Commend me to my son" (pedantic, selfish rascal, he never troubled himself about his mother's death), "and tell him I have done nothing to prejudice the kingdom of Scotland."

Melville sobbed, and could not utter a word. There must have been something good and lovable about a woman who so won the attachment of her servants. She stooped, turned to the faithful old servitor, and weeping too, herself, said:

"Once more farewell, good Melville: pray for thy mistress and queen."

She then requested the four earls to treat her servants with kindness, and to allow them to stand by her at her death. The Earl of Kent, hard and icily fanatical, objected, saying it would be troublesome to her majesty and unpleasant to the company; be-

sides, as Papists, they would be sure to put in practice, he said, some superstitious trumpery, such as dipping handkerchiefs in her grace's blood.

"My lords," said Mary, "I will give you my word they shall deserve no blame, nor do such thing you mention; but, poor souls, it would do them good to see the last of their mistress; and I hope your mistress, as a maiden queen, would not deny me, in regard of womanhood, to have some of my women about me at my death. Surely you might grant a greater favour than this, though I were a woman of less rank than the Queen of Scots."

Kent uttered no reply. Then the royal blood of Lorraine rose and flushed the Stuart's cheek.

"Am I not," she said, vehemently, "cousin to your queen, descended from the royal blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland?"

The lords then agreed, and poor old Sir Robert Melville, the steward, apothecary, and surgeon, and Kennedy and Curle, two of her maids, followed her to the scaffold, the sheriff and his officers leading, Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury following, and after them coming the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent. The scaffold, which stood in the hall, was a railed-in platform, three feet high, and covered with black cloth. On it stood a low stool, a cushion, and the block, all covered with black. By the horrible

block, axe in hand, stood the headsman from the Tower, dressed in black velvet, and his assistant. Mary, with no change of face, and no tremor, sat down cheerfully, while Beale, the clerk of the council, read the death-warrant aloud, and as he concluded, the spectators cried out, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" Mary said but little, only asserting that she was a princess not subject to the laws of England, and declaring that she had never sought the life of Elizabeth, and that from her heart she pardoned all her enemies.

The Dean of Peterborough then stood up and preached to her the necessity of conversion, his gracious mistress being most anxious for the welfare of her soul. Mary replied firmly and scornfully: "Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself; I am fixed in the ancient religion, and by God's grace I will shed my blood for it." Then again, "Good Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself about these matters: I was born in this religion, I have lived in this religion, and I will die in this religion." So saying, she turned away, but the dean went on again, till the Earl of Shrewsbury set him to begin a prayer, and all this time Mary repeated with fervour the Penitential psalms in Latin; and then, when the dean became silent, prayed aloud in English for the Church, her unworthy son, and Queen Elizabeth. She then kissed the crucifix she held, and exclaimed:

"As thy arms, O Jesus, were stretched upon the cross, so receive me, O God, into the arms of mercy."

"Madam," said the fanatical Earl of Kent, reproachfully, "you had better put such Popish trumpery out of your hand and carry Christ in your heart."

Mary replied: "I can hardly bear this emblem in my hand without at the same time bearing Him in my heart."

The two executioners then came forward, and kneeling before the queen, prayed her forgiveness. Her women began to disrobe her, but the executioners, nervously hurrying, helped to pull off her veil and ruff, and Mary said to the Earls, as if apologetically at the delay:

"I am not used to be undressed by such attendants, or to put off my clothes before such a company."

At this little playfulness the servants burst into loud sobs and into tears; but Mary calmly put her finger to her lips to hush them, kissed them again, and bade them pray for her. The maid Kennedy took a handkerchief edged with gold, in which the Holy Eucharist had once been enclosed, and bound her eyes. The two grim men in black then led her to the block, and Mary knelt on the black cushion, resting her head calmly on the block, exclaiming:

"Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Then the servants burst forth again with groans

and sobs, and the axe fell. Faintly and tremblingly the ruffian, however, struck, for he had to give three blows before he cut through the thin white neck. At last, when the head fell on the sounding planks, he raised it, and holding it at arm's length, exclaimed:

"God save Queen Elizabeth!"

The Dean cried, "Thus perish all her enemies!"

The Earl of Kent, stepping to the headless body, said, in a loud voice, "So perish all the enemies of the queen's gospel!"

But no one said Amen to that cruel wish. When the executioner raised the body, the queen's little pet dog was found nestling under the gown, and after being once forced away, more faithful than many a courtier, it went and lay down sorrowfully between the head and the body. Thus perished Mary, after forty-five years' sorrow in this troublesome world. If she had married Edward the Sixth, as was first planned, or the Earl of Leicester, as Elizabeth wished, how different might have been her life and death! Immediately after the body was removed, Mr. Talbot, the earl's son, rode straight to London with the news, and by the next night the City, from Whitechapel to Whitehall, was flaming with bonfires and echoing with bells. Folly or crime, the execution might have been in Elizabeth harsh, but it was not at least disapproved by the English nation—thus much is certain.

King James, driven by mere filial decency, removed the body of his mother from Peterborough choir, but not till nine years after his accession. The prophetical Northamptonshire saying at the time was:

"Stuarts shall not prosper, since the dead have been removed in their grave."

Mary now rests under a stately canopied tomb (a grand artificial piece of furniture) in Westminster Abbey, where her fair cousin, "a little more than kin, and less than kind," also lies. If an impartial person from this side of the Tweed looks at the two faces he will, the crow surmises, pronounce Elizabeth's the most handsome, in spite of all the false romance that has accumulated over the grave of the fair but false Queen Mary.

Peterborough is proud of that staunch old divine Paley, who was born here in 1743, his father being a minor canon that summer in residence. It is a standing wonder and a lasting disgrace to the Church that such a man should have died a mere north country rector, when he had brains enough for a judge, and wisdom enough to fill half a dozen mitres. Paley always abused Pitt, and it was supposed Pitt was small enough to never forgive him; but the truth has since oozed out that George the Third, a dogmatist in religion as well as in politics, personally disliked Paley, who in one of his philosophical books (once thought

so profound), has some metaphor about pigeons, in which he rather ridicules royalty. In person the prebend of Carlisle was a short, podgy man, with clever bushy brows, a snub nose, and projecting teeth. He always wore a white wig and a common coat, detesting cassocks, which he used to say were just like the black aprons the master-tailors wore at Durham. His gait was awkward, his action ungraceful, and his dialect coarsely provincial; but his rich smile was delightful, and redeemed all. He seems to have been a warm-hearted, plain, sensible man, with a horror of professional humbug, and of all hypocrisy and false pretence. Some of his hearty north common-sense sayings were very happy. Once, at the Hyson Club, a Liberal association at Cambridge, he had to give his reasons for advocating "braibery and corrooption." "Why," said he, laughing, "who is so *mad* as to wish to be governed by force, and no one is such a *fool* as to expect to be governed by virtue; so what remains, tell me, but 'braibery and corrooption'?" He was on principle slow to pay debts. "Never paay mooney," he used to say, "till you can't help it; *soomething maay* happen." On the other hand, being really frugal and thrifty, and worthy of a Giggleswick father, he always made his wife and daughters pay ready money at Carlisle. "It's of no use," he used to say, with a patient shrug, "to desire them to buy only what they want; they

will always imagine they want what they wish to buy; but that paying ready *mooney* is such a check upon their imagination." This worthy north country divine used to give admirable sketches of his early life, when he was a poor, hopeless, second usher at a Greenwich school. "I flattered my imagination when I first went to town," he used to say, "with the pleasure of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot.' I entered a very offensive room, and a little boy came up as soon as I was seated, and began: 'B-a-b bab, b-l-e ble, babble.' And wanting a waistcoat, I went into a second-hand clothes-shop, and it so chanced that I bought the very identical garment Lord Clive wore when he made his triumphant entry into Calcutta. I went to a play, and on coming out found six simultaneous hands all trying to pick my pockets. Whether they were rival or conspiring hands I cannot say. They took from me a handkerchief not worth twopence. I felt quite sorry for the disappointment of the poor scoundrels." Paley was passionately fond of angling, and made Romney paint him with a rod in his hand. Although always riding about his parishes in a good, Vicar-of-Goldsmith sort of way, Paley was still a slovenly and clumsy rider. "When I followed my father on a pony, on my first journey to Cambridge," he used to say humorously, "I fell off seven times. Every time my father heard a thump, he would turn round,

and calmly say, with his head half aside, 'Take care of thy money, lad.' I am so bad a horseman," he continued, "that if any person at all were to come near me when I am riding I should certainly have a fall. Company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse, though it is the quietest creature that ever lived; one that at Carlisle used to be often covered with children from the ears to the tail." The north country clergy were in Paley's time, like Parson Adams, very poor, often being farmers, sometimes being publicans, and very often being sinners. "I know a great many parishes," Paley once said, "to which I could take you, if the whole population were to pass in review before you, you would not be able to tell which was the parson. I know him by certain signs that I have learned by long practice: he has usually a black silk handkerchief round his neck, and he is always the greasiest man in the parish except the butcher." Paley was fond of good eating, and once, when asked what he would eat, replied, "Eat, madam?—eat everything, from the top of the table to the bottom." Another time he declared he should eat of every course, but stuck at some irrelevant pork-steaks. "I had intended," he said regretfully, "to have proceeded regularly and systematically, through the ham and fowl to the beef, but those pork-staakes staggered my system."

Paley was a fine honest fellow, and did in his time good work against the sceptics. He boldly opposed Horne Tooke's right to a degree, because Tooke was an infidel; and he would not let a Spanish protégé of Lord Sandwich (Jeremy Twicher), give a concert in Christ's College Hall, if Miss Ray, Lord S.'s mistress, attended.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LINCOLN.

IF old King Harry really is in the habit of looking over Lincoln, as the proverb says, then the crow looks over old King Harry, for he is now perched with a fine view of wolds, heaths, and fens, high above the valley of the Witham, on the topmost grey air-bathed pinnacle of one of the grand central towers of Lincoln cathedral, that glorious result of man's aspiration to express his craving wonder and adoration at the divine centre of all being. Upon six subject counties looks down the favoured bird; at his feet lies the damp amphibious Holland of England, land of the grebe and heron, paradise of the wild duck, city of refuge to the lapwing and water hen; at his feet indeed lies more than this, for there lies a region won from the sea by the hands and brains of centuries of men, a great conquest of man's mind over the brute forces that war against the progress of our race.

Let us watch these changes from Lincoln Tower, just as if they were passing across our bird's-eye view. Ages before the blüe painted savages anticipated with unconscious prophecy the naval blue that has since been seen in several parts of the world, all those dismal flat swamps between the Humber and the Wash must have been receding surfaces of brackish morass, traversed by restless seagulls and meditative herons; but by-and-by, as Homer sang, and Marathon was fought, as Socrates died and Alexander marched, constant alluvial deposits washing down from the Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire highlands westward, soft beds of brown and yellow sand (mere ground-down stone) gritty drifts of silt and oozy sops of black mud and earth, and the daily warp rolled in by those careless carriers, the tides, would slowly have raised the surface of the fen country above the level of the deluge of waters that had so long appeared staunchless. Then would begin to spring coarse grass, and moss, and bent, and seeds of trees would grow from saplings to many branched veterans, and they would in time crumble and form fresh soil.

Soon would come noisy wild geese and rejoicing shovellers, and terns, and coots, and red shanks, and great-billed curlews, eager for perch, dace, and roach, and after these winged pursuers would follow the low-browed savages, first with flint arrow, then with

bronze axe, and fishermen and fowlers would begin, defiant of ague fevers and such pale cohorts of death, to build on piles amid the low swamps. Then, with a blast of trumpets, broke in the strong-willed Romans, as potent with the spade as the sword, and shut out the tyrannical tides more and more with sea-banks, and cut canals, and drained one-third the level. Above all, they dug the Car dyke, and saved the Coritani (as the Lincolnshire people were called by the Britons) from future deluges. Certain it is, before or after the Romans, half Lincolnshire was oak, birch, fir, and alder forest. 'Dugdale particularly mentions that the island of Axholm was full of oak trees close under the surface of the moors, some even five yards in circumference. Hazel nuts were also found by the peck together. Near Thurden, says the noble old antiquary of Charles the Second's time, the inhabitants dug up at least two thousand cart-loads of bog timber in one year. Year by year, under the Heptarchy, the fen country grew and throve; various irruptions were made by its old enemy the sea, but those attacks grew less and less dangerous. The rough fen men seem from early times to have been in the habit of burning down their tracts of rank grass in November, during which time the fens were in a flicker day and night. In William of Malmesbury's time, 1200 (King John), the fen country was "passing rich and plenteous," the plain

country a level green ocean of grass, the orchards and vineyards very numerous.

That original but rather crotchety Lincolnshire antiquary, Dr. Stukeley, whom his friend Warburton called "a mixture of simplicity, drollery, absurdity, ingenuity, superstition, and antiquarianism," often laughed at by fools who had neither his sense, knowledge, nor honesty, has some remarkable and ingenious theories about the origin of Lincolnshire, in which he enters, as it were, into the very workshop of creation. He first notices that in England the eastern shore is generally flat and low, while the western is steep and rocky. In the same way, mountains, not only in Britain, but all over the world, are steep and abrupt to the west, and descend to gentle declivities on the east. Plains, as a rule, always slope eastward. The reason for this, says Stukeley, is that when the Almighty Artist gave the half solid earth its first diurnal motion the mountain part, still soft, flew westward, as the dirt on a wheel, by its *vis inertiæ*, flies from a wheel in a tangent in a contrary way to its motion. "Thus," says the amiable philosopher, with entire self-complacency, "it is that we have so large a quantity of this marsh land in the middle of the eastern shore of England, seeming as if made by the washing and sluices of the many rivers that fall that way, such as the Welland, the Witham, the Nene,

the Ouse, great and little, together with many other streams of inferior note. These all empty themselves into the great bay formed between the Lincolnshire Wolds and the cliffs of Norfolk, called by Ptolemy (reign of Hadrian) Metaris Æstuarium.

The crow, rubbing up his old memory, suddenly remembers the great tempest and inundation that in October, 1571 (Elizabeth), swept the great flat green country of the stilt walkers, over which he now casts his eye. Three score vessels were lost on the coast of Boston and Grimsby. Three arches of Wansford-bridge were carried away by the sudden and devastating torrent. Poor "Master Pellam," of Mumby Chappell lost one thousand one hundred sheep; but then how could he stop to lament when all Mumby Chappell itself, but three houses and the church steeple, were destroyed? A strange thing, too, happened there, for a ship driving upon a house, the frightened sailors took it for a rock, and leaping out of the foundering bark and clambering on the roof, were saved. They also rescued the poor pregnant woman in the house who climbed up to them, when her husband and child were both drowned. Between Hummerston and Grimsby, one Mr. Specers lost one thousand one hundred sheep. The shepherd about noon came to his mistress and asked for his dinner. She replied, crossly, he should have none of her. Just at that moment the sharp-tongued

shrew happened to look towards the marshes where her husband's sheep were, and saw the water break in with a fierce and irresistible rush. Then she said, "He is not a good shepherd that would not venture his life for his sheep." Upon which the man ran straight to drive home the sheep; but he and they were all drowned, and when the inundation subsided the faithful fellow was found dead standing upright in a ditch, into which he must have fallen unawares. Four gentlemen of Kelsey and Maplethorpe lost together about twenty thousand head of cattle. Bourne was overflowed till the water reached half up the church. Heeling was wholly carried away, and a loaded waggon at that place was torn in two by the raging water.

The history of the drainage of the country now surveyed by the winged commissioner is a romance in itself. In the isle of Axholm, once a fen caused by the silt thrown up the Trent by the tides of the Humber, which silt obstructed the free passage of the Dun and Sole, and forced back their waters over the circumjacent lands. The Mardyke sluices were improved by an abbot of Selby (Henry the Fifth). In James the First's time, a local jury decided against the further draining; but in 1626 (Charles the First) the king granted leave to Cornelius Vermuyden, a Zealander, who offered for a third part of all he could reclaim to retrieve seventy thousand acres in Axholm.

The Van Peenens, Valkenburghs, and Vernattis, rich merchants of Dort and Amsterdam, helped the adventures of their countryman, and his skilled Dutch and Flemish workmen soon got near the end of their work. The fen men were furious at the improvements, though now released from the irksome forest laws. They complained of unjust distribution of the new lands, and of wilful injury done to the old. Openly countenanced by Portington, a turbulent justice of the peace, the fen men frequently fell on the Dutchmen, broke down their new embankments, and burnt their obnoxious implements. Slander is compared by Solomon to "the letting out of waters," but in poor Vermuyden's case, it was the shutting in of waters produced discord. Still straight as a plough, unswerving as a bullet, pressed forward the sturdy Dutchman, through what Mr. Smiles, in his crisp pleasant way, describes as part of a fresh water bay formed by the confluence of the rivers Don, Went, Ouse, and Trent, and was fed by the sea, which brought down into the Humber almost the entire rainfall of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Nottingham, and North Lincoln. The drained land was once traversed by the fen men in boats, when, in the reign of Henry the Second, they attacked the Mowbray stronghold in the isle of Axholm, as that hilly district was called that rose midway between the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire uplands. The resolute Dutch-

man, who had checked the Thames at Dagenham, and had drained Windsor and Sedgemoor, was not to be baffled by the stilt walkers of the fens. Vermuyden collected round him French Protestants from Picardy, and Walloons from Flanders, refugees whose fathers had fled from the Duke of Alva, and settled in eastern England, along the edge of the fens, especially at Wisbeach, Whittlesea, Thorney, and Spalding. Slowly he carried the waters of the Sole into new deep channels for ever to be tributary to the Trent. The waters of the capricious Don were also forced henceforward to flow directly into the Ouse, near Goole. Farmers had no longer need to ferry from Axholm to Sandtoft, nor would a boat with coffin and mourners again be lost when rowing from Thorney to Hatfield. Nor, on the other hand, would future time ever see the glorious sight that Prince Henry saw, when five hundred deer (a forest of antlers) were driven before his one hundred boats, from Hatfield to Thorny Mere. Unfortunately for the industrious Dutchman, one single error in his first plan rendered his whole life miserable. Fortune gives some men many opportunities, others only one, and this one neglected or misused,

"All the current of their lives"

runs wrong. Vermuyden forced the Don at first through its northern channel alone into the river Aire. This cutting proved insufficient, and fresh

lands were flooded. These people of the northern Don became the chief enemies of the improvement, and one of Vermuyden's men killing one of the rioters led to fifty successive attacks on the works, till at last a royal proclamation read in Axholm by the sheriff, escorted by fifty horsemen, mingled with threats of fire and vengeance, led to some transient quietude. Vermuyden, though proud and resolute, and sometimes driven to retaliation by the stupid boors who did not know their own good, succeeded at last. In 1629 he was knighted by Charles the First, and took a grant from the crown of Hatfield Chase for the sum of sixteen thousand and eighty pounds, and an annual rent of one hundred and ninety-five pounds three shillings and fivepence-halfpenny, *and one red rose.*

The Dutch and German settlers were also allowed to build chapels in their villages. Still the conservative fen men remained turbulent and complaining. Their houses and farms were flooded, they said, their corn washed away, their cattle drowned, and the old right of common cancelled. Unfortunately for Vermuyden, he had now either lost his temper or grown arrogant and despotic. He threatened petitioners against him with the gallows, which indeed many of them richly deserved. He threw many offenders against his Dutchmen into York gaol. He ruthlessly stopped the old freeholders' privileges

of cutting moor turf, till he had at last to restore many old rights, owing to the interference of Lord Wentworth, president of the North. Eventually Vermuyden washed his hands of ungrateful Lincolnshire, and sold all his property there. In 1642, when the Royalists were threatening the fens, Cromwell's party broke the dykes, pulled up the flood-gates, and again laid Oxholm under water. The tide had turned, and henceforward all (except during short gleams of success) went ill with Sir Cornelius. He became involved in a spider's web of lawsuits, and found his way into prison. The Dutch speculators who had lost by the "Dutch Canal," also took legal proceedings against him. But indomitable as ever, in 1628 he commenced the great Bedford Level. The clamour against the brave, resolute, industrious Dutchman grew louder than ever. The street ballads sung against the drainers contained such verses as the following:

"Behold the great design, which they do now determine,
Will make our bodies pine, a prey to crows and vermine;
For they do meane all fens to drain and waters over-master,
All will be dry, and we must die, 'cause Essex calves want pasture.

"Wherefore let us entreat our antient water-nurses
To show their power, so great as t' help to drain their purses;
And send us good old Captain Flood to lead us out to battle,
The two-penny Jack, with scales on's back, will drive out all the cattle.

"This noble captain yet was never known to fail us,
But did the conquest get of all that did assail us;
His furious rage none could assuage, but to the world's great wonder,
He tears down banks, and breaks their cranks and whirligigs asunder."

Still the Dutchmen plied their spades. Charles the First urged forward the work, which was however stopped by the agitation aroused by Oliver Cromwell, "Lord of the Fens," as he was called, and who pleaded the gross exactions of the royal commission and the inevitable plunder that would fall on the helpless smaller proprietors; at that great man's voice the work stopped, and the Earl of Bedford died poor.

In 1649, the new earl and Vermuyden again set to work, presently aided by Cromwell's Scotch and Blake's Dutch prisoners, and by 1653 forty thousand acres of land were reclaimed. There are now in Lincolnshire and the Great Bedford Level 680,000 acres of reclaimed land, or an area equal, says Mr. Smiles, to that of North and South Holland, and worth on an average four pounds an acre. Ely is now healthier than Pau, sheep feed where fish once floated, and fen men are no longer savages, more irreclaimable than their fever-haunted marshes. The fate of Vermuyden was sad indeed. During the Civil Wars he had sold all his lands in Dagenham, Hatfield, Sedgemoor, and Malvern, and in the Bed-

ford Level, to pay his Dutch workmen. The ungrateful company then preferred heavy pecuniary claims against him. He could not meet them, and in 1656 appeared before parliament, four years after the completion of his great work, as a suppliant for redress. It is supposed that he soon after went abroad and died, a poor heart-broken old man. Yet Vermuyden did a brave work, and he left large-brained descendants. Through the Babingtons (the mother's side) the late Mr. Macaulay was descended from the patient far-seeing Dutchman.

And now the crow is on his "coign of vantage." From High Burnham, in the isle of Axholm, the furthest object is the bright heaven-pointing spire of Laughton-le-Morthen, that Yorkshire hill village which the Sheffield people, who can see the spire shine in the daybreak, call prettily "Lighten in the Morning;" but from the Rood Tower of Lincoln the crow sees not only Hatfield Chase, which Vermuyden won from the water, but the blue Yorkshire wolds on the other side of the Humber, and the azure hills about Aldborough and Buxton; indeed, much of Yorkshire and all that amphibious country which old Fuller, in his quaint graphic way, compares in shape "to a bended bow, of which the sea makes the back, the rivers Welland and Humber the two horns, and the river Trent the string." This noble altar to God, set on a rock above the Witham, is seen from six

counties, and its silent finger pointing to the sky is discernible even from the Derbyshire hills.

In Lincoln, even more than Peterborough, an admirer observes a fervour of Gothic aspiration. "Size in Egypt, beauty in Greece, strength in Rome"—these ideals attained perfection, because they were finite; but the Christian builder struck out a greater and more inspired thought, an ideal always striving heavenward, and never to be fully realised outside the golden gates of Paradise. The windows, like the transparent walls of Heaven, the boundless roofs, the shadowy porches, the vaulted cloisters, the great stone trees of pillars, the petrified leaves and flowers in the capitals, the vastness, the mystery, are unapproachable in any other style. Its failure, its ceaseless growth, are proofs of its divinity. Lincoln, once the throne of a vast see that embraced Ely, Oxford, and Peterborough, is in itself a history of Gothic art, from early Saxon to late pointed. Begun by Bishop Remigius, to resemble Rouen, in 1075 (Rufus), it was partly rebuilt by Alexander, after a fire in 1123-47. St. Hugh built the east transept, chapels, choir, chapter-house, and east front of western transept; Hugh of Wells, in 1206-35, completed the nave, the late geometrical decorated cloisters, and the rood screen having been begun in the reign of Edward the First. It was just after Hugh of Wells had put by his hods and trowels (in 1237), that as one of the

canons was preaching on the unseemly feuds then raging between the chapter of Lincoln and the bishop, having taken the very appropriate text, "Were we silent the very stones would cry out," the central tower, perhaps too hastily built by Remigius, fell with the crash of an earthquake, shaking the very foundation of the building. Many thought the end of the world had come, but the strong-nerved canon, quite unmoved, continued to thunder forth his sermon against the enemies of the peacemakers. This tower Bishop Grosteste (1237-54) rebuilt, and also the east tower. D'Alderby added the wooden spire, Lexington and Oliver Sutton the beautiful angel choir, Alnwick the great west window, Wren the pagan Doric cloister, the James the First clergy the big bell of the central tower.

Grosteste, the prelate who partly rebuilt the central tower, was almost as great a man as Roger Bacon, of whom he was a contemporary (Henry the Third). He seems to have been at once a reformer, a logician, a theologian, a linguist, a poet, and a philosopher. He was one of the first English scholars to study Aristotle in the original Greek, and one of the pioneers in Hebrew learning. He did not reach such a height of learning as Roger Bacon, who seems to have had more than foreshadowings both of steam and gunpowder, but he believed in the possibility of transmuting metals, as Bacon did, and he, no doubt,

laboured hard, as Bacon did, at the discovery of machinery. The mediæval legend, indeed, was that like the "Doctor Mirabilis," the great Franciscan monk of Oxford, Grosteste constructed a metal head that would answer questions, though whether it fell and smashed out of vexation at not being questioned at the proper nick of time is not, we believe, recorded. Richard de Bardney, indeed, boldly asserts that the fragments of Grosteste's talking bronzed head, of which Gower sings, are still hidden somewhere in the vaults of Lincoln; would that we could find and put together the bits, and our first question to the bronze head should be:

"When are women going to dress sensibly?"

There is also a legend of St. Hugh, bishop in part of Henry the Third's reign.

At the death of this holy man the unseen world trembled with such sympathy that

> "A' the bells o' merrie Lincoln
> Without men's hands were rung;
> And a' the books o' merrie Lincoln
> Were read without men's tongue;
> And ne'er was such a burial
> Sin' Adam's days begun."

There is a legend at Canterbury not unlike this, for the bells there rang of their own accord when Becket fell before the altar; and Mr. Walcott observes that at Cœur de Lion's coronation the bells at Westminister were, the monks report, rung by angel hands

in first peal at Compline; so lie hatches lie in the Papal oven. This same St. Hugh has a chantry chapel all to himself in the south-west corner of the east aisle of the choir transept. In 1280 (Edward the First), he was translated to the presbytery where John the Baptist's altar was, and where the angel choir strike for ever their golden harps. The king, the queen, the archbishop, seven prelates, and six abbots led the procession at this translation.

But the crow's readers must not confound this honoured man with the other hero of Lincoln cathedral legends, namely, Sir Hugh, that little boy whom, it was firmly believed, some wicked Jews trepanned as he was playing, and crucified him in secret, in ridicule of the great mystery of our Christian faith. There is some basis for the legend; but in the times of persecution that are so well sketched in "Ivanhoe," Jews were suspected of endless iniquities, and anything was believed against the poor sufferers of the "wandering foot and weary eye." True or not true, however, still long live Sir Hugh, for he gave rise to one of Chaucer's beautiful tales, and to the old Percy ballad:

> "The bonny boys of merry England
> Were playing at the ba,'
> And wi' them stood the sweet Sir Hugh,
> The sweetest of them a'."

The same story is related of a Sir William at Nor-

wich. It is not improbable that the Asiatic blood of the Jew was sometimes roused to a white heat by the ceaseless injustice and cruelties he had to endure, and then, with the revenge, some Israelitish fanatics might not impossibly blend bitter mockery of the great stumbling-block to Jewish belief. At all events the slander was a good weapon for the Front-de-Bœufs and Brian de Bois-Gilberts of that day, who were longing for the bezants and golden pieces locked up in the Jewish chests. It is certain that the Jews at Lincoln were nearly as wealthy as those of York. The Steep Hill Lincoln people still show the house (late Norman) of Beleset de Wallingford, a rich Jewess, who was hanged in the reign of Edward the First for clipping and sweating money.

There are, too, at Lincoln, as there are at Rouen, legendary windows. The Lincoln story windows are the two roses (each twenty-four feet in diameter) in the central lantern that shoots up one hundred and twenty-seven feet from the pavement. At Roslin the story is told of pillars, here of windows, somewhere in Germany of bells. Everywhere the same central idea for the kernel of the myth. The despised Cinderella of an apprentice thinks and toils till he produces a window richer and brighter than that of his master. The master, returning and seeing it, slays the apprentice in a paroxysm of jealous rage and hatred.

The best judges say the Lincoln rose is the most

perfect and valuable window in England, but we do not remember if it surpasses the Rouen "Marygolds." But perhaps the most wonderful relic at Lincoln of past time is that conundrum in stone, the *Centenarian Beam*, an instance of the almost supernatural ingenuity and daring originality of the old Gothic architects, only equalled by the triangular bridge at Crossland. It is formed of twenty-three blocks of stone adjoining the two towers. The stones (of unequal size), are eleven inches in depth. The beam is twenty-nine and a quarter feet long, twenty-one inches broad, twenty-one inches in diameter at each end, and only twelve inches in the centre. This strange vibrating bow of elastic stone, *cemented solely by lateral pressure*, was designed to exactly and for ever gauge the settlement of the towers. It seems the work of a magician, so extraordinary is its ingenuity. Surely good Bishop Grosteste's bronze head must have disclosed it to the wise and pious builder. By-the-by, the bronze and brazen heads of Grosteste and Roger Bacon were no doubt merely heads of Roman or Greek statues, which had become favourite ornaments of the philosopher's studies.

The Lives of the Bishops of Lincoln form a History of England in themselves. A few of them are interesting, and the crow takes them in rude sequence. Remigius, the first Norman prelate, was the priest who urged William the Conqueror to record his gratitude for the

crowning victory of Hastings by creating Battle Abbey. He built a hospital for lepers at Lincoln, and is said to have fed one thousand poor persons daily for three months in every year. Robert Blovet, the second Norman bishop, fell dead at Woodstock as he was riding with Henry the First. The successor of Blovet was chief justice of England, and is celebrated for rousing Stephen's jealousy by building three castles, and pleasing the monks by rearing four monasteries. St. Hugh, who came two prelacies afterwards, was borne to his grave by King John of England and William of Scotland, who happened to be at Lincoln when the sainted body arrived. Ascetic Hugh might have been, but he certainly was a fanatic, for he dug up the body of poor Fair Rosamond, and cast it out of Godstow nunnery, to which she had been a benefactress. Presently arrived Grosteste, who is said to have written two hundred works (many still in manuscripts, and no enterprising publisher as yet even looming in the distance), and whose hatred of interloping Italian priests led to his excommunication by the Pope. Grosteste's apparition, according to the learned Bale, appeared to Pope Innocent at Naples, but why or with what result has not reached us. There is a ghost story, too, about Henry Burghersh, a bishop (Edward the Second); after plundering oxen and stealing poor men's land, his repentant ghost used subsequently to haunt Tinghurst Common,

not mitred, but in outward semblance of a green verderer, till the Lincoln canons made restitution, and laid the perturbed and restless spirit. But we have forgotten Robert de Chisney, the prodigal young Norman (died 1167), who, in compensation for having impaired the revenues of the diocese, built nearly all the palace at Lincoln and the episcopal house at Lincoln's-Inn. Then there was Fleming, founder of Lincoln College, Oxford, who threw Wycliffe's ashes into the Swift to be carried round the world; Chadetton, who preached a sermon against marriage at Cambridge, in which he compared a good wife to an eel hid in a barrel of snakes; Barlow, whom the Puritans called "the barley loaf;" Sanderson (Charles the First), the last bishop who wore a moustache; Barlow the second, nicknamed Bishop of Buckden, because he never once visited the cathedral; and, last of all to deserve record, facetious Bishop Thomas, who married five times.

And now a word about poor cracked Great Tom, the third largest bell in England. The verger may well call it, in punning slang, "a stunner," for it weighs four tons fourteen hundredweight, holds four hundred and twenty-four gallons ale measure, and has a mouth seven yards and a half and two inches wide. A tall man, Southey says graphically, might stand upright in it.

The "mighty Tom" of Oxford, however, over-

weighs Lincoln by three tons, the Exeter Goliath by two tons, and "Tom Growler," the giant of St. Paul's, by one ton. Canterbury, Gloucester, and Beverley rank after these four mammoths. Lincoln Tom was always too big for the tower; but it used to swing out over the fens when the judges entered the city. It only dates back to the eighth year of James the First, and it was cast in the minster yard, so it has never travelled far.

And now, though faithfully believing that the cathedral was made expressly for his perch, the crow strikes eastward towards Horncastle and Tennyson's country. Here are "the glooming flats"—"the lonely poplars trembling in the dusk"—and here in the dark fen the oxen low as round Mariano's moated grange. A lane at Winceby, up in the rounded wolds, five miles east of Horncastle, is still called "Slash Lane," a record of a "short, sharp fight," as Mr. Walter White tersely calls it, during the Civil Wars. Sir Ingram Hopton's cavalry met Cromwell's here. It went hard with Oliver, whose charger was shot under him as he led the van of the Ironsides full plunge. He had scarcely struggled from the dying horse, when a Cavalier (probably Sir Ingram) felled him again; but Cromwell shook himself straight, mounted another horse, and routed the Rakehells.

It was all over in half an hour. Charles's men

were chivied down the lane, and shot and cut down at every hedge and gate. Many were drowned in the ditches and quagmires, and Sir Ingram was slain with the rest. He now lies in Horncastle Church, and is described in his epitaph as having fallen "in the attempt of seizing the arch-rebel in the bloody skirmish near Winceby." This storm cleared the air, for immediately after the mêlée in Slash Lane, Bolingbroke Castle surrendered to the Parliamentarians, and Lincolnshire was freed from the king's freebooters.

Rounded breadths of wold, a blue wavering horizon, thin starvling hedgerows, and on a dim purple hill, the dark pile of Lincoln, past Spilsby, where the father of Sir John Franklin was a small draper, brings the crow to Somersby, where our great modern poet was born. It is described as a warm wooded vale; a streamlet meandering by a mill, a curving road overshadowed by trees, a deep lane with grand trees, and a clear spring reflecting the ferns that edge its brink, border the hill on which the vicarage of the poet's father stands. It is a comfortable, plain, not picturesque house, screened from the road by large chestnut-trees. There are the poplars behind the house, and the brook of which the laureate sings with such tender affection, in his Ode to Memory:

> "Come from the woods that belt the grey hill side,
> The seven elms, the poplars four,
> That stand beside my father's door,

And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,
In every elbow and turn,
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.
O ! hither lead thy feet—
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds,
When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud,
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud."

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEEDS AND YORK TO ROKEBY.

FROM the baldest and highest point of Mickle Fell, the crown of Yorkshire, the crow with twinkling eye surveys the great county, half as large as Holland, which he is about to traverse on his swift way to his final roosting place on the tower of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The bird, who writes with feathers from his own wing, sees beneath him, small as dolls' houses, those great ruins of Rievaulx, Fountain's Kirkstall, Bolton, and Jorevaulx. The castles of Knaresborough, Pontefract, Skipton, York, Richmond, and Scarborough, wake up the old bird's memory of the days of the Cliffords and Mowbrays, the Lacys and the Scropes, names that still make the heart of a true Yorkshireman beat with a warmer and a fuller pulse. Yorkshire Dr. George Hickes in a sermon once called "the epitome of England," the birthplace and nursery of many great men." The eastern cliffs, ramparts washed by the German Ocean,

the bracing moors and fells, the green and laughing vales, the great seething manufacturing cities, smoking like witches' caldrons, and larded with spikes of factory chimneys, lie before the crow and threaten to alternately tempt him from the even tenor of his flight. Those fair rivers, the Humber, the Wharfe, the Nid, and the Derwent, stretch far beneath his airy perch, their silver chains clues to the labyrinth he has to traverse.

First he descends through clouds of smoke and steam, and alights on the black shore of the sable and Acherontic river Aire. He is in Leeds, that paradise of clothiers, that murky Eden of woollen manufacturers. The street and market talk is of swandowns, twill nets, and kerseymeres, and of shoddy also. Half the wool of the West Riding comes to the thousand busy and sinewy Yorkshire hands that force wool into new and higher forms in the good town of Leeds. No wonder, then, that the poor Saxon hamlet belonging to six humble thanes, who employed upon ten carucates of land and six oxgangs, twenty-seven hardfisted villanes, and four sokemen with fourteen ploughs, has increased. These twenty-seven poor families (two hundred and seventy souls *circa*) have grown to one hundred and fifty-two thousand three hundred and thirteen, having, indeed, almost trebled since 1801: in fact, ever since the Yorkshire manufacturers began to conquer the west country

clothiers and surpass their produce, the trade throve, and grew fast, as this single fact will show. The woollen cloth manufactured in the West Riding from 1812 to 1821, was four million five hundred and twenty-one thousand seven hundred and forty-two pieces.

Those delightful puzzle-headed old gentlemen, the antiquaries, always seeing too much in simple things, sometimes too little in difficult things, have tied up the etymology of Leeds in a pretty knot. That sound old scholar Thoresby of Leeds, said Leeds meant "the town in the wood," but then nearly all British towns that were not in bogs were in woods. Some say Leeds was a British chief, and others, equally noisy and not a whit less obstinate, that Leeds was the name of some German town used by the Saxon conquerors as an appellation for the Yorkshire village. Doctor Gibson, scornfully ignoring his predecessors, says Leod (Leeds) means *gens* or *natio*, and indicates the populousness of Leeds during the Heptarchy; while Doctor Whitaker, turning his back on almost everybody but posterity, declares, with a simplicity subversive of all Pickwickian investigators, that Leeds is merely the genitive case of Lord, the first Saxon possessor of the fourteen ploughs, the church and the mill, besides the useful but now sooty Aire.

During the Civil Wars, when the Scropes and the

Fairfaxes were shouting their rival battle cries, Leeds was nearly always Parliamentarian. There had not been much fighing on the banks of the Aire from 655 till 1643, a pretty good interval for refreshment. True, Pendar, the hoary Pagan tyrant, in his time slew three East Anglian and two Northumbrian kings (such as they were), and at last fell in a great rout of his Mercians on the shores of the overflowing Aire, twenty of his vassal chieftains perishing with him on the field or in the flood. At last the war fever had seethed up again once more in the veins of the staunch men of the West Riding. The storm soon broke. In January, 1643 (Charles raised his standard in 1642), Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, marched on the clothiers' town with six troops of horse, three companies of dragoons, one thousand musketeers, and two thousand club men from Bradford. Sir William Saville, the Royalist commandant, returning a haughty answer to the summons to surrender, Sir Thomas marched straight at the town with colours flying, beating the garrison from their outworks and killing their cannoneers. The storm lasted two hours, at the end of which Fairfax, followed by Sir Henry Fowlis and Captain Forbes, hewed his way into the town, taking five hundred prisoners and two brass cannons with good store of ammunition. Sir William Saville fled, and got safely across the Aire, but his sergeant-major, Beaumont, was

drowned in trying to follow his leader. The Puritains only lost twenty or thirty men in the short but hot assault.

Briggate and Kirkgate then remained tolerably quiet till 1647, when the Scotch army having generously surrendered King Charles to the Parliament he loved so much, the rueful king passed through Leeds a prisoner. It was on that occasion, when Charles was lodged at the Red Hall, that that good man, John Harrison, the great Leeds merchant, nobly came

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shone upon,"

and coaxing and forcing his way through the sullen and morose musketeers, knelt, and with bowed head, presented his majesty with what he smilingly called "a tankard of right home-brewed excellent ale." The guards, sympathising with the gift, and seeing its harmlessness, withdrew; but when the surprised king lifted the lid of the great silver flagon, lo! and behold, the vessel was brimming with yellow gold pieces, which the royal gentleman in trouble, with his usual craft, took care to instantly stow away in his big pockets, dismissing the kindly giver with a gracious smile. The window is (we believe) still shown—it is on the north side, on the extreme right of the second storey. The husband of a female servant, who offered to help the king that night to escape, was,

after the Restoration, appointed, by a not too grateful monarch, the king's chief bailiff in Yorkshire; and growing rich, he built for his disport Crosby House, in Upperhead Row. Poor old Alderman Harrison's lot fell in other places, for the sequestrators vexed and robbed him, and confiscated his estates. He died in 1652, at a ripe age, and was interred in his own orchard, on the site of the present Kirkgate market, but his honoured body was afterwards lifted and removed to gloomy St. John's Church, and a portrait of the worthy philanthropist, who rebuilt the Leeds Grammar School, and founded St. John's Hospital in the same town, now hangs, a palladium of the city, in the Council Room of the Grand Town Hall: but Thorseby has another version of the story. The Red Hall (a house so consecrated to those strange folk who idolize the memory of a hopelessly faithless king) stands near the West Bar, in Upperhead Row. It was built by Mr. Thomas Metcalf, a Leeds Alderman, in 1628 (early Charles the First), and it derived its name from being the first large house in the town built of brick. Richard Thornton, the learned Recorder of Leeds, lived there in worthy Thoresby's time.

That great Leeds antiquary gives a more graphic version of the old Carolan legend. He says, Charles at the time was in the hand of the Scots, and on his way from Newark to Newcastle; so far the worthy

old gentleman errs exceedingly. While the king was at Red Hall, a zealous maid-servant of Alderman Metcalf's entreated the king to change clothes with her and so escape; she promised, if he did, to lead him in the dark out of the garden door into a back alley, called Land's Lane, and thence to a friend's house, who would forward him safely to France.

The obstinate king, however, declined the offer of the generous woman with thanks, and gave her a token (the legend says the Garter, which is unlikely, saying that if it were never in his own power, on sight of that token his son would hereafter reward her. After the Restoration the woman's husband built Crosby House, in Upper Head Row.

Before the crow dismisses good Mr. Thoresby, that admirable and laborious antiquary and his tomb in St. Peter's, let him cull one or two choice notes of that worthy's upon Leeds memorabilia; and first a note on Leeds strength (1648—1725). He mentions Ralph Dinsdale, a cloth-worker, who, vexed at the carrier complaining that a certain pack of cloth would break his horses' back, lifted it up and carried it easily as a Hercules, from Alderman Ibbotson's house to the churchyard. He also records the strength of Mr. Thomas Smalwood, a chaplain in the Parliamentary army, who, to outbrave the soldiers, would sometimes lift at arm's length three pikes (fourteen

feet long, tied together). A note of memory, too—one Miss Dorothy Dixon, of Hunslet Lane, when a child was able to remember nearly a whole sermon, "letter perfect," as actors say. Of swiftness—Edmund Preston, the Leeds butcher, could run twice round Chapelton Moor (a four mile course) in fourteen minutes. It was roughly calculated that three thousand pounds had been won by this man's heels. This hare-foot died (in 1700) at last of a wound received from a stake as he was skipping over a hedge after some stray sheep. Of strange sympathies—a note of one Mr. Thomas Sharp, who died at Leeds in 1693. At the very hour of his dissolution, a distant friend and townsman of his fell into a bitter agony of tears and vehement passion of apprehension, so that he could not continue to dress himself, but stood naked till he could send a messenger to inquire for the sick man. Impatient of the messenger's return, he hastened after him, and found Mr. Sharp just dead, and the shroud not yet wrapped round him. Two notes of longevity. One Mr. Thomas Bernard, of Leeds, fifty years old when he married, had eighteen children, rode briskly to hunting when he was above a hundred, and could then read without spectacles.

But we may have too much even of old Thoresby, so the crow, launching from the top of the domed tower of the Town Hall, which only wants

"just a something" to rival the great Hôtel de Ville of Flanders, pushes on over moor and valley for the city of York, rising crowned by its triple tiara of minster towers, above the Ouse and Foss, nearly midway between London and Edinburgh; from that tower the crow looks down greetingly on Severus's Hills and many a fertile field of pasture. The warlike Scots, with even then a strong tendency southward, besieged this city in the reign of Severus, aided by the Britons (208) under a Scythian leader. (Heaven only knows how a Russian or a Tartar general ever got promoted to such a post in those days). The Emperor Severus, however, though old and gouty, drove the wasps off with his cohorts, who then marched into Scotland, cutting down forests, making roads, and draining marshes as they moved. The march, however, is said to have cost him fifty thousand men, for the Scotch even then never gave any one more than two shillings for half-a-crown, and were stubborn, shoulder to shoulder, canny, hard to beat kind of bodies. Severus then turned the eighty miles of earth rampart that the Emperor Hadrian had made (he also had lived at York) into stone from the Solway Firth to Wallsend, where coals were then scarcely sufficiently appreciated. On a second revolt of the Scots, the old emperor vowed, like Edward the First, their entire extermination, but death stopped him at the very threshold of the

Palace of Eboracum (York). Feeling his blood chilling at the source, worn by long Syrian and Caledonian campaigns, he called to his bedside his two evil sons, Geta the dog, and Caracalla the wolf. "I leave you, my sons," he said, "a firm government, though I found the republic torn and disturbed; cherish the legions." Then to his attendants the Cæsar said: "I have been all, and yet am no better for it." It was Solomon's bitter sigh of "vanity of vanities" over again. He next called for the golden urn in which his ashes were to be conveyed to Rome, and earnestly looking at it said, "Thou shalt soon hold what the whole world could scarcely contain." Soon after he calmly departed, meeting King Death as a king should meet a king. The body of the Roman emperor was burnt on a great pile of wood on one of those three hills near Holdgate, that the crow has already fixed his keen eye on. After the old man's death there was hideous work at the city on the Ouse, for discord sowed envy and hatred in the hearts of the brothers, and Caracalla (the stronger and more evil spirit of the two, fearing Geta and the army) massacred twenty thousand of his adherents in the ranks, and, led by the devil from bad to worse, ended by stabbing Geta in his mother's arms.

Now the crow, taking a bold flight over centuries, alights on a later scene of tragic horror, which

Shakespeare has painted in Rembrandt's manner. Those blood-thirsty Wars of the Roses culminated in that terrible day of retaliation at York in 1460. The pretender to the crown unwisely allowed himself, in all the reckless arrogance of his nature, to be shut up in his castle of Sandal with only six thousand men at arms, while the Duke of Somerset, a king's man, beleagued him with eighteen thousand. York's faithful old counsellor, Sir David Hale, entreated his master not to venture forth in the open till joined by his son (afterwards Edward the Fourth) with reinforcements; but Queen Margaret's insults and sneers, that it was disgraceful to a man who aspired to a crown to be shut up in a castle, and by a woman, were not to be borne by a proud self-willed man.

"Hast thou loved me so long," he said, "and wouldst thou have me now dishonoured? Thou never sawest me keep fortress when I was regent in Normandy. No; like a man I always issued forth and fought mine enemies, and ever to their loss and my own honour. Yes, I will fight them, Davy, though I fight them alone."

The Duke then marched out, and drew up his small army on Wakefield Green. The Duke of Somerset came to meet him in three divisions, himself in the centre, Lord Clifford on the left, and the Earl of Worcester on the right. The Duke of York began by a bull-like rush straight at the heart of his

enemies, but they outflanked him, and lapped him in with a flood of swords, lances, and axes. The fight was hand to hand—the hatred embittered by past mutual cruelties. A priest, the tutor to the Earl of Rutland, York's second son, escaped from the mêlée, and hurried to Wakefield; but cruel Clifford, observing the lad's rich dress, spurred after him, and on the bridge overtook him and the priest.

"Save him!" cried the good monk; "he is the son of a prince, and may do you good hereafter."

"Son of York!" shouted the savage Lancastrian, whose own son had been slain at the battle of St. Albans; seizing the boy by the hair, "thy father slew mine, child, and so will I thee and all thy kin," and he stabbed him to the heart. The Duke of York, also, was dragged to a mound and placed on it in mockery as on a throne. The soldiers twisted a crown of grass, and paying him derisive homage, shouted,

"Hail king without a kingdom! Hail prince without a people!"

Then they forced him on his knees and struck off his head. This gory and hideous trophy Clifford stuck on a lance, and with his own hands presented to the she-wolf Margaret, saying with a bitter laugh,

"Madame, your war is done; here is the ransom of your king."

The pale head was then decked with a paper crown, and, by order of Margaret of Anjou, and amid the ruthless laughter of her courtiers, placed over the inside of Micklegate Bar, with the heedless face turned towards the city. The Earl of Salisbury and other noblemen were sent to Pomfret and beheaded, and their heads also placed over the gates of York. About three thousand Yorkists fell in this bloody battle.

But nearly all that York has seen or done historically happened in the Minster, and the crow, on the highest tower, sits, as it were, in inquest over the coronation place of many happy and unhappy kings. That chivalrous king married the faithful Philippa his Amazonian queen at this altar at which Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third both successively knelt almost directly they had donned their blood-stained crowns. Henry the Seventh came here, and so did James the First; while, as for Charles, he made York his northern capital till Cromwell's cannon, at Marston Moor, shattered his last hopes. A church has stood, where the fair Minster now rises, ever since the Easter of 627, when Paulinus baptised the newly-converted Edwin, King of Northumberland, in a little wooden oratory hastily built for the occasion; the woodwork was soon replaced by stone. The Minster was partly destroyed by fire, once in 1069, then in 1829, and, lastly, in 1840, by the carelessness

of plumbers. The fire of 1829 was the work of a mad sailor, brother of Martin the painter. The religious madness of this man has been frequently described; but not the details of the crime, which it took sixty-five thousand pounds to partially remedy. Martin, who believed Heaven had sent visions to tell him to burn the Minster, where the prayers and sermons vexed him as mere forms, and not prayers of the heart, lodged with a shoemaker, whose house he left some days before the fire, saying he was going to reside at Leeds. The fire was on Monday morning; on the Saturday Martin suddenly returned to his old lodgings, to his landlord's surprise. Martin, however, told him that, having some of his books to sell in Tadcaster, he had settled to come on to York. He left on Sunday early, and did not return. He took with him from the old shoemaker a pair of pincers, which were afterwards found on a stool near the last window of the north transept, from which a knotted rope was hanging.

About a week afterwards Martin was taken at Hexham, in Northumberland. He confessed everything with amusing exultation and triumph. At evening service he had "laid down beside the Bishop"—that is, hidden himself behind the tomb of Archbishop Grenfield. He had heard the man come down from the belfry after ringing the bell for evening service; he went up there, and struck a light

with a flint and razor; he then cut off about a hundred feet of rope, and, being a sailor, soon constructed a scaling ladder, and went up, hand over hand, over the gates into the choir, where there was most woodwork for his purpose. He had taken care to bring a wax candle, tinder, and brimstone matches. When he got down into the choir, the madman fell on his knees and thanked God, but felt a voice say he would be caught, do what he would. The fringe and tassels from the pulpit and bishop's throne he carried off to prove the fire was his work, and also to adorn a hairy jacket he had at Lincoln. When he had torn up the prayer books and music books in heaps ready to light, he cried "Glory to God;" he told the magistrates, "I never felt so happy, but I had a hard night's work of it, particularly with a hungered belly." He regretted he could not save the big Bible, but he could not get it over the gates. What the Lord had given him for his hire he tied up in his handkerchief; and while he was doing so he kept shouting, "Glory to God!" so often and so loud, that he only wondered it was not heard outside. This mad sailor, who was confined as a lunatic, died in 1858. It is a curious fact that up to the time of his death, although expressly forbidden to draw the Minster or to write about it, he was always (with a madman's craft) sketching portions of it under pretence of making drawings of Kenilworth and other

ruins. To the last he believed that in a dream he had seen a cloud pass from the Minster to the shoemaker's shop where he lodged, and that he had seen an angel shoot an arrow through the Minster door. The great organ burst with a tremendous noise during this lamentable fire. All the choir carving was destroyed, and the tombs of Archbishop Sterne and Sharp were injured. The rood loft was burnt, with all the oak tabernacle work, and the celebrated screen between the choir and Lady Chapel had to be rebuilt. A curious old altar chair and the great brass eagle were saved, in spite of torrents of molten lead and falling rafters.

One of the greatest curiosities in the Minster is the horn of Ulphus, which is of ivory mounted in brass. It is preserved in a chapel on the south side of the choir, which is used as a vestry, museum, and registrar room. This Ulphus, the son of Toraldus, was a Danish chieftain, who ruled the west parts of Deira. A difference arising between his eldest and youngest son about the succession after his death, he adopted a plan to make their shares equal. He rode to York with his largest drinking horn, and, filling it with wine, went on his knees before the altar, and bestowed upon God and the blessed Saint Peter all his lands, tenements, and wealth. There is property to the east of York which in old deeds still bears his name. This horn was stolen in the reign

of Elizabeth, but restored to the church by one of the Fairfaxes, shorn however of its precious settings. It was remounted by the Dean and Chapter in 1675 (Charles the Second). There is in this chapel also a curious pastoral staff of silver given by Queen Catherine to her confessor when nominated Catholic Archbishop of York by James the Second. It is said that when marching insolently in procession to the Minster, the Earl of Danby confronted him, and wresting the new sceptre from the Pretender's hand, gave it to the Dean and Chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SCARBOROUGH. (ONE POINT OF VIEW.)

I.

A STROLLING band (a cheery hopeful horn, a restless and merry violin, a deep-voiced mellow bass viol, and a flute that whistles like a jolly blackbird) welcomes us to Scarborough, the night of our arrival at Crowther's. We are also reminded of where we are by the hoarse marine cry of "Native oyster—fresh native oyster—OYSTER ALIVE." The cry befits the windy and fitful moonlight of a rough September night, and we are comforted by hearing that the oyster of the neighbourhood is as well as can be expected. His friend and cousin, the retiring crab, is evidently not nearly so thriving and vivacious, for a second nautical Yorkshire voice, with no upper notes to mention, announces to us presently that there are passing our doors "Crabs, fresh-boiled crabb-a!"

We look out from our lofty window at Scarborough Bay, which shines like fluid silver in the moonlight,

while half a dozen herring-boats, each with a speed of light hung like a talisman somewhere about it, ride at anchor sleepily on the bright, placid tide. The bright ring of lamps on the esplanade circles the southern cliff like an outspread necklace of gold, to which the double row of light on the Spa Terrace forms a sort of centre pendant; above rises the dark flat-topped whale's back of Oliver's Hill, the old mount from whence grim Cromwell once bombarded Scarborough, and sent his angry shot bounding and crashing into those narrow steep streets that climb up from the sea towards the castle.

Hark! 'twas the Indian drum! What means that cang-bang, as of showmen perpetually going to begin—are we in Benares? Is this Jubbelpore or Sulipatam, and are the festivals commencing in the Hindoo temples, by order of Kehama the Accursed? O dear no! That is Mouther's private hotel gong calling the Mouther world to tea, that brazen bray that replies to it defiantly is Crowther's, lower down, resolved to also advertise its meals and the crowded state of its apartments, which, full or not, are equally kept lit up at night, on the principle that fires are kept burning in a camp the night it is deserted. Mowther's people despise Crowther's because "private hotel and boarding-house" is painted in vulgar, staring, large letters over their first-floor windows; and Mouther's people do not think much of Crow-

ther's, because they have no seats of their own in the terrace garden, and, what is more despicable, no croquet-ground. Moreover, Madre Mouther is musical, and so are the Miss Mouthers, especially Louisa, the blonde, the second, who wears a blue snood and blue "suivez-moi jeune homme," that flutter in the evening breeze as, at the piano, by the open window, she nightly sings, surrounded by admirers, till we, the Crowther set, who only venture on Tommy Dodd and low comic tunes, almost burst with envy.

We go out on the north cliff, and look at the grey pile of castle ruin rising on the hill, like a blinded Samson, old and shattered, but still invincible and defiant. The moon is hidden now by a cloud, and one star only shines above us. Look below there, at the very edge of the wet sand, just where the edge of foam is receding, there stands a white lady, a pale phantom figure, like a ghost on the shore, waiting fixedly for some phantom ship. No, after all, it is only the reflection of that lone star on the wet sand. Well, we have seen worse ghosts than that. Latest birth of Folly, here comes a bicycle; a tall-legged stork upon it is standing over it on tiptoe —misguided man. The moment he puts his feet on the wheel supports away he is borne—a self-tormented Mazeppa. On he rolls, and over he topples time after time, to the open scorn of our vendor of the lively oyster. At last, in sheer compassion, two friends

of the misguided Phaeton hold him ignominiously on, one on each side, a volunteer watches him contemptuously behind, and he is conveyed home, for this time, without the broken leg he seems to so ardently covet. Those two lovers on the seat looking seaward, with their faces so near together, do not turn to mark the ignominious retreat of the bicyclist, and probably would not look round if half Scarborough was to suddenly blaze up like a vesuvian.

II.

I awake early and thrust my head out of the open window at Crowther's, to see if everything is where it was. Queen Ocean has three deep lace flounces of foam to her gown. The ruined castle is hid in a sunny mist. One sail a bright tan turns reddish yellow in the sunshine; beyond scatter other sails, black in the foreground and growing to mere specks, greyer and dimmer as they recede more and more towards Flamborough Head. What are those dark spots like black corks, washing about down there in the spray? Are they flies or men's heads?—those are the hardy bathers of Scarborough. All the amusements are already mustered on the parade; the Hindoo with tracts; the blind beggar, whose unsympathising dog holds in his mouth a tin for pence; the blue-coated, tow-haired frowsy German band; the boy with fuzees and the Scarborough Gazette done up in pink wrappers; the garrulous old

Italian with a big nose that quivers when he walks, and the monkey in a plaid tunic that plays the tambourine. I get up and find Mouther's set are watching with dignity the little caricature of man gnawing at an apple, while Crowther's people, in their hearty, vulgar way, are preparing a handful of nuts to throw him when he comes to their steps. The proprietor of the performing birds is making slowly towards us with his cage of canaries and little green averdavats, and I hear the pop of the little gun that announces the execution of that old offender, the deserter. Down below in the foam is one of Crowther's lot, that vulgar man with the accent from Bradford (tallow-chandler, the wicked wit at Mouther's suggests, he's so very partial to dips) out wading breast high in the green water, like a Polyphemus pursuing Acis; while the bathing-machine proprietor dashes along the shore on his pony as if rushing off for a lifeboat. A large concourse on the pier head watch with interest the struggler with the elements, while a resolute angler fishes stolidly for haddock, as if he was never to have a meal unless he drew it from the sea.

Fresh humbug of Mouther's reported this morning: four servants and a tiger in plum colour (who makes open fun of the whole thing) are just sent out to the meadow at the end of the cliff to pretend to shake carpets and attract attention. Better have a van at once and distribute bills, Crowther's faction says, the

object evidently being to show that they keep a boy in buttons, and are getting ready rooms for fresh arrivals, when, in very truth, half their rooms are, to Mrs. Crowther's positive knowledge, at this moment stark empty. Mrs. C. can't abide such nasty mean ways, but it was always so with the Mouthers, stuck-up, false things! Now as we have friends at both houses, we hear all that is said. That stony man with the black whiskers (large way of business at Huddersfield) who walks about with the eldest Mouther, says that the people at Crowther's look like illustrations to a book of the last fifteen years' fashions, while the funny man at Crowther's calls Mouther's a place where they give lessons in gentility. The two houses walk about like Montagues and Capulets, biting their thumbs at each other, and if swords were still in fashion, I have no doubt blood would be shed.

There is one quiet and changeless amusement always in vogue at Scarborough. In fact, it is not so much the custom as the religion of this and of other sea-side places. They do the same at Scalyton: you sit down facing the sea, and look steadily seaward till you get giddy and sleepy; you then walk long enough to clear yourself from this feeling, and then sit down and stare vacantly again. Red-faced farmers, bilious business men, merry school girls, old country women in poke bonnets, young dandies—

every one does it. Most of these contemplators would exhaust the sea (mentally I mean) in three minutes. They observe it is blue, and level, with sunny gleams on it here and there, that some white-winged gulls flicker over it like large white butterflies; they know that it has illimitable power of getting angry, and in its wrath of devouring man, and there they end, but still magnetised by its irresistible fascination they sit there day after day, as if they were trying to write something to rival Byron's Address to the Ocean. The custom may tend slightly to idiotcy, but in other respects it is a rational and healthy custom enough.

As I walk round to the castle cliff, where the big gun from Sebastopol is, I find an old lame fisherman leaning on it and gazing wistfully seaward. I ask him if that is a collier out yonder. He says "Yes," with an air of surprise at any landsman knowing a collier so far off. I explain to him I mean the vessel out there by the pier (five miles nearer than where he means). He shifts his ground grimly, and rather scornfully, at this. Lord! he meant that speck out ever so far. (I try, but I can't see it at all, and go down to zero at once in my own estimation.) I ask my mariner (to carry the thing off), if it is a good day for fishing. Never was a better, he says: would I like his boat? He's got plenty of bait ready. The day was fine, with a little white feather on the sea,

the breakers crashing along the shore in rolling diapasons. It might be a good day for a strong constitution, but not for Joseph. Since that I have had reason to suspect it was not so good a day. The day after I asked the same question. The wind was then furious, raging demoniacally, spiteful in the matter of chimney-pot hats. I was then also informed it was a first-rate day, and safe for mackerel. A third day it rained violently—even that day, too, was pronounced perfect; now, as the days could not all be perfect, I am inclined to think that not one of them was, and that if Youth had been at the prow, Nausea would certainly have been at the helm.—These are Mouther's set going out now, all in yachting dress—it's a show off, Crowther's people say, they always come back ill. Do you hear that crash, as if Heaven's door had been slammed against us for ever? That is thunder. The Mouthers will just have got comfortably out to sea. Serve them right, growls Crowther, who is what his friends call a plain sort of man; but though I certainly esteem him, I must confess that, for my own part, I set him down long ago as decidedly ugly.

III.

Bathing! There again, the Mouther set, who break every law human and divine, troop off smirking and philandering almost directly after breakfast,

when everybody knows it as much as one's life is worth to bathe within two hours of any meal. Every one at Crowther's expects that some day the whole lot will go off in simultaneous apoplexy, and have to be skimmed off the water just as you skim flies out of a beer-glass. They dabble and shiver about, but I'll just give you an idea of how they suffer. The other day I went to bathe and had to wait until an invisible gentleman in No. 32 had done dressing. I stood kicking the sand about for an endless time; at last the bathing man said,

"I think I'd knock, sir," so I did; a feeble wavering voice answered,

"In a moment."

Presently the door slowly opened, and a blue shivering jelly of a woe-begone man, looking a pale image of alarm and nervousness, stammeringly articulates,

"Would you be kind enough to button my braces, sir, my hands are so benumbed: I've been half an hour trying to do them. Ain't it cold."

"Button your braces," I said; "why, my dear sir, if it would have made you quicker, I would have dressed you altogether."

I saw that man afterwards on the Terrace shrinking home to Mouther's. He was never his own man again, and after all he went off (just like Mouther's people) without paying for his last six bathing tickets.

Now improper bathing may benumb a man, but it doesn't make him forget to pay for his bathing tickets. The Crowther set are jolly, hearty, honest, rather vulgar people, who talk loud, dress anyhow, brag a good deal about cloth and iron, and Hoodersfield and Braaaadford, and hate fuss, sham, and pretension. Their wives are generally rather full faced, hard sturdy women, who speak their minds, and their daughters are hearty, pretty, strong, good-natured girls, who laugh loud, sing loud, and walk fast and far, delight in boating, and do not at all conceal their likes and dislikes. They are not afraid to show they enjoy themselves, they are fresh and natural, and have no affectation; but their dialect is detestable. The Crowther men are very hearty and sociable, and they are always meeting friends from "Hool," wherever you go with them. The other day I was bathing next a jolly sturdy Yorkshireman, the very image of Nicholas Nickleby's friend. He was buffeting with the waves about twenty yards from me, when all at once he made a dash at a little thin man two or three machines off, shouting,

"Why, Bowdler, what brought you from Hoodersfield, and how's t'old woman and t' little lad?"

"What, Hooddlestone!" piped the little whiskery man, puffing and blowing, and shaking hands with Bowdler. "O yes, we're all here, and there's Simpson

out there. Here, I say, Simpson man, here's Bowdler —come and shake hands with Bowdler."

So Bowdler swam up and shook hands too, and a very pleasant little chat the three North Riding men had, with the waves ten feet high breaking over their heads, or washing them every now and then apart as if they had been three corks. That's the Crowther's style. One of Mouther's lot, if Bowdler had tackled him, would have yaw-yawed, and paddled back to his machine to get his eye-glass, or his opera-glass, or telescope, to make sure Bowdler was Bowdler, and not his tailor or his man milliner, or some other such interesting well-wisher. What a stupendous fool I am! Here I have been afraid to bathe for a whole week because of the cold, and I declare if the water isn't delightfully fresh, and without a sting. How like this is to many other of our foolish apprehensions. How often a big threatening vessel looms in our offing, a fire-ship, portentous, alarming. At last, when we muster courage, and pull out and board it, it proves a mere phantom ship, that melts into air before our advancing oars.

"Always is warm, sir, after the night's been rough," says the machine proprietor.

I long to know the scientific reason for this phenomenon, but like a fool again I am ashamed to ask, so I say, "I suppose so," which veils my ignorance. I presume the sea beats itself warm just as a cabman

warms his hands by striking himself on the chest; and yet that hardly seems to bring one much nearer to an adequate explanation.

Bathing at Scarborough is bathing indeed. A cold plunge—but here another of the Mouther's nasty ways strike me. The young men there always go out in a boat to take what they call "a header," and as they can't swim, not one man Jack of them, they are fished up by the man in the boat one by one, just as you'd draw a conger-eel or a drowning puppy on board. "It's just like their bragging way; a bathing machine isn't good enough for them, oh, of course not," says Mr. Crowther, (but this is an episode) —a plunge, I say, into a yielding mass of cold still sea-water is all very well as a bracer, but give me a breaking wave, heaving angrily, till it gathers its strength, then shrugging its shoulders, curls over and breaks into a foaming cataract over one's head. We set our shoulder to it, and the great flood of foam surges round us in harmless ferocity, and buffets us warm in a moment. Yes, that one blow on the chest sent fresh life to my heart. It was a great sparring match, and the sea drew first blood.

Why, good gracious, that bath was as much superior to bathing in a dead sea as sparkling Moselle is to still Hock. Wave after wave charges on me, but I stand firm as a Theban phalanx, and laugh at their impotent rage, I glow with all the dignity of man-

hood, and deride the element long ago conquered by the invincible biped. On coming out I try and educe from the bathing-machine man principles to guide me in bathing. His rule is simple and comprehensive.

"What I always say, sir, is, in and out again."

This principle, thought I, has at least one good point about it, it makes a bathing-machine useful to as many people as possible in a morning. As I jump down the steps of the bathing-machine and dance on the sands for sheer joy and redundancy of animal life, the lively sand is blowing over the beach like a flowing river, and the sand-hills below the cliffs are all a smoke with eddies of restless atoms. Great broad dark brown ribbons of glue-coloured sea-weed are washing into land; a pallid little crab is vainly trying to work home to his parish to secure a settlement, while a flabby star-fish, stranded half an hour ago, moves one of his rays in a feeble appeal to me (Levite that I am), as I pass recklessly by, denouncing aloud the blatant humbug of Mouther's gong that is thundering out from the cliff-top the summons to an indifferent and pretentious dinner.

IV.

An evening stereoscope. A Scarborough evening is full of pleasant contrasts. Hoarse, almost fierce cries of "Oyster, live oyster!" struck down by the sullen

tolling for a ritualistic service at which no one will be present. Lights in the old church by the castle, give effect to the crimson-robed saints and martyrs in the old blazoned windows. Invisible hands are decorating the kirk for a festival, when thanks will be returned to God for the abundant harvest. The bay glows a silver sea (only Mr. Poole could paint it), and the headlands are steeped in a moonlit mist that bathes also the whole bluff shoulder of the Castle Hill. The moon a moment ago had a great black-winged cloud stretching athwart it like a dusky eagle preparing to swoop on Ganymede. Then the eagle faded and the cloud thinned till it turned a mother-of-pearl colour, ambery in parts. Presently all these hues dissolve, and the great full bright moon swims out into an ocean of cloudless blue. The lamps on the North Pier are lighting, two by two, and cast golden hues and dark shadows on the sands below. Wafts of music arise from the southern bay, for there is to be a fête to-night at the Spa Garden, and the Spa terraces gleam already in golden lines, like a miniature Naples. "Rule Britannia? and so she do," as one of Crowther's people remarks to me. There are crowds of tremendously-dressed persons at the door of the Domdaniel Hotel, on the south side; they are all going to the fête. Ha! there they begin: whish! streams up a rocket high over the dark green woods that slope back from the sea. It

bursts over the sea in clusters of crimson and emerald fire, as if in mockery of the moon, that looks down with such clear and steadfast eye. The cold pride of Diana is in her gaze at our transient follies, our little fizzing fantastical pleasures. The gay crowd chatters and paces; presently a fitful explosion breaks out everywhere, it is a set piece. "Good night" appears in a thousand colours, the band blusters out "God save the Queen," and the gala is over.

The Mouther faction were all at the gala, but they shrank to nothing there; their second-hand airs and finery looked very insignificant beside the full-blown splendour of the Upper Ten. For once they were quite humble, and huddled together in a corner, the men sucking the ends of their walking-sticks, the women discussing the dresses, and for once they talked low. As I stroll back along the North Terrace, I look in and see the supper laid out at Mouther's, epergnes full of dingy muslin flowers, one epergne to every two people. The gong thunders. In they stream from the drawing-room, actually arm-in-arm (to supper, mind), that young wretch from Hull they make so much of leading in Miss Carry Mouther, the funny man following with Louisa. No nonsense of that kind at Crowther's; there the two old waiters just run out, touch your shoulder and tell you that "sooper's gone oop," and if after

supper Crowther sings "T' Coronation," or any special favourite of that kind, the two old waiters stand in the doorway and laugh with the best. A game of whist at Crowther's, a song from one or two of the younger ladies, then to bed. I look out and see the lights on the pier blown out one by one, the waves race underneath, and foam against the iron stilt-like legs of the pier, as much as to say, "Some day or other, when we are really hungry, we'll just make a mouthful of you, young gentlemen." The windows in the crescent fade out one by one. The street gaslights look lonely now. The sea plunges and roars as we go to sleep, further and further off, to a whisper—to nothing—for we have descended into Dreamland.

V.

A morning stereoscope at Scarborough. The cliff is all alive—children everywhere—rosy, plump, merry children, equipped with wooden spades, and toy-pails, and landing-nets; the sporting instinct strong with the elder boys—the boys in the knickerbockers. They are descending in great numbers the rude stairs that lead down to the sands. The green-roofed bathing-machines are wading in the sea, and several young ladies dressed as Banshees, with cascades of golden hair, are splashing each other and laughing; those pink spots out there are men

swimming. There is a pretty sight! a stalwart father, with the chest of Hercules, has got his little curly-headed boy on his shoulders, and they both are laughing and shouting in enjoyment of the fun. Now he is resting him on that great wallowing green buoy, and the urchin is screaming, half in fun, half in real alarm. That little blue-striped hut on the cliff is doing a lively business in pails, but no one buys the old tattered copies of the "Whole Duty of Man," and "Fox's Book of Martyrs," or those cornelians that are kept in pudding basins like so many plums. More humbug at Mouther's. There are three basket-carriages waiting at the door, each with its special Scarborough attraction; the little postillion in scarlet jacket and boots. Mouther does not want them, but he pays the boys to come there as if he did. "They'll be off directly, empty," Crowther says, as he growlingly arranges the coloured pebbles that firmly pave his garden walk. Crowther's are great people for pic-nics; they go in a waggonette jam full; a laughing, noisy, jolly party of all ages, and rattle off to Hackness and Forge Valley, as if the elder Harry was behind them. They also (much to Mouther's open scorn and contempt) are addicted to donkey-races on the sands. The great blue eye of the sea watches them with placid surprise. A donkey-race is perhaps a vulgar sort of amusement, but it certainly produces more laughter and

fun than any other race on any other animal as yet discovered. Bonnets are lost (they ain't much to lose, you know, now), shawls float away, ribbons scatter, girths break, saddles turn round, whips drop—it is a whirlwind of delight and clamour, for a donkey always goes too fast or else refuses to go at all. But, what the miserable Mouthers do, is to hire two or three stiff-legged, tall, spavined, hairy-hoofed, wooden hack horses, without mouths, and which they can't manage, and solemnly canter (or what they call canter) along the edge of the sands till their hour is up. It is well known to make Mrs. Crowther quite ill to see them. Their great object seems to be to ride as nearly over people as they can, without actually committing manslaughter.

Mouther's people, again, think it low to go down to the harbour to see the herring-boats come in, which is a pleasant and lively sight, for the sky to seaward, beheld from that great breakwater of Cyclopean stones, is always full of breezy Vandervelde and Bachhuysen effects, and is delicious in its fine sunny atmosphere and its great bosoming grey clouds, shifting to all colours, from white to rose and from purple to amber. It's been a rough night, and the decks of the herring-boats are sodden-salt with spray and speckled with silvery scales. The rugged, bearded men have their shiny-yellow sou'-westers pulled down over their brows, and their yellow

waterproofs come down as far as their great greasy boots, so that the Deluge itself would be a mere trifle to them. Rough lads thrust their heads up the hatchways, and lift out brimming baskets of fish. Yes, they did pull them in last night pretty tidy. The quay is covered with herrings, and women are measuring them off in baskets, and mixing them with coarse salt as they measure them. The great dark sails are lowering every moment a boat comes round the lighthouse corner with a shouting crew. In an hour cart-loads of red-brown nets will be stretching to dry over the green fields outside Scarborough, and nothing about the busy scene do I more like than to see the little fisherman's boy—sou'-wester, jersey-boots, the very miniature of his father—pulling at a tow rope, or, with great self-importance, carrying nets ashore. In him the baby and the hero are combined; the urchin, only just released from his mother's arms, has learnt to look death every night smilingly in the face, to despise storms, to laugh at reefs, and to rule the waves as if they were mere flocks of patient sheep. Look at that youngster now, kneeling on the stern of a boat that is rocking in the surf, while his brother, a year younger, is up to his knees in the mud in the back harbour pulling at a small anchor. They're chips of the good old block, and you should see how smart and handy they are in a gale of wind.

What have we done? A curse of ladybirds is upon us. Everything is studded with that little flying tortoise with the orange-shell and the black spots. They crawl about the scorched white wild barley on the edge of the cliff, and they nestle in the thistle-down. They survey the fences and emboss the walls. Where do they hail from? What is their little gaine at Scarborough? Where were they before they came here? I just now met four, a mother and three daughters, coming up to our front door at Crowther's as if they were going to leave their cards, and that little brute of a page-boy in plum colour at Mouther's, I observe, scrunches hundreds a day as he runs his errands.

What a morning! the only sound the sleepy simmering of the surf on the shore as the ebbing wave leaves its thread of foam upon the sand. The waves are driving white against the black boulders at the Castle foot, and miles away yonder I see the waves leaping up like a pack of mad white deer-hounds round the Brig at Filey. A distant lamp glass on the Terrace sparkles like a diamond, and the board with the touching appeal, "Don't leave Scarborough without seeing the camera!" flaps protestingly against the rails to which it is tied. The long line of seaside houses are all in shadow, except one that catches the eastern sun from a side street.

Ba-ROOM!—and a shock of thunder makes all Scar-

borough stagger again, as the long deep echoes roll away seaward. That is a cannon, and the artillerymen on the castle are practising at a floating mark. Ah! those are the men I've seen about, loafing, lurching, rather podgy gunners, almost grown into civilians from long idleness and alienation from the severities of headquarters. Number One, sponge; Number Two, load—and so on. Ba-room! they bellow again, with very tolerable activity. One would think the old line of walls—so often invested in old times—was once more beleaguered; but those shattered towers are helpless now, and laughing at his work Time, in likeness of a Yorkshire urchin, sits on the broken battlements and watches the gun-practice. I go in at the gate leading to the castle; it is hung with toy boats, and is guarded by a lame sailor; a red flag waves above from the edge of the northward cliff. Young fellows in scarlet tunics, by twos and threes, come striding up to the castle-hill with rifles on their shoulders; they are Scarborough riflemen, going to shoot for prizes. I find two batches of alert scarlet men drawn up outside a tent in the high meadow above the castle. There are two targets backed by high turf walls. Two of the men are out on the edge of the cliff behind the tents firing down at a bit of floating wreck. The men are fine stalwart, grave, resolute fellows, all intent on the prize. A jolly person, with big sandy beard, and in plain dress, is

seated in a chair with a telescope before him to watch the targets. A bugle sounds. Good! Hythe position at three hundred yards, every bullet on, and blue and red-white flags up every moment. The bull's-eyes sound full and clear; the outside shots give a slighter tang. The prize is all with a quiet brown-looking fellow, who fires carefully and without hurry, waiting for lulls of the wind. Some young sisters of volunteers, sent to bring their dinners, look on with wonder and delight, as David did when he was sent to the Israelitish camp and culled pebbles by the way. A red and white flag—a bull's-eye; bravo! the steady brown man has won the cup with a good score of fifty-nine.

The tradesmen at Scarborough are not smooth-tongued; they are too rich for that. No, they are blunt, sturdy Yorkshire people, who quietly let you know they don't care whether you deal with them or not. Yet for all that they do not despise the small arts of trade, and your second pounds of tea, and your second joints, and your second couple of fowls, are not, as a rule, by any means so good as the first. They remind one of the people of a wild hamlet outside Monmouth, who in summer, when you question where they come from, would say boldly and rather defiantly, "Why, from Penalt," and with a devil-may-care air sure enough; but in winter and snow-time, if you asked them, they used to give a deprecating

shudder, "Oh, from Penalt, God bless us!" A month or two hence, and you might fire a seventy-four-pounder up and down Scarborough without hitting a visitor. The Scarborough shopocracy will be humble enough then, I warrant, and they'd send a pound of sugar twenty miles for you, I very strongly conjecture.

Sunday is a characteristic day at Scarborough. Go, just as the churches "come out," and see how in the High Street the cross-currents of Ritualists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Primitive Christians, Roman Catholics, &c., ebb and flow through the little sham fortified gate they call the Bar. And through the midst of the gaily-dressed people, and the rich manufacturers, and the simple country people in for the day, and the chattering servants moving to and fro (as if for ever condemned to pace a real or imaginary quarter-deck), stride the fishermen, broad-chested, rugged fellows, in eternal blue guernsey—the Norseman's shirt of mail softened and civilized at last into harmless woollen. Like pirates on shore they seem to walk, defiantly eyeing the degenerate tourists around them, and ready at a shrill boatswain's whistle to sack the whole town, and sail away with the Sabine women to the "golden South Amerikies."

It is difficult, when the calm waves are breaking in music on the shore, to reflect on the place having any dangers; but it has. How many a Scarborough

boat Death in his black coffin-barkhas hailed! One out of every three poor women you meet would tell you she had lost a brother or a son or a husband by drowning. Some years ago a gay party was caught by the tide on the sands near Filey, and all, or nearly all, drowned. Those cliffs, too, that look so calm in the sun, have had their countless victims. Only last week, two boys, out for a scramble over the Holmes under the castle before breakfast, scaled the cliff to get home the sooner. One boy got up safely, and hearing a cry looked back. His friend was halfway up, unable to move, clinging at some grass, and benumbed with fear. The first lad ran to the artillerymen's barracks for a rope. When he came back the younger boy was gone. They searched and found his crushed body between some rocks on the shore.

This Sunday night at supper at Crowther's there are more stories about Mouther. That foppish young fellow from Hull, who used to hang over the second Miss Mouther at the piano, is gone, and she is setting her cap now at a fat vulgar shoddy manufacturer from Dewsbury. She has given up sentiment and sings jovial songs, "Let the World jog along" and "Paddle your own Canoe," with the new man. The younger people at Crowther's are so wild with her, her airs and graces, and the way she carries on, that they talk of hiring all the nigger minstrels

in the place and collecting them under the window to overpower her with "Why don't the men propose," and "She is fooling thee," as quiet warnings to the member for Dewsbury. We are also informed that my old friend, Bowdler of Hoodersfield, last night at Crowther's, after a visit to a concert at the Spa Gardens, solemnly and publicly warned his daughters against the modern follies in dress.

"Polly," shouted he, drowning every other voice, "and you, Susan," says he, "you're good lasses; but don't ye take to those mountebank skimpy dresses that always look as if they had been sold as too short and too small, and bought as a bargain; and don't tuck up your gowns into saddle-bags like actresses at a fair; and don't ye stuff your hair with wool till the back of your head is as big as the end of a bolster; and don't ye wear high heels and get lame; and don't walk as if you'd broken your backs, there's good lasses."

The swallows are collecting on the roofs. It is time to migrate. The wind gets fresher and colder. Everyone is leaving Scarborough. At the hotel doors the railway busses are loading with tin boxes and perambulators. A fly just now passed with two sponge-baths sprawling on the roof. Children are departing by whole vans full. The fantastic set at Mouther's are being bottled off in flies. The fat man from Dewsbury is actually kissing his hand to the

second Miss Mouther. A few weeks more and Scarborough will be a howling wilderness. The lodging-house-keepers will have to let lodgings to each other; the shopkeepers to sell to each other. I hope they will like it. They have fed on us long enough. The Crowthers follow their lodgers to the station, and, like good homely people as they are, shake them by the hands, and "tuck them up," to use a nursery phrase, in their respective carriages.

The Scarborongh fishermen are fine fellows, but I fear they are given to fiction. I heard one the other day talking to one of Mouther's young gentlemen about gunnery. They were both leaning against the big Russian gun on the north cliff. The mariner was discoursing on a certain revolving cannon lately invented, and he ended by assuring his young friend that the longest distance he had ever known a shell thrown *was five-and-thirty miles, but that that was a peculiar case.* The other day I fell into conversation with a long-limbed old pilot who was on the watch for a certain schooner loaded with slates, that he and his mate had heard of the day before when they were laying their lobster-pots out there yonder beyond that second point where the sea was running. There was no waiting for turns with the pilots at Scarborough, if he could only just set eyes on the schooner he'd be off with his boat in a jiffy. He'd been out till two o'clock with the lobster-pots and only got two lobs-

ters. It was owing, he thought, to the Northern Lights and heavy they was all night, dancing and capering, and the sky all in a flame wi' 'em, wonderful for them as had never seen it. Those lights didn't bode no good weather just about the equinox. Yesterday the sun crossed the line, about meridian, and the Northern Lights 'bout that time boded bad weather. Did I see that Whitby steamer down there trying to get to the pier for passengers? She'd better take care what she was after or she'd be agrouud. Look how that sea struck her there! Two or three more like they would jam her stern in. It was a burning shame she wasn't obliged to take a pilot. Yes, she's lost her way in the fog near Whitby several times, and she'd do it once too often. You better get off, my gentleman. That pier was not well built, and would go some winter. It was caulked, there was no ventilation in it, wind and water must have vent, and when a heavy sea came under it, it would lift off all the planking and play old Harry with it. No, he had never been in the Baltic, but he had been off Cape Horn three weeks trying to get round it, first by Patagonia and Terra-fuegar. That was Captain Bell of Whitby, who then proposed to try the Straits of Magellan, as ain't barely navigable. Three hundred miles long they was, and a nasty shop to be in, sure enough. Shore at the Horn? Rocks tremendous high. What vessel was that?—Only

a light collier. What cargo was the most dangerous? Well, copper ore; linseed was bad too, it shifted so; coals was good, a vessel was always lively with coals, and timber wasn't amiss; but it was all screw colliers now, went home with water for ballast, and got it pumped out with a donkey engine directly they arrived at Shields. I hadn't got the price of half an ounce of 'baccy about me, had I?

I am afraid the fellow was a humbug, and that the schooner for which he was looking was the "Flying Dutchman," or some such shadowy craft; for the next day I met him he had forgotten me, and began talking about a tract that a parson had just given him. Very pretty reading it was, and uncommon thirsty weather we had to be sure. He was not communicative about the schooner, thought she must have "blown away" in the night, worse luck, for he hadn't the price of a screw of anything in his pocket.

The outdoor sights at Scarborough are sometimes especially characteristic. The other day, in a side street, I came upon a truck drawn by three sailors. An artful-looking man in a dreadnought was the spokesman, and his assistant was a little, fair, podgy fellow, in a blue jersey, who held in his hand a cigar-box with a slit in the lid ready for contributions. On the truck lay a huge blubbery fish, about ten feet long, with a mean head and a small vacant eye. A crowd of nursemaids, children in buff frocks, and

wondering foolish excursionists, surrounded the dead monster.

"But what is it?" said some one, after pinching the ambiguous fish all over.

"Well, if we was to say it was a whale," said the podgy exhibitor, "we should be saying the thing that wasn't right, though it's the same specie. It's a grumpus."

"Yes, that's what it is," said the artful man, pointing to a sort of nostril in the creature's head; "here we struck him, and this is the place where he throws up the water."

"Ah!" puffing like a grampus; "that accounts for it," said I.

"'Xactly so," said the podgy man. "This is a grumpus; we don't charge anything reg'lar, but any coppers as gemmen likes to give, goes in this 'ere box. Thank you, sir."

CHAPTER XXIX.

SCARBOROUGH. (FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.)

THE crow, with a clear look out over the German Ocean, and the Dogger Bank and the coast of Jutland out there yonder, though invisible even to his keen, black, restless eyes, turns from the sea to look down with placid approbation on pleasant, breezy, briny, wave-washed Scarborough. It was a small and humble cluster of huts of Yorkshire fishermen in the old times before one of Stephen's barons, William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle built the keep. Yet it was not so humble but that it had its stormy days in the Danish wars, and more especially when that fierce rebel Tosti, the son of the great Earl Goodwin, and brother of Harold, urged on by William of Normandy, who had already a shrewd eye on the white cliffs, and by Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, landed in Yorkshire a second time (after being once driven back to his ships by the watchful Earls of Northumberland and Chester), and, burning, robbing,

and slaying, came reeking with blood to little Scarborough.

The legend is that the Norwegians, greedy for slaughter, piled great masses of timber on the hill where the ruins of the castle now stand, and, having set them on fire in one great crimson drift of raging flame, stuck pitchforks into the burning wood, and hurled it down upon the roof and into the narrow streets of the town, which was soon wrapped in fire. But a little later Scarborough had its revenge, for Harold and sixty thousand Saxons met Tosti and the Norwegians at Stamford Bridge, and, after ten hours' fighting, slew his rebellious brother and the rash Norwegian king, and so twenty shattered ships carried back the army that five hundred ships had brought.

In Edward the Second's reign, Scarborough, still in its bloom of youth, had again its hour of romance. The foolish, wild young king had been revelling at York with his French favourite, Gaveston, who daily grew more insolent and rapacious. The indignant barons, who hated the insolent foreigner, headed by that great noble, Henry the Third's grandson, the Earl of Lancaster, Lincoln, Leicester, Salisbury, and Derby, besieged Gaveston in Scarborough, where the king had placed him for safety, making him governor of that eagle's nest of a castle on the sea cliffs. Gaveston repulsed bravely several

attacks, but the provisions in the town falling short, and communication with the king at York being intercepted, he surrendered to the "Black Dog," as the earl was called by his enemies, on condition, if negotiations failed, that he should be restored safe to Scarborough. But at Dedington Castle, near Bunbury, he was hurried to Warwick, from there taken to Blacklow Hill (now Gaversike Heath) and there beheaded. The king, inconsolable at the death of his favourite, had the body interred at a new church at Langley, and with his own hands placed two cloth-of-gold palls upon his tomb. The execution of the young Gascon *vaurien* took place just two years before the battle of Bannockburn.

Scarborough also had adventures during the Wyatt rebellion, when the approaching Spanish marriage of Queen Mary was fevering the brains of all aggressive Protestants. Mr. Thomas Stafford, second son of Lord Stafford, a hot-headed adherent of Wyatt, collected some English fugitives in France and returned with them to Scarborough. On a market-day he, and thirty of his men dressed as carters or countrymen, and secretly armed, strolled up the hill into Scarborough Castle, and began staring about, as excursionists do, at the different towers and gates. At a given signal they rushed on the sentinels, secured them and admitted their expectant companions. Poor gallant lad! The success was

useless. Sir Thomas Wyatt had been defeated at Hyde Park Corner, and at Temple Bar had thrown away his sword. After holding Scarborough Castle for three days of triumph only, he surrendered it to the Earl of Westmoreland. The young nobleman, Captain Saunders, and three of their associates, Shelly, Bradford, and Proctor, were sent to the Tower. Stafford was beheaded, and the rest hanged and quartered, and this was the origin of the old saying, "A Scarborough warning—a word and a blow, and the blow first."

It was in April, 1642, that from the battlements of the Beverley Gate at Hull Sir John Hotham refused the king admittance, and by that refusal commenced the Civil Wars. It was not till February, 1644, that the storm once more fell upon Scarborough. The watchful Parliament sent Sir John Meldrum to succeed the general whom Fairfax had appointed, and the steel head-pieces mustering to the chanting of a sullen psalm, the men in grey and buff stormed the town and carried St. Mary's Church on the hill by assault, driving Sir Hugh Cholmeley, the Cavalier governor, into the castle. It was a great victory for the men of the sword and the Bible, for they took in the town and the fortress-church thirty-two pieces of cannon, with a great quantity of arms and ammunition, and in the harbour one hundred and twenty ships laden with wheat and timber surrendered to

their blue flag. Sir John Meldrum then regularly invested the castle, which tormented the sea, sands, town, and harbour with its plunging fire; and fixing nine guns in the east window of St. Mary's, he opened a battery on the stubborn Castle. The garrison replied quite as hotly and as fast, and the Cavaliers' incessant and close fire soon demolished the choir of St. Mary's, the grey ruins of which still mark the site. It was a tedious siege, and on the 17th of May, 1645, the Puritans, weary at the delay, made a general assault of the chief gate. They were repulsed, many of their best officers killed, and their commander, Sir John Meldrum himself, mortally wounded. Sir Mathew Boynton, the new general, brought reinforcements and pressed the siege with vigour; still it was not till July, 1645, that brave Sir Hugh Cholmeley surrendered. Twelve months' fire had made the inner towers, the barbican, even the square Norman keep, begin to shatter and crumble; the stores were all but gone; fatigue, sickness, and, above all, scurvy, had worn out the garrison. Many of the pale and miserable survivors had to be carried out in sheets, nearly all required support. During this staunch siege the Cavaliers struck square crowns and half-crowns, some of which still exist. In old times there were only four churches in Scarborough; St. Nicholas on the cliff; St. Sepulchre's; St. Thomas in Newborough, which was destroyed by the fire of the

castle-guns; and St. Mary's, the central tower of which (shaken during the siege) fell in 1659.

The Spa at Scarborough has a legend or two of its own. It was discovered in the reign of James the First by Mrs. Farrer, a sensible and quick-sighted observer. She had observed that the waters of a spring at the foot of the south cliff turned the stones over which they trickled a rusty red. Tasting the waters and finding them peculiar, and discovering that they became tinged with purple when mixed with galls, she began to make experiments to ascertain if they possessed medical properties. Their value soon became acknowledged by the citizens of York and the gentry of the three Ridings. In the reign of William and Mary, a cistern was first made to collect the Spa waters. In December, 1737, a slight earthquake (as it was supposed "by the curious") caused a very extraordinary change in the Spa spring. The "straith," a stone breakwater bound with timber, to protect the Spa House from the waves, suddenly gave way. A mass of the cliff, containing nearly an acre of pasture land, and with cattle grazing upon it at the very time, sank perpendicularly several yards. At the same sime, the sand under the cliff for a hundred yards long rose six or seven feet.

Many old historical legends of piratical forays and daring revenges still hang about Scarborough. The

crow has his little eye on one in the early part of the luckless reign of Richard the Second. A Scottish sea chief, named Andrew Mercer, being taken by northern ships, was clapped in prison in windy Scarborough Castle. The son of Mercer, furious at this, sailed into the Yorkshire harbour with a little band of Scottish, French, and Spanish ships, and carried off several vessels. Eager for revenge, and naturally solicitous for the safety of our seas, Alderman Philpot, a rich London merchant, at once patriotically equipped an armed fleet at his own expense, sailed out after Mercer, overtook him, recaptured the Scarborough ships, and, in addition, fifteen richly-laden Spanish barks; so virtue was not merely its own reward in Philpot's case. Yorkshire ballads, which seem to centre round that brave and generous chief, Robin Hood, have apparently mixed up some story of him with this exploit of the sturdy alderman. The old ballad has it that on a certain occasion (a long run of rheumatic wet weather, perhaps?) the outlaw of merry Sherwood, growing tired of the green-wood, resolves to go to Scarborough and turn fisherman. But Robin, quite out of his element at sea, and half his time as squeamish and uncertain about the legs as a Margate yachting man, catches no fish. Suddenly, however, a French ship of war bears down on the little "Betsy Jane;" the master

is in sore fear; but Robin's eye kindles, and his chest expands.

> "'Master, tie me to the mast,' said he,
> 'That at my mark I may stand fair;
> And give me my bent bow in my hand,
> And never a Frenchman will I spare.'"

And right he was; for fast flew his grey-winged shafts, till the Frenchman's deck was strewn with dead men, and the scuppers ran blood. Then Robin and his merry men boarded the helpless vessel, and found in her, to their infinite delight,

> "Twelve thousand pound of money bright."

Many legends of Robin prevail in this part of Yorkshire, for, not far off, near Whitby, is the bay still named after him, where tradition says, when hard pressed, he fled to the fishing vessels he kept there, and, putting to sea, escaped the fangs of the angry law. On the wild moors beyond Stoupe Brow, are British or Saxon-Danish tumuli, where Robin and Little John are said to have practised their feats of archery. From the tower of Whitby Abbey it was that Robin and his tall lieutenant, after they had been entertained by St. Hilda's monks, gave, at the request of their hosts, a proof of their skill with the bent yew. Their arrows (no doubt about it) fell nearly three miles off in the village of Hawsker, where (and this entirely clenches it) two upright stones indicate where the shafts fell. When you

have passed the din of the great, smoky Low-moor ironworks, and past Whitfield, you reach a few miles further up the green valley of the Calder Kirklees, where all true Yorkshiremen declare the great outlaw, when "distempered with cold and age," was treacherously bled to death by his ruthless aunt, the old prioress, who hated her brave nephew for the scorn he had always shown to priests. A small closet in the priory gate-house is shown as the place where, when bleeding to death in the bolted room, the dying man bethought him of his bugle horn; staggering to it, he opened the window and

> "—— blew out weak blasts three.
> Then little John said, hearing him,
> As he sat under the tree,
> 'I fear my master is near dead,
> He blows so wearily.'"

So faithful Little John tightened his belt, flew to Kirklees, and breaking locks, bolts, &c., he reached his master, and saw that he was dying. But Robin, gentle even under foul wrong, would not hear of Little John burning Kirklees Hall and the treacherous nunnery. "No," said he,

> "'I never burnt fair maid in all my time,
> Nor at my end shall it be;
> But give me my bent bow in my hand,
> And a broad arrow I'll let flee,
> And where this arrow is taken up,
> There shall my grave digg'd be.'"

And so it was done, and on a spot of high table-land, commanding a fine view of the sunny glades of Kirklees, lies the bold outlaw. An iron railing among thick trees encloses a block of stone, on which is engraved a sham antique inscription, dated 1247 (Henry the Third). It records the death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, and concludes with these lines:

> "Such outlaws as he and his men
> Will England never see again."

In the genuine old classic ballad, "Robin Hood's Garland," the verse runs:

> "Lay me a green sod under my head,
> And another at my feet,
> And lay my bent bow by my side,
> Which was my music sweet,
> And make my grave of gravel and green,
> Which is most right and meet.
>
> Let me have length and breadth enough,
> With a green sod under my head,
> That they may say when I am dead,
> Here lies bold Robin Hood."

Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties are, indeed, full of relics and records of Robin. At Fountains Abbey they still show the well beside which he fought the Curtal friar. His chair, his pike, and cap used to be shown at St. Ann's Well, near Nottingham; there is a Robin Hood's Well at Skelbroke, near Doncaster; there is a Robin Hood's Hill above the vale of Castleton; and Robin Hood's Stride is

shown among the solitary rocks on Stanton Moor, in Derbyshire.

The antiquaries have fought hard over Little John's grave. One says he died in Scotland, another that he was hanged near Dublin, while Mr. Hicklin, the last speaker, loudly asserts that he was buried at the picturesque village of Hathersage, in Derbyshire, where he was born. This cottage is still shown. His green cap used to be hung up in Hathersage Church, but is now removed to Canon Hall. There has been equal fighting as to where Robin Hood's took place. The oldest records say Loxley's Chase, near Sheffield (hence the name Sir Walter has given brave Robin in "Ivanhoe"). Others say the real Loxley was in Staffordshire or Warwickshire. Leland (Henry the Eighth) calls Robin a noble, and others boldly make him Robert Fitz Odo, Earl of Huntingdon, outlawed in the twelfth century. Mr. Planche inclines to the opinion that Robin was a claimant at least of the earldom. After much controversy, it is almost certain that if Robin ever lived, he lived between 1160 and 1247, that is through the reigns of Henry the Second, Richard the First, John, and part of Henry the Third. Thierry, the French historian, has shown with much discrimination that in Richard Cœur de Lion's time Sherwood Forest stretched from Nottingham to the very centre of Yorkshire, and in these wild bands of Saxon outlaws

lived, who still defied and tormented the Norman.

The crow bears on from Whitby to Harrowgate, in the last century the northern rival of Bath, as a depôt of gay invalids and the testy fathers of old comedy. This bare common was once part of Knaresborough Forest, but in Elizabeth's time was stripped of most of its timber by the iron smelters. The first chalybeate spring (the earliest, indeed, discovered in England), was first analysed by Sir William Slingsby in 1596 (Elizabeth). It was a lonely spring in a cozy spot, frequented by lapwings, from whom it derived its local name "Tewit." Sir William had travelled in Germany, and tasted the waters at Spa, near Liége, and understood their medical qualities, so that he knew a chalybeate again when he saw it. Even before the Restoration the Harrowgate waters had become famous for curing sick people. The company began to gather, and lodging-houses sprang up, but it was not till 1687 that the first public-house, on the site of the present Queen, was built. Smollett came to Harrowgate; he was fond of Yorkshire, and, as the crow would remind his readers, has fixed on Scarborough as the place where the faithful but blundering Humphrey Clinker drags out by the ear his choleric master, whom he has fancied to be drowning. Smellfungus, as Sterne calls him, who travelled "from Dan to Beersheba," and declared all to be barren, described the fashionable

resort of Yorkshire as "a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or shrub, or the slightest signs of cultivation." Worthy but testy Matthew Bramble (a type of Smollett himself), sketches the frugal and simple-hearted life then prevailing at the paradise of invalids. The company mostly lodged at four separate inns scattered over the bleak common, and went every morning to the well in their own carriages. From eight o'clock to eleven there was a *table-d'hôte* breakfast at each of the inns. They drank tea in the afternoon, and played cards or danced in the evening, one custom Smollett much condemned; the ladies were obliged to treat with tea alternately, and even girls of sixteen were not exempted from this shameful imposition. There was a public subscription ball every night at one or other of the inns, and the company from the other houses were admitted by tickets.

And now the crow darts forward to the northern frontier of Yorkshire, and singles out Rokeby—Scott's Rokeby—for his prey. Scott visited his friend Morritt there in 1809. Writing to Ellis, the poet expatiates on the beautiful scenery, especially at the junction of those swift and beautiful rivers, the Greta and the Tees, in a glen not unlike Roslin. "It is," he writes, "one of the most enviable places I have ever seen, as it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety

of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignify our northern scenery. The poem was written in 1812, during all the confusion of the "flitting" from Ashestiel to Abbotsford. The descriptions are singularly faithful, and form an eternal guide-book to the place. The poet has sketched the Tees near Egglestone Abbey, where it flows over broad smooth beds of grey marble, and also Mortham Tower, which is haunted by the ghost of a headless lady. The junction of the Tees and Greta has been drawn by Turner and described by Scott. The banks of the Greta below Mortham Scott has painted with Salvator's pencil:

> "It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
> A channel for the stream had given.
> So high the cliffs, of limestone grey,
> Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
> Yielding along their rugged base
> A flinty footpath's narrow space."

And then again:

> "The cliffs
> Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
> Now waving all with greenwood spray.
> Here trees to every crevice clung,
> And in the dell their branches hung;
> And there all splintered and uneven,
> The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven."

The scene of Bertram's interview with Guy Denzil is the glen called "Brignall Banks," below Scargill; the robbers' cave, hard by, is still shown, quarried in the flagstone, and Mr. Morritt tells us that he ob-

served Scott noting with extreme care the plants (the throatwort and thyme) that grew round the spot. The woods and scaurs of Rokeby are the scene of the old mock-romance (fifteenth century) of the Hunting of the Felon Sowe of Rokeby, by the blundering and not too brave friars of Richmond :

> "She was more than other three
> The grisliest beast that ere might be—
> Her head was great and gray.
> She was bred in Rokeby Wood;
> There were few that thither goed
> That came alive away."

CHAPTER XXX.

DURHAM.

THE crow skims now to that rocky eminence almost islanded by the Weare, which the Saxons called Dunholme (a hilly river island), and the Normans Duresme.

The town did not begin with either a fortress or a market-place, but with a shrine and with a tomb. In the reign of Ethelred the Unready Northumberland was plundered by the Danes, who stormed castles, burnt barns, and swept off cattle. When the town and castle of Bamborough was destroyed by these rude invaders, the pale and trembling monks of Chester-le-Street lifted the holy body of St. Cuthbert from his endangered tomb, and sought refuge at the monastery of Ripon, as they had once before sought an asylum at Chester-le-Street, when driven from Lindisfarne. When Ethelred bought peace, the monks again looked wistfully towards their old home, and prepared to re-occupy it. On

their way back, the procession rested on the eminence of Wardon Law, five miles from the east shore, and with a view of the whole valley of the Weare. Here for three days the ark that contained the saint's body remained miraculously immovable, till the monks could rest, and an inspired dun cow come, after solemn prayers, fast and supplications, to lead the procession to Dunholme, where St. Cuthbert wished finally to sleep. Durham was then a mere wooded hill, with a small plateau of level plough-land. A tabernacle of boughs, or wicker work, received the relics, which were afterwards removed to a small edifice called the White Church, where they rested three years, till Alduin could complete the cathedral, which Saxon nobles soon endowed with lands in Darlington, Cornscliffe, Cockerton, Haughton, Bradbury, &c.

But a word about St. Cuthbert of Durham. Cuthbert, either a Scotch king or a Scotch shepherd (his monkish biographers are doubtful which), accompanied Eata, a monk of Melrose, who became bishop of Lindisfarne. Cuthbert, as Prior of Lindisfarne, displayed peculiar zeal and holiness, both in conventual discipline and in converting the ferocious and warlike Northumbrians. After fourteen years of such pious labours, Cuthbert retired to a lonely hermitage in one of the desolate Farne Islands, where he cultivated the earth, and devoted himself to religious

contemplation. He is said to have by his prayers created a spring of water, herbage and grass, and to have expelled a race of demons. The eider ducks which frequent the Farne Islands are still called by his name, and so are the fossils, resembling beads, which are common on Holy Island. He forbade the visits of women to this basaltic rock; and once, while preaching a sermon, turned an apparently beautiful woman, who was ogling him, into a palpable devil, who flew off in a fizz of fire, as if she had been scalded. After nine years of this unsociable meditation, Cuthbert, yielding to the importunities of King Egfrid, and the nobles and clergy who visited his cell, consented to become bishop first of Hexham, then of Lindisfarne; and he is then supposed to have been granted by King Egfrid, Carlisle and Crake, with eighteen miles of territory. But Cuthbert had taken up the crozier too late. In two years, feeling old age creeping on, he laid down his episcopal sceptre, and retired again to his lonely hermitage in the German Ocean. He expired two months afterwards, in the thirty-ninth year of his monastic life, exhorting his brethren with his last breath to unity, discipline, and obedience. The saint had wished to be humbly buried on the lonely rock in the German Ocean, but yielding to the earnest request of the monks of Lindisfarne, he was eventually interred in a stone coffin, the gift of Cedda, in

the cemetery of his old church. His body is said to have floated down the Tweed, in this coffin, from Melrose to Tillmouth. This very coffin still exists near the ruined chapel of Tillmouth: it is finely shaped, and is ten feet long, three and a half in diameter, and four inches thick. Mr. Surtees, in his history of Durham, says, "It has been proved by statistical experiments to be capable of floating with a weight equal to that of a human body." Scott, in Marmion (canto ii.), says:

> "In his stone coffin forth he rides
> (A ponderous bark for river tides),
> Yet light as gossamer it glides
> Downward to Tillmouth cell."

The venerable Bede devotes forty-six almost idolatrous chapters to this saint, to whom no less than forty churches or chapels in the northern counties are dedicated. He is said to have raised the dead, and to have converted water into wine by the mere touch of his abstinent mouth. On one special occasion two ill-bred crows, seriously rebuked by the grave saint for stealing his grain, slank away in confusion, and returned a few days after with some swine's fat, as a penitentiary oblation, to anoint and soften the sandals of the holy man. But the standing miracle connected with St. Cuthbert was the incorruptibility of his body, a not unusual result of burial in an antiseptic soil. Hagge thus quaintly

describes the discovery: "Behold a wonder! They look for a skeleton, but found an entire body, with joints flexible, and flesh so succulent that they only wanted heat to make his body live without a soul; nay, his very funeral weeds were so fresh as if putrefaction had not dared to plucke him by the coate." A Durham historian, in recording this pseudo-miracle, takes care to remind his readers that in 1807 the body of the unfortunate Jacobite, Lord Derwentwater, who was executed in 1715, was discovered equally perfect. The venerable Bede, our first ecclesiastical historian, who died in 735, was buried beside the saint he venerated.

When the saint's tomb was opened by Prior Turgot, they found in it a little silver altar, an ivory comb, and that book of the evangelists which, lost at sea in a storm by the monks of Lindisfarne, had been miraculously washed ashore, uninjured, on the coast of Galloway. The bones of Bede, three bishops, and the head of St. Oswald, were in the same coffin. They laid St. Cuthbert on his back, under the high altar, with St. Oswald's head in his hands.

St. Cuthbert's shrine, of green marble profusely gilt, stood behind the high altar, and had four seats beneath it for pilgrims or cripples while making their offerings. On St. Cuthbert's Day it was usual to lift off the wooden covering of the shrine, by means of a rope, "hung with six very fine-

sounding silver bells," and the relics and jewels were then displayed, also the banners taken from the Scotch, and the holy standard of white and crimson velvet, which had been in many of the Border battles. In 1255, Henry the Third, visiting Durham, after invoking the saint, rifled his tomb of treasures hidden there by several bishops. In Henry the Eighth's time, the visitors broke open the iron chest containing the saint, and found him there incorrupt, all his vestments about him, and a gold metewand by his side. They buried him under a large blue stone, that still marks the spot. The marble monument is gone. Mr. Pennant describes in his time the pavement round the shrine as worn by pilgrims' feet. Hutchinson gives a drawing of the saint's iron-bound coffin, which then lay neglected at the bishop's palace. When King Canute visited this shrine at Durham, he alighted humbly from his horse at Trimdon (five miles from the city,) and proceeded along Garmondsway, discrowned and disrobed—a mere conscience-stricken, bare-footed pilgrim.

In the great religious processions at Durham, St. Cuthbert's banner headed the train; the monks were clad in the splendid copes belonging to the church, the prior's being cloth of gold, so massy that he could not walk straight with it unless his train-bearers supported it on both sides. They also carried gold and gilt crosses, and various relics;

while four sturdy monks carried on their shoulders St. Bede's shrine. The stately processions came out of the north door, and passed through the churchyard, down Lidgate, by Bow Church, up the South Bailey, in at the abbey gates and through the abbey garth, where no woman might enter, and back to the cloisters of the church. St. Cuthbert is said to have been specially venerated by King Alfred—the saint having appeared to him in those dark hours in the Isle of Athelney, and predicted the Saxon monarch's victory over the Danes.

Durham, in the year 1040, was besieged by Duncan of Scotland, but the town was steep and strong, except at Clayportgate, at the neck of land between the streams of the Weare. So the sturdy townspeople plying sword and bow, catapulta and mangonel, drove back the Redshanks, routed them, and stuck the heads of their leaders on poles in the market-place. But the Durham people did not fare so well at the Conquest, when William sent Robert Comyn, one of his Normans, to keep down the North; and Bishop Egluin met the governor of Northumberland outside the city, and warned him of the turbulence and irritation of the people. Comyn, at the head of his seven hundred Normans, despising the warning, hanged some peasants who had interrupted his march outside the city, and quartered his insolent and cruel troops on the wrathful inhabi-

tants. The Durham people, driven to despair by a heavy fall of snow, which prevented their escape, fell at night on the drunken and revelling soldiers, and aided by the country people, who forced the gates, slew every Norman except one wounded man. Comyn and his staff perished, desperately defending their burning house, the flames of which spread to the cathedral, and would have destroyed it had not the wind changed. This outrage, so dangerous as a precedent, William the implacable was not slow to revenge—he instantly marched north to trample out the wild fire. From York to Durham, a distance of sixty miles, he slew and burnt wherever he came, not sparing even the convents.. The monks of Durham fled at his approach, and by way of dismal Jarrow sought refuge at Lindisfarne. At Durham, William ordered a castle to be built, to curb the town; and he appointed Walcher (Walker), a learned Frenchman, bishop of the troublesome diocese. He was the first of the Palatine bishops. His archdeacons, greedy and tyrannous, provoked the people—especially by the assassination of Liulph, a patriotic Saxon nobleman, who had remonstrated with the new prelate on their oppressions. The people now looked upon the bishop as the abettor of murderers. At an assembly at Gateshead, a furious mob surrounded the house, crying, "Good rede (confession), short rede, slay ye the bishop!" The few guards

were slain, the church beset and set on fire, and Walcher and all who were with him brutally slain. The good monks of Jarrow took up the stripped and mangled body, and buried it secretly in Durham Cathedral. The insurgents then attempted to surprise the castle, but after four days' stormy occupation of the city, failed, and dispersed. Again the Conqueror sent an army, this time headed by Odo, the fighting Bishop of Bayeux, to ravage the refractory province; but he, nevertheless, enriched the shrine of St. Cuthbert, and restored the great golden and jewelled crucifix, which had been given by Tosti, the rebellious brother of Harold.

The death of poor Walcher had been predicted by a man named Eardulf, who rose from the dead at Ravensworth, expressly for that purpose. He started bolt upright at his own funeral, and as soon as the company were brought to by means of a copious sprinkle of holy water, proceeded to calmly relate his experiences during his ambiguous trance of twelve hours. He had seen many of his monastic acquaintances lying among the flowers of Paradise, and a red-hot chair preparing for Waltheof, one of the Bishop's murderers.

The Scotch were always laying hot and heavy hands on Durham, "the English Zion," as the monks called it. Bishop Flambard, one of the creatures of brutal Rufus, enlarged the castle, connected its forti-

fications with the cathedral, and built Norham Castle to repress the sturdy Scots. In 1138, in the reign of Stephen, David, King of Scotland, burnt down Norham, and threatened Durham; but soon after was overthrown at Northallerton by the English army, headed by Thurston, Archbishop of York, on whose banner was fastened a consecrated host, in a silver casket, surrounded by the banners of the patron saints of Ripon, Beverley, and York. Among the Scotch nobles who fought that August day under Malcolm, was Alan Percy, a natural son of the first Alan Percy of Semar. That sour but acute critic, Ritson, insists upon it that this warlike bastard was the father of the first Stuart. In April, 1139, Durham entertained Queen Maud, and the English barons, who here concluded peace with Scotland; and by the intercession of the Papal Legate, the Queen ceded Northumberland to Prince Henry, with an express reservation of the rights of the Bishop of Durham.

In 1140, on the death of Bishop Galfrid, Cumin, a Scotchman, and an adherent of the Empress Maud, usurped the see, encouraged by Baliol and the Bruces. Some Durham monks, escaping to York, chose William de St. Barbara their bishop; but he was nearly murdered, and had to fly to Lindisfarne. Cumin's soldiers burnt Elvet and Framwellgate, and everywhere spread dismay and devastation. The

very name of Durham became a terror. He suspended his prisoners across ropes, with heavy weights attached to their neck and feet; he plunged others in the frozen bed of the river. But all at once yielding to some sudden fit of superstitious fear, he welcomed his rival to the city, and in the humble garb of a penitent, prostrated himself at St. Barbara's feet, and surrendered his power and conquests without reserve.

The next prelate was Hugh Pudsey. A galley with silver throne and fittings, which he prepared for the Crusade, was appropriated by Richard for his own use. The prelate died at last of over-eating—a not uncommon cause of the death of wealthy prelates. Robert de Insula, a subsequent Bishop of Durham (1274—1283), is said to have originally been a convent cook. His mother he enriched. Once he went to see her.

"How fares my sweet mother?" said he.

"Never worse," quoth she.

"And what ails or troubles thee? Hast thou not men and women attendants sufficient?"

"Yea," quoth she; "and more than enough. I say to one, 'Go,' and he runs; to another, 'Come hither, fellow,' and the varlet falls down on his knees; and, in short, all things go on so abominably smooth, that my heart is bursting for something to spite me, and pick a quarrel withal."

But the lordliest Prince Palatine was that ambitious prelate Bishop Beck, who received the mitre in 1283. During the interregnum, the Archbishop of York had come in person to claim the spiritual superiority; but refused admittance into the cathedral, and attempting in consequence to pronounce sentence of excommunication against the refractory ecclesiastics in the church of St. Nicholas, he was attacked by the townspeople, and openly insulted. He escaped with difficulty by the private road leading to Keyper. Bishop Beck proved a man of almost regal ambition. When Scotland submitted to Edward as its guardian, he was appointed one of the five regents; and when Edward invaded Scotland, to support Baliol's claim, Beck joined him, with the banner of St. Cuthbert, twenty-six standard-bearers, one hundred and forty knights, one thousand foot and five hundred horse; and in the Roll of Caerlaverock, he is described as lately wounded. This bishop, who reigned for twenty-eight years, was to all intents and purposes a monarch—nobles addressed him kneeling, and knights, bare-headed and standing, waited on him at table. During one of Edward's progresses, a palfrey belonging to the royal train threw and killed its rider. Anthony instantly seized the palfrey as a deodand forfeited to the Palatine. Though himself chaste and temperate, his pride and prodigality knew no bounds. Anticipating the late

Duke of Wellington, he used to say "that he was no true man who turned in bed and did not at once get up." He once gave forty shillings (£80) for forty herrings, that had been refused as too expensive by all the magnates in Parliament. On another occasion, hearing a man in a shop say, "This cloth is so dear, that even Bishop Anthony would not buy it," he immediately purchased the whole, and cut it up into horse-cloths. He lived chiefly at Bishop Middleham, a fortress protected against the Scotch by morasses and broken ground. There is a northern legend that the skeleton ghost of this bishop's chief huntsman, Black Hugh, of Thickley Pontchardon, appeared to him, mounted on a white horse, as he hunted the wild hart in the forest of Galtres. The legend adds, "This Anthony was the maist proud and masterful bishop in all England; and it was commonly said that he was the proudest lord in Christendom."

Edward the First, after the battle of Falkirk, marched northward from Durham. In the year 1300, the king was again in Durham, mediating between the bishop and his monks. After Bannockburn, in the next untoward reign, Bruce and the Douglas thrice ravaged Durham; and the second and third times, in 1316, 1317, the Scotch destroyed Beaurepaire and fired Hartlepool. Such a terrible famine followed, that prisoners are said to have de-

voured each other, and mothers to have hidden their children for fear of cannibals; yet, in 1323, we find Edward the Second chiding Bishop Beaumont for allowing the wall of Durham to become ruinous. Edward the Third was frequently at Durham, on his war-trail after the Scotch; and in 1333 rested here before the fight at Halidon Hill, for a time subdued Scotland.

In 1503, Durham was gay indeed, when Bishop Fox entertained the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, on her way to espouse James of Scotland. Beyond Norham, Sir William Boummer, the sheriff, met the royal train, with six score horse; and at Darnton came Sir Richard Stanley, with fifty retainers. The Earl of Northumberland wore a goodly gown of tinsel, trimmed with ermine; and into his horse harness of fine goldsmith's work were sewn small bells. Trumpeters and minstrels then led the princess to the cathedral, where the bishop, the prior and all the monks, clad in rich copes, welcomed her.

In Edward the Third's reign, Bishop Beaumont, on his way to be installed at the shrine of St. Cuthbert, was stopped by moss-troopers at Cycliffe, near Rushyford, his servants were robbed, and he himself was borne away, by a cloud of light horsemen, sixty miles off to Mitford Castle, whose owner, Gilbert Middleton, had been used harshly by the king, in some matter of the marches. A heavy ranson was obtained, but

Middleton was soon after surprised, sent to London, and executed.

In 1346, the Scotch, before the battle of Neville's Cross, lay at Beaurepaire, near Durham. The night before, there appeared to John Fossour, prior of the abbey, a vision, commanding him to take the holy corporax cloth wherewith St. Cuthbert used to cover the chalice, when he said mass, and to carry the same on a spear's point to a place on the Red Hills, west of Durham, and there await the battle; he did so, and the banner was reared by the kneeling monks on a hillock called "The Maiden's Bower," still discernible on the north side of Neville's Cross, "in the depth of the valley," says Mr. Hutchinson, "by the hedges of Shaw Wood." Brave Queen Philippa watched the fight. The Scotch, sore galled by the English archers, rushed at once on them, and broke them with broad-swords and battle-axes; but Baliol's horse charging them in flank, defeated them, and surrounded the division of the Scotch king; after three hours' fighting. David, disarmed, with two spears hanging in his body, and wounded in the leg, struck out the teeth of the governor of Roxburgh Castle, who called on him to surrender, and then gave up his sword. The Scotch lost fifteen thousand men in this battle.

The annals of the Durham bishops furnish many a curious biographical and historical anecdote. The

crow, prying into the old tombs in search of them, feels, however, almost as guilty as a thievish sexton looking for episcopal rings, and such unconsidered trifles.

After Wolsey had held the see of Durham for six years, without ever seeing his diocese, the mitre was worn by Cuthbert Tunstall, brother of that Sir Brian Tunstall, who fell at Flodden. This prelate was a friend of Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More, and a waverer between the Protestant and Papist parties; still, the good old man refused to persecute the Reformers during the Marian reign of blood. Fixing at last to the old faith, he refused to take the oath of supremacy, on the accession of Elizabeth. On arriving in London, on horseback, followed by three score retainers, he was deprived of his see, and placed under restraint at Lambeth, where he died.

Pilkington, the next bishop, had been an exile at Geneva during the last reign, and brought home with him certain Calvinistic scruples, such as an objection to the surplice as the invention of the Novatian heretics; and he agreed with Bucer in disliking the square university cap—"Quia caput humanum non est quadratum."

In 1569, the northern rebellion broke out. The Earl of Northumberland, zealous for the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with the Duke of Norfolk, who then lay in the Tower, was persuaded by his servants

that he was in danger. Alarmed at night at Topcliffe, he fled to Brancepeth Castle, and joined the Earl of Westmorland in arming his retainers. The bells ringing backward, the beacons firing, the insurgents rushed on to Durham, followed by half the moss-troopers and mounted thieves in Tynedale, Riddesdale, and Teviotdale. Their chief captains were Swinburne, a daring and zealous man, and Thomas Markenfield, an exile who had stolen back from Flanders to fight for the old faith. The rebels' banner, aping the traditions of the old Pilgrimage of Grace, bore the motto, "God speed the plough," and a cross with the words, "In hoc signo vinces." Foremost among the insurgents was an old grey-headed warrior, Norton, whose brother and seven sons all fought beside him, as the readers of Wordsworth's delightful poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone," will well remember. Bearing a standard, on which was a cross and the five wounds, he led the rebel troops into Durham Cathedral, where they tore the bibles and books of common prayer, and trod them under foot; and overthrowing the communion-tables, they celebrated mass at the high altar. When they mustered on Clifford Moor, near Wetherby, the Catholic rebels mustered four thousand foot and six hundred horse. But the triumph was short-lived. Catholics and Protestants were, either from love or prudence, fast rallying round the crown.

The Earl of Cumberland and Lord Scroop barred Carlisle against them; Sir Henry Percy and Sir John Forster secured Berwick and the east marches. Sir George Bowes, the stern Provost Marshal, was busy twisting his ropes at Bernard Castle; while the Earl of Sussex, with three thousand men, was advancing on their flank, followed by the Earl of Warwick, with a larger force. The rebels had three plans open—to defeat Sussex before Warwick could join him, to hold Hartlepool till foreign aid could arrive, or to retreat to the friendly mountains of the west. But the faint-hearted leaders acted as the Pretender afterwards did at Derby. They turned tail at Raby, failed at Barnard Castle, fled first to Auckland, then to Hexham, lastly to Ilworth. The earls there disbanded their men, and rode across the border to hide among the bogs and woods of Liddesdale. Northumberland, betrayed by Hector Graham, of Harlaw, perished on the scaffold; Westmorland, changing his rich armour with Jock of the Side, a borderer at whose peel tower the unhappy Countess of Northumberland was left, was sheltered by Kerr, of Farnyhurst, who swore that the Regent had better "eat his own lugs" than come and seek his guest. The earl eventually escaped to Flanders, became a colonel in the service of Spain, and "protracted a life of unavailing regret to extreme old age." Old Norton, Swinburne, and others

also escaped over seas; but one of the young Nortons was executed, and about sixty rebels (chiefly petty constables) were hanged at Durham alone. Vast confiscations took place, and it is said that in a track of sixty miles, from Wetherby to Newcastle, there was scarcely a village which did not witness an execution.

The thrifty queen appropriated all the forfeitures, which rightly fell to the Palatinate, to defray the expense of the campaign. A quaint old ballad of the time, called "News from Northumberland," thus describes the chief actors heraldically:—

> "I will tell you for truth what news I hear—
> The Bull of the north is afraid of the Bear;
> The Moon and the Stars are fallen at stryfe;
> I never knew warre so strange in my life.
> What made the Murrian head so stout,
> To seek the Sheaf of arrows out?"

The bear in these verses means Warwick, the star Sussex, the crescent Percy, the arrows Bowes. The poor old bishop seems to have got thoroughly tired of his troublous diocese, for in 1573 he petitioned Lord Burleigh to let him winter in the south, saying pathetically that if he did not, "there is a highway out of all countries, of which free passage I pray God I doubt not." For his two daughters, conveyed south in beggars' clothes at the breaking out of the rebellion, the bishop saved up such large fortunes (£4000 each) that Elizabeth, jealous that a bishop's daughter

should equal a princess, took £1000 a year from the bishopric, and gave it to the garrison of Berwick.

Bishop Barnes, Pilkington's successor, soon after his enthronement, wrote to Burleigh, lauding himself for having driven the "priests and massers" into Lancashire and Yorkshire, and called the people of Durham county stubborn and churlish, and the church of Durham an Augean stable. Barnes's successor, Hutton, was that worthy prelate who durst preach to Elizabeth at Whitehall Chapel, and urge her to establish the succession by naming James. Harrington, the translator of Ariosto, and the queen's godson, says, "I no sooner remember that famous and worthie prelate, but I think I see him in the the chapel atte Whitehall, Queen Elizabeth at the window in the closet, all the lords of Parliament, spirituall and temporall, about them, and then hear him out of the pulpit thundering this text—'The kingdoms of the earth are mine, and I shall give them to whom I will, and I have given them to Nebuchadnezzar and his sonne, and his sonne's sonne." This bishop deserves especial respect for his noble and pathetic letter in favour of Lady Margaret Nevil. He writes:—

"A most distressed maiden, descended of divers noble houses in the memory of man; of the house of Buckingham, Norfolk, Westmorland, and Rutland,

and now behold the instability of all human things—two of them are utterly overthrown, only one standeth unspotted; and she herself a poor maid condemned to die."

This must have been a large-hearted man—Le Neve gives the crow a fine picture of the divided belief of the northern counties in 1605, when he says that at the last sermon Hutton ever preached at York (he became archbishop in 1594), the Popish recusants, who were obliged to be present by Elizabeth's order, were so obstreperous that they were forced to be gagged.

In 1589, the plague broke out at Durham, and continued till 1597, when it raged with special violence. Both here and at York it was so dreaded that the poorer people were removed into huts and sheds on commons and waste places; particularly at Elvet Moor, where, as late as 1780, the plague cells could be seen on the south side of the hill below the wood; and also at Hob Moor, near York.

Toby Mathew, the next bishop, a great controversialist of his day, was allowed even by the Jesuits with whom he warred to be an eloquent, learned, amiable, and witty man. Fuller says the worthy bishop would often condemn himself for his own levity; but he would add he could as well not *be* as not be merry. When he quitted Durham, he confessed it was for lack of grace, for, according to a

homely northern proverb, "York had the higher rack, but Durham the deeper manger."

Richard Neile, a subsequent bishop, was an Armenian, of Laud's mischievous way of thinking. He seems to have been a great parasite of King James. Once, when Neile of Durham and good Bishop Andrews of Winchester stood behind the King's chair, James said to them,

"My lords, may I not take my subjects' money without all the formality of Parliament?"

"God forbid, sir, but you should," replied obsequious Neile; "you are the breath of our nostrils."

Winchester, pressed, artfully replied,

"Sir, I have no skill to judge Parliamentary cases."

"No put offs," spluttered the King; "answer me presently."

"Then, sir," said Bishop Andrews, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it."

In 1633, Charles the First was entertained at Durham by the excellent Bishop Morton, he and his locust retinue costing the generous prelate £1,500 a day. This same good bishop was the chief agent in inducing the poet Donne to take orders. He often relieved Donne's necessities. On one occasion, offering him gold, the bishop said, "Gold is restorative." "Sir," replied Donne, "I doubt I never shall restore it back again;" and, says the narrator, quaintly, "I

am well assured he never did." When an old man, and during the troubles, the bishop put his last sixty pounds in his pocket, and rode to London, to find there an asylum. On his way he met Sir Christopher Yelverton, who asked him who he was. The bishop replied, "I am that old man, the Bishop of Durham, going to London to live a little while, and then to die." Sir Christopher at once took him home to his house at Easton Mauduit, and the old man became tutor to the baronet's son, who loved him "with the affection of a most tender child."

Bishop Crewe (1674—1722) was a zealous Jacobite, who alternately toadied James and William, but the latter with little success. There was a rumour in Charles's time that Durham was to be annexed to Scotland, of which the Duke of Monmouth was to be king; but the current of court intrigue changed its direction. It is said that Crewe gave Nell Gwynne £6,000 for the bishopric. On Crewe's return to Durham from voting for Sacheverell, he was met by a procession of five thousand Tory horsemen. He remained till his death an ardent Jacobite, in spite of his servility to the court. As he lay dying on the marble slab before the fire, he used to cry out to his chaplain, Richard Grey, "Dick, Dick, don't go over to them!" He is buried at Stene. His monument is decorated with a bunch of grapes, an ornament which always strikes visitors as mysterious and in-

congruous. It was originally a ghastly skull, but the bishop, in his lifetime, had the device altered.

But the crow must tear himself from Durham bishops and their deeds, good or evil, and close with one word about that excellent man, Van Mildert; a friend of the crow's, who dined with this bishop in almost princely splendour at Durham, used to remember with pleasure the little humble meals in poor lodgings in Ely Place, which he had once shared with Van Mildert when an unknown curate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALNWICK TO BERWICK.

AND now far into Northumberland the crow strikes where from Brislee Tower (built by a Duke of Northumberland to commemorate the completion of his plantations) the crow sees beyond the vale of Whittingham the blue cones of the Cheviots (twenty miles distant), and through their ravines glimpses of the Teviots. On these rest a blue speck, which is fatal Flodden, and to the south and east is the sea from the Farne Islands stretching northward, Bamborough on its steep rock, and the towers of Warkworth, and the craig where William the Lion was captured, and the cross marking the grave of the slain Scotch king, Malcolm the Third. Then the crow swoops down on Alnwick, standing square and defiant, like a thing of yesterday, on a gentle slope shelving to the Alne. Pure and smooth looks the moor-stone in its battlements, and yet the castle has stood the buffets of centuries, and has been battered by Scotch cannon

and crimsoned with Scotch blood; rebel powder has blackened it, and military engines have stormed at it. It was built by Eustace Fitzjohn, a friend of Henry the First, and an adherent of the Empress Maud.. He surrendered the new brick fortress to the Scotch king to hold it against Stephen. This same staunch partisan, Eustace, was eventually shot through by an arrow at the siege of Barnard Castle. Alnwick was through all the centuries a resting-place for kings. John came here, and angered the northern barons by his licentious insolence, and Edward the Third, and Henry the Fourth, and Queen Margaret, and Edward the Fourth. Several of these monarchs, indeed, earned their lodging by first capturing the castle, which has a Shakespearean interest from its connexion with the chivalrous Hotspur. A part of the castle between the tower, named "Hotspur's Chair," and that called the Record Tower, goes by the name of the Bloody Gap, from a breach through which the savage Scots once hotly entered, and were as hotly driven back. A mere record of the Earls of Northumberland is an epitome of English history. The first lord of Alnwick was a knight of great prowess in Gascony and Scotland; his son Henry fought bravely at Halidon Hill and Sluys, and captured King David of Scotland. Henry the fourth Lord Marshal of England was a favourer of Wickliff, and, banished by Richard the Second, returned to die on

Brornham Moor. Hotspur fell in Hately Field, his father died in the battle of Taunton, and his son was slain at St. Albans. The fourth earl was murdered by a mob. The seventh earl aided the rising in the North, and was beheaded. The eighth earl, the lover of Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed in the Tower.

Some curious feudal customs still prevail in the shadow of the duke's castle. At the July fair, four men from different townships form a watch, and patrol from dusk till midnight. This service, exempting the townships from toll, preserves the remembrance of the annual Scottish inroad made at fair time in old days. On the evening of St. Mark's day freemen are admitted. The candidates, armed with swords, ride on horseback (it was necessary to go armed at Alnwick in the mosstrooper days), and at the market-place the cavalcade is joined by the chamberlains and duke's bailiffs. A band then heads the procession to the Freemen's Hill (four miles distant), where the candidates, dismounting, and putting on white dresses and white caps trimmed with ribbons, struggle ignominiously through the well, a dirty, stagnant pool, twenty yards long. The tradition is that King John, while returning from hunting, was bemired in this same bog. Holly-trees are then planted at the doors of the new freemen, as

a signal for their friends to assemble and offer them congratulations at a bean feast.

From Alnwick the crow darts to Berwick: his last roosting-place, before he turns to his final roost on the old black dome that the golden gallery coronets so proudly. He alights on the old wall of Berwick (the town of the Bernicians), which has stood as much shot from both English and Scotch cannon as any town on the blood-stained Border ever since William the Lion surrendered it to the Southron, to whom it henceforward became a Gibraltar, detested and yet longed for by the beacon guarders on the distant Cheviots. The town beside the debatable river was always being burnt or pillaged. When the Yorkshire barons went to Melrose and did fealty to King Alexander of Scotland (a boy of fifteen), as the Northumberland barons had done before at Felton, King John, in rage and fury at this, stormed and burnt Berwick, setting fire with his own black hand to the very house where he had lodged. He and his foreign mercenaries, Frenchmen and Brabançons, tortured many of the inhabitants, hanging them up by their hands and feet till they groaningly disclosed where they had hidden their money. Then the Scots had it again till Edward the First, after coming here to discuss the claims of Bruce and Baliol, took it by storm some years after. The king on this occasion encamped on the declivity at the foot of the east end

of Halidon Hill, in full view of the castle and town. His own quarters were fixed at a nunnery. His fleet venturing a rash attack, three ships ran aground and were burnt by the enemy. Edward, enraged at this, at once attacked the town, and, forcing the rude barricades of boards, took the place by the first *coup de main.*

Thirty Flemish merchants held the Red Hall Tower till the evening, but were then destroyed by fire. Edward's soldiers, it is said, slew seven thousand Scotchmen in this attack, and, as Boethius says, the mills were that day turned with blood instead of water. The women and the garrison of two hundred men were sent into Scotland. Douglas remained a prisoner till the end of the war. King Edward stopped at Berwick fifteen days, and, to protect it against the warlike Scotch, ordered a vast ditch, eighty feet broad and forty deep, to be dug through the neck of land between the sea and the Tweed. But the Scotch swarmed back again to Berwick; and when Wallace had slain the hated Cressingham, and flayed him and cut his skin into stirrup-leathers, he took Berwick, the stone wall not being yet finished. The English found it deserted on their advance. Robert Bruce then took it by escalade, being aided by a burgess of the town, Randolph and Douglas being the first to climb over the ramparts at a part near Cowgate.

A few years later brave Wallace was executed at

Smithfield, and half his body sent to Berwick to be hung upon the bridge; while the wretched Countess of Buchan, who had crowned Robert Bruce at Scone, was shut up in a wooden cage, and hung like a blackbird outside one of the castle towers; and after Edward had assembled here his Bannockburn army, Bruce took the place again, which Edward the Second soon attacked in force. The English fastened boats full of men to the masts of their vessels, hoped to throw a bridge on the ramparts, but they were driven off. They then tried a sow (a covered battering ram), but the Scotch split the roof with stones from their military engines, and with cranes let down burning timbers upon it, and destroyed it. When the English archers flew from the shattered sow, the Scotch cried, scoffingly, "The sow has littered." The siege was raised at the end of about fourteen days. Edward Baliol eventually ceded Berwick to England in 1334; but in 1377, one of the most daring forays ever made in England, led to the capture of the town by eight brave Scotch borderers, who killed the constable, Sir Robert Boynton, and allowed his wife and family to depart, after exacting a ransom of two thousand marks sterling, to be paid within three weeks.

Eventually, besieged by the Earl of Northumberland, forty-eight Scotchmen held the place for eight days against seven thousand English archers, three

thousand horse, two earls, and three lords. On the ninth day the place was taken, and all but their leader, the brave Sir John Gordon, were slain in the assault, in which Shakespeare's Hotspur displayed great courage. After Edward the Fourth took the place, it ever afterwards remained English, and on the accession of James the First the garrison was finally reduced.

From the highest stone of the Bell Tower, where beacons have been so often lit to warn Northumberland that the blue bonnets were over the border, the crow now, with swiftest flaps of his sable wings, darts straight as an arrow back to the great black dome that, rising above the wreathing smoke of London, resembles a huge witch's caldron seething with wizards' spells of good and evil influence.

THE END.

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THE END.

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